



LORD ROLDAN.

LOUISIANA

THE STATE OF LOUISIANA

IN SENATE
JANUARY 1878

IN SENATE

LOUISIANA

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L O R D R O L D A N,

A R O M A N C E.

B Y A L L A N C U N N I N G H A M.

Loosed to the world's wide range, enjoin'd no aim,
Prescribed no duty, and assign'd no name,
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiass'd and his mind his own.
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day. SAVAGE.

I N T H R E E V O L U M E S.

V O L . I I .

L O N D O N :

J O H N M A C R O N E , S T . J A M E S ' S S Q U A R E .

M D C C C X X X V I .

1836

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

LORD ROLDAN.

CHAPTER I.

A plague upon both your houses.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Morison entered his little chamber, he removed part of his dress to cool himself, and withdrawing the sword from its sheath, several pieces of gold dropped on the floor. "This blade, he said, is no vision: it seems good-tempered steel, and here are dints upon it indicating that it has seen service. Nor are these coins of elfin workmanship, or of visionary gold." He examined the pieces, they were of great value, and of great rarity: coins memorable in Scotland by the name of Bonnet Pieces, and composed of native metal from the mines of Crawford Moor. He looked at the sword, and at the gold again and again: thought over the looks and words of the Ladye

Spirit who had come as it were at his bidding, and he lay down, but to dream of the adventure, and to see in distant and dim prospect the way to which her words seemed to marshal him.

When he awoke in the morning, other events of the evening pressed on his mind: he thought of Lord Roldan, and the escape which he owed to his own activity and presence of mind. He felt that he was to be made the victim of the baron's pride, and resolved to be on his guard, and not to be surprised into a situation out of which he could only escape by captivity or death; but above all, he determined to go at once to the castle, demand an interview, and require justice at Lord Roldan's hand for his mother and for himself. This resolution was confirmed by another glance at the sword, and by recalling the words of the fair vision that presented it—perhaps he hoped to have an opportunity of comparing the looks of Lady Rose as well as her voice with those of the Spirit; nor shall we try to conceal the poetic fancy that flashed on his mind, of persuading the baron to bestow his hand where many believed he had bestowed his heart.

When he had formed this resolution, and dressed himself in his neatest and best attire, his

mother entered the chamber. "Morison, my bairn," she said, "what ails you? your sleep is not sound, for I hear you call out in your dreams as if you were fording some deep river, or perilling your life in some heady battle. O my bairn, these dreams do not become a preacher of the word: ye should pray, Morison; ye should do mair than yere duty duly morn and night. But it a' comes of these wearyfu' pistols, which, though weapons of your ain kin, my bairn, are weapons of wrath and sorrow. And then ye aye bear them about with ye. What, what will become of us! ye will do some rash act, but I'm glad ye have them not with ye now. O let me keep them for ye."

Morison looked in his mother's face, and said, "I take them not with me now, dearest—dearest mother, lest I should be tempted in a moment of passion and agony to use them, where they should not be used. O mother! mother! ever since I saw the light of day, this world has been a scene of suffering to me, because I saw that you suffered; and since I began to think and reflect, it has been a scene of suffering to myself, because the wrong which Lord Roldan did to you has been a constant upcast to me by the mean-souled and the brutal-hearted. But I

shall know to-day what is to be our fate in the land, or I shall know wherefore."

Mary was alarmed by the words, and more by the looks of her son: she saw that tranquil resolution and inflexibility of purpose written on his brow, which was the basis of her own character, and was alarmed accordingly. "What words are these, my bairn," she said, "and about whom are they spoken?" And she grew pale, and laid both hands on the back of a chair and supported herself till he should answer.

"They are spoken of Lord Roldan," said Morison, calmly; "I go this morning to the castle to learn from his own lips—" Here the youth paused, and seemed desirous to say no more.

"And learn what, Morison?" said his mother, "have we not all learned enough from that quarter to make us desirous of asking no more: bide at hame, my bairn, and learn to be humble-minded. O, aboon a', pray to God to be delivered from folly such as you seem about to commit."

"Mother," said Morison, "you lost your station among the matrons of this land because you had no one to take your part—no father to demand justice for a beloved, a beautiful

daughter; no brother to draw his sword in his sister's quarrel, and screen her from a shame which she did not merit; but mother you have a son who now can and who will demand that which is due both to you and to himself. Oh! if you knew all you would say, Go my son, go, and a mother's, an injured woman's blessing go with you."

"You talk mysteriously, Morison," she replied; "what have you heard, what have you seen, and what do you know that has made you so resolute, so self-willed?"

"I have heard, and I have seen enough. My presence is such a reproach to Lord Roldan that he seeks to banish me. I saw the price paid and I heard the words spoken—but they have yet to take me!"

"My son," said Mary, composedly, and raising her hands, "you but dream; Lord Roldan has greatly, has deeply wronged me; I leave that to God to settle, for vengeance is not mine; but I cannot believe that he means as you say, he has yet enough of nobleness of soul to keep him from that; no, Morison, you have seen wrong, you have heard amiss—and yet, O my bairn, this is an awful world, and warily must we walk on our way in it."

“I must walk my way warily,” said Morison, “for the ship rokes in the bay that has to carry me into slavery. The money of my blood is paid—but I am not yet taken.” He passed his mother swiftly as he spoke, and ere she was aware, rushed out of the house, and took his way to Roldan Castle.

The castle and all around presented a new scene to Morison. As he entered the avenue he gazed on the ancient trees, oak, ash, and elm, which stood, rather than grew, on each side; some of them were wholly dead, and the thick bark had fallen from them in flakes; some were gone in the heart, but green on the outside, and in one or two of them he heard the murmur and the swarming of bees, and imagined the smell of honey scented the air around; not a few had lost immense branches in resisting the sudden winds of the district, and Morison remarked that one only towered up in summer beauty; not a bough was broken, while beneath it a group of deer reposed, and on its summit a thrush was perched, pouring down its melody through the branches. The gate stood open, and seemed indeed to be seldom closed. Morison walked into the place without hesitation, and stood at once in front of the old baronial pile,

which, moated round and guarded with flanking towers, and wearing in its looks the scars of a twofold warfare with time and enemies, rose lofty and strong, and seemed likely to endure for centuries. It was time-worn and neglected, and allowed to trust to the strength of its masonry for preservation; the arms of the family were nearly obliterated, the fountains which had for centuries thrown up their rainbows of water as high as the battlements were choked up, and a formidable figure of a hunter, called, by the rustics, Jock and the Horn, whose province had been to blow water over the lawn, lay smashed in two. Tradition, which will allow little to be done in a common way, said the statue was struck down by a thunderbolt.

Morison looked but for a moment on this unwonted sight; he had that on his heart which permitted him but to glance his eye over the scene, and to see that it was fair. He went to the entrance in the front; the door stood open, and an old man, who sat dozing in a large chair, looked on him strangely, and said, "What would you, young sir? what would you?"

Morison turned full upon him, and replied, "I come to speak to Lord Roldan."

The voice and look seemed to bewilder the

porter. "Wha can he be, that has got the Roldan tongue, and the Roldan glance, that I dinna ken?" he muttered; "and wha shall I say desires to speak to Lord Roldan? What name am I to give?"

"I have no name," said Morison, colouring; "but before I leave this castle I shall have one—so show me the way to the hall of audience, else I must seek it for myself."

"A right Roldan, by the blessed Mary!" exclaimed the old man; "sae I'll e'en show him ben to my lord, as sure as my name's John Carruders." With steps which, on the even floors of the castle were infirm and tottering, did John Carruders conduct the youth till he came to the large door, which, unclosing at the middle, admitted visiters to what the peasantry called the judgment-hall. He touched a spring, the doors expanded, and ushering Morison in, he said, "A young gentleman to speak with Lord Roldan," retired, and left him to make the rest of his way himself.

Lord Roldan was seated in the carved chair in which his mother died; a hat and plume, with buff gloves, such as those worn by cavaliers of the civil wars, lay carelessly beside him; while a sword, sheathed, supported his right

hand, and his eyes, cast upwards, seemed to intimate that he was sitting in judgment. The youth bowed slightly, and walking up firmly and composedly, said, "I am the son of Mary Morison, and I come to speak to Lord Roldan."

Lord Roldan looked on him with some surprise, and not without some emotion of heart, and then said, "Wait a few moments, young man." He continued silent for a little while and then said aloud, "Raeburn, leave me for five minutes, and when my seneschal comes to you, return. I like what you have done greatly ; there is nature without any affectation, and breadth and vigour without minute detail. You have massed the whole boldly." The painter bowed to the compliment, and retired ; nor deeply as Morison felt his own situation, did he fail to observe that the eminent artist had produced a noble likeness, nor missed the melancholy air peculiar to the Lords of Roldan.

He was about to rise from his chair, when Morison said, "Sit still—I come to Lord Roldan for justice, and I think it a good omen to find him in the judgment-seat."

The father looked on the son—remarked his noble looks and bold expression, to which the throb of his heart lent dignity ; nor did he fail

to observe his handsome form and graceful air. "What is it you want, young man—what do you desire of me? Take time and reflect; I shall not willingly say you nay."

"It requires neither time nor reflection," said the youth; "what I desire may be expressed in few words. They are these: Father, marry my mother." He folded his arms over his bosom, looking sadly, but not without hope, in his father's face.

"Sir," replied Lord Roldan, with a calm voice, "you desire what may not be. This is indeed the first time that any one has dared to speak to me on this matter; but it is not the first time it has been present to my own mind. Your mother was lovely—nay, is lovely still—for I see her when she knows not I am nigh; and she is better than beautiful—she is good and noble minded. But were she the loveliest and best of all the daughters of Adam, there is a gulf which separates us that cannot be passed—with one of the menials of his house Lord Roldan would think it infamy to wed. Now do you understand me?"

"I hear you, my lord," said Morison, "and I understand you; but your ideas are not mine, nor are they of nature or of God. The rank at

the foot of which, like a bloody idol of old, you sacrifice the beauty and the worth which you deluded, is but a poor distinction invented by man, and bestowed often, not on God Almighty's noblemen, but on the base and the servile. It is at the best a stamp which is doomed to wear out, and as it pleases God to give genius of the highest order to men born in the lowest condition, it would be well if high lords and mighty earls received it as a rebuke of their presumption, and admitted, with humility, that God after all knew best."

"These sentiments," replied Lord Roldan, and not without something like an offended tone, "are not new; they are the words with which the vulgar sooth themselves when they see the noble and the far-descended go past; they are the offspring of vulgar envy, and entertained by those born and educated in a lowly station. I have heard that you are fond of poetry; did you ever observe the sky in a cloudless night? there is the moon, there are the planets, and there are the common stars—this is the order of God; yet there are greater and lesser lights. You see even the rules of nature sustain the dignities who govern the earth." He rose from his

chair as he spoke; paced slowly along the floor; sometimes glancing at his son, sometimes at the pictures of his ancestors with which the walls were crowded: he paused when Morison spoke.

“And is this the answer a son is to receive who comes to demand redress of deep wrongs and rankling injuries?” exclaimed the youth, placing his hat on his brow, and confronting Lord Roldan with a look which might have passed for the reflection of his own, since pride and burning anger were painted on both. “You should have remembered your far-descended lineage when you made vows to my mother which you have broken like dicers’ oaths; you should have thought on the infamy, proud lord, which you were bringing upon the guileless and the innocent by your false oaths; and more, you should have dreaded that your guilty, your infamous love might create something so truly your own image in body and mind, that it would, in the fulness of time, demand justice as I do now, and think of vengeance on its rejection.” He laid his hand on Lord Roldan’s sword as he spoke, balanced it for a moment, then tossed it from him to his father’s feet, and added, “Let me die by the

hand of him who gave me being, since he refuses to make that being endurable."

It would have seemed to a witness of this strange scene, that Lord Roldan was neither affected nor incensed by the bold language of his son: he had made up his mind on the matter, and resolved on all that he was to say or do. "Young man," he said, as he kicked the sword aside, "such words and such actions are unbecoming; but I overlook and forgive them."

"If they are unbecoming, my lord," said Morison, bowing, "it but shows that he to whom I owe my being has not been solicitous about my education."

"I must, I see," replied the baron, "be brief. You have come to desire that I should wed your mother. Sooner shall Glengarnock-flow run into the Solway—sooner—"

Here he was interrupted by a servant who in breathless haste, and neglectful of all ceremony, burst into the hall, exclaiming, "It's fulfilled—it's fulfilled! the prophecy is gude and true! Ye may see it from the castle, my lord. What will happen next!"

"And what has happened now, sirrah?" said Lord Roldan; "has Criffel sunk in Solway?"

“O waur nor that !” cried the messenger ; “Glengarnock-flow has ta’en to the sea : I saw it running down the brae a mile wide, and ten feet deep, as black as ink : the hares fled first, and had ye but seen the linnets and laverocks, poor harmless things !”

Lord Roldan could not for his heart avoid looking at Morison : he motioned the messenger away, and then said, “This is a strange coincidence : I shall deal no more in vows.”

He paused, and Morison sharply said, “Had vows never been made, or better kept, I should not have stood a hopeless suppliant here in my father’s hall to-day.”

“Sirrah, sirrah !” exclaimed the baron ; “rein that malapert tongue of thine, and listen. With thy mother I may not wed. Thou art, indeed, my son, and—”

“My lord,” replied Morison, his heart swelling, his brow burning, and his eyes flashing, “sooner shall I call the meanest wretch who infests the earth father ! I have no father—this is the first time I have pronounced the name—it shall be the last !”

“I could find a way to restrain all this,” was the answer of the baron ; “but it is needless—a spirit so insolent and intractable will be ad-

monished ere it breathes long in the world. Since you will accept none of my help and follow none of my counsel, I must desire you to begone—leave this house instantly, and take such fate as awaits you.”

“The fate which awaits me, sir,” said Morison, “is not perhaps such as you desire—not such as you have planned—not such as you have paid for. A brighter lot will I know be mine. The bastard boy of Mary Morison goes out in darkness to come back in light;—the day is not distant when you will be glad to be forgotten. Farewell! but not for ever.” He bowed to Lord Roldan, walked calmly forth, bestowed a crown-piece on the aged porter, and passing through the gate, entered the avenue of aged trees which led from the castle.

His way home lay nigh the Ladye Chapel, and thither did he direct his steps, not to gaze at the ruins, but rather to commune with his own mind, and form some resolution amid his hopes and his despair respecting his future life. He sat down on the same stone which he had occupied on the evening before: the sun was shining through the shattered roof instead of the stars; for the cry of the owl he had the song of the thrush, and the amorous wail of

the wood-dove mingled with the murmur of the running stream—the sight and the sound soothed him. He smiled, and folding his arms over his bosom, made his thoughts audible. “What,” he murmured, “is there in this lot of mine that should make me despair? I am young; I am strong; I am active. I can do any thing which I set my mind for.”

“Then,” said a sharp charking voice beside him, “I wish ye would be a clerk to the great firm of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft, and Company, for our assistant died yesterday. He complained of fourteen hours of quill-driving daily, and as Treddles avers actually kicked the bucket for the purpose of nonplussing us in the commencement of our great undertaking.” The speaker stepped into the chapel: it was Hugh Heddles himself, and the offer was made in all sincerity, for he had observed the character of Morison, and prophesied that the lad would either make a spoon or spoil a horn, as the tinker’s proverb words it.

Morison, who remembered his own lofty language in the castle, felt that to sit down as a clerk in the firm of this new company, however much it suited his desolate condition, was quite out of keeping with his hopes as well as his

wishes, he therefore civilly declined the proposal and rose to begone.

“Nay, nay,” said the manufacturer, “don’t be disturbed for me; I come not, I warrant you, to look on the open stitch, herringbone sort of work of this old rickle, and rave about its beauty when the moon is at the full; yet I dare say the grassplot about it would do capitally to bleach linen on, though not equal to our new scientific process; but I come to examine the capabilities of the place, to see to what use I could turn this burn here: water is a beautiful arm in science; wherever there is a fall of water, there is a diamond-mine. Ye don’t understand that now?”

“I only know,” said Morison, “that running water turns wheels, that wheels move machinery, and that by means of machinery many of the wants of man are supplied at a cheaper rate than heretofore.”

“Then ye are in a fair way of comprehending,” said Heddles, “the great philosophical principles on which the whole science of domestic and national economy is founded, and that makes me regret the more that ye refuse to fill the place of Robert Telfer, a hard-work-

ing creature, but far from bright—killed himself as Treddles avers to nonplus us.”

“I have heard,” said Morison, “that machinery is effecting great changes in the world.”

“Changes !” exclaimed Heddles, “I believe you. It will turn the world upside down, man : and high time it were. We have been snooled for half-a-score of centuries by fellows with half-a-dozen names apiece, sharp spurs, long swords, and feathers in their bonnets. Machinery will kick them off the earth to try their luck at sea, and follow them there and drown them. O, it’s a grand thing to behold those fellows of six-and-thirty clear descents fairly nonplussed ; turned topsyturvy by wood and iron only : it’s like knocking one of the seven champions of Christendom down with a barn-man’s flail.”

Morison smiled. “Well,” he said, “after all, it’s wood against wood ; machine against machine. There’s as much humanity in a check - reel or a spinning - jenny, as in some men of high degree.”

“As much !” exclaimed Heddles ; “there’s mickle mair, man : ye wrang machinery in the comparison. First and foremost, machines gang

on improving ; men of high descent grow worse and worse. Secondly, machines work, and that long and patiently, cheered by a drop of oil ; the machine called a lord never works, and one of them swallows more wine at a downsitting than would provide oil for half the machines of the island. Thirdly, a machine keeps its word, begets no children, nor leaves the world to provide for them, and never browbeats ye with big words and the threatened blow ; whereas, these king-created machines break their oaths and boast on't ; scatter their children over the world as the storm scatters unfledged crow-gorbs round the pines of Dalswinton, and gallop over them when they have done. Young man, you have wronged machinery by your comparison."

"But then," replied Morison, "you will create another race of those sons of Anak, who may be disposed to make their supper on what the others spared from dinner."

"You must," said the other, "come down to Heddle-hall, and have the film removed from your eyes : you are in the dark yet, respecting the great philosophical and philanthropical principles about to be established. Is it not a wonderful invention which bids man sit down and repose him, while, like one of the

fabled brownies, it performs the work of a hundred hands. Is it not a wonderful invention which removes, as it were, the original curse of a sweaty brow from man, and spins, and weaves, and sows, and sails, and reaps, and travels, and all for his sake, and in his service? Is it not a grand invention which levels all ranks, and clothes the naked, and feeds the hungry, and will not permit one man to be the slave of another? Young man, you must enter into the service of the firm, and in the process of time, when we have proved your merits, you may be found worthy of becoming one of the house of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft, and Company."

Morison was about to answer, when the manufacturer exclaimed, "Time is money! time is money! these ten minutes consumed in conversation would have enabled me to ascertain the level of this little idle stream here, and its capabilities in aid of our great philosophical principles. The great First Cause had a meaning in every thing, and I make no doubt the day will come when the sang of the bird will be found useful as well as musical; nay, when the bur-docken will yield nourishment to man. But time is money—time is money." And away

went the head of the firm of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft, and Company, examining the stream like one seeking for grains of gold.

“This man,” said Morison, “whose whole soul has entered into his machinery, must be my preceptor—from him I must learn that concentration of thought, that union of purpose, without which our efforts are made at random, and all man’s toil is vain. Here by incessant attention and industry, he will achieve a fortune, and finally, I am persuaded, prevail in the race of eminence against the titled and the far descended. I must be up, therefore, and be doing; the sword and the gold of my vision indicate the way. My heart beats more to the sound of the trumpet than to the din of the mill-wheel; and whether the intimation comes from the other world, or from this, I obey its meaning. I seem possessed by a higher and a nobler feeling; the Spirit’s words still sound in my ears, as a music to move me to daring deeds, and in the moment of doubt and peril, she shall still be in my sight, waving me on to fortune and glory.” He rose as he spoke; and lo! the Spirit to whom he alluded, was either painted on the air, or stood in reality before him.

Whatever the shape of last night might have

been, the form which now presented itself was that of the Lady Rose. It was evident that she regarded Morison as her brother, for she at once went up to him, took the hand which he would fain have offered, and said, "Dearest Morison! I heard your parting words at the castle, and lest you should utterly despair, I have followed you thither, to tell you that one at least with Roldan blood in her veins cares for you, and desires you to be comforted."

"Lady—Rose—sister, since your looks desire it," said Morison, "wetting her hand with tears, which till then he had not shed,—that I have not despaired utterly, I must thank you—your words of gentleness on that night of music and joy—your words of admonition when you chose to personate the Ladye Spirit in this ruin last night, all are treasured—"

"Nay, now," said Rose, "you surprise me; the night of music and joy I have not—shall not forget.—But the Spirit of the Chapel, last night—has she appeared to you, and were her words of hope and of glory?"

"Morison looked earnestly at her: her dress was of the richest satin and black as suited the sad events which had befallen her house. A single fillet of the same material restrained

her locks from falling in heaps on her shoulders, while on her bosom she wore a small cross richly set and of the rarest workmanship: the guileless simplicity of her looks—the calm innocence of her tone of voice, all united to baffle his scrutiny.”

“Yes,” said Morison, “a shape—and a fair one too—appeared to me in this place last night; and lady, it borrowed your looks and voice, nor were its words much otherwise than your own. They were of hope and fame.”

“Then,” said she, “my heart is at ease: the words of the Spirit are the words of fate. What she says will as surely come to pass as that the sun will rise to-morrow, and the moon to-night.”

“There were tokens too,” said Morison, his original suspicion continuing. “When she vanished, she gave me a sword. I can interpret that at least—I am to seek fame and name in battle.”

“Your interpretation looks like truth,” said Rose; “but since you will connect me with this Spirit, let me do what she seems to have left undone, enable you to equip yourself like one of our house.” So saying, she put her purse in which there were fifty pieces of gold

into his hand. "That is a sister's gift, dearest Morison, for fortune has been as yet kinder to me than to you." And she stepped to the door threshold, as if disposed to run away, should he offer to return it.

"You do injustice to the Spirit, dearest Rose," said Morison; "her gift was accompanied with gold, and that not a little. I learn from your lips the interpretation of its use: but I have no need of your bounty."

"Keep it, notwithstanding," said the young lady: "to you it will be useful, and I have no occasion for it. Farewell, your destiny calls you: be its voice obeyed: in the danger which seems to threaten you there is little to dread; a hand will be about you when you most need it: it is no spirit that says this. And now, dearest Morison, farewell—

' Hope and high fortune till we meet,
And then, what pleases Heaven ! ' "

He would have spoken, but the Lady Rose was already gone: he ran up the turret stair, and from the summit beheld her hastening home, and often looking back, till she entered the woodland pathway to the castle and was lost to his sight.

When Morison reached home he found his

mother busied in her household duties: she looked on her son; fell on his neck; kissed him cheek and brow, and turned him round as if to satisfy her eyes that he had sustained no harm. "Blessed be his name again," she said, "that kept his right arm around my fatherless boy, and brought him through trials and perils! O, Morison, you must not leave me in such a mood again; I have but wept and prayed, and prayed and wept, since you went away; but scripture soothed me, my child. Did not the Most High give his only Son to the shedders of blood, and shall I be afraid of mine?"

"Mother," said Morison, "your words are ever right: I am your fatherless boy. He—I name not his name—he refused to do you justice—refused to keep his vows, and I—I disowned him! I threw the name from me of son which he fixed upon me, and said I was Mary Morison's bastard boy! and oh! mother, forgive the boast—that I would make that name as famous yet as the proud one he bore!"

Mary looked with streaming eyes on her son, and exclaimed, "God deliver thee, my child, from these wild imaginings! Alas! what hand will help thee up? honour is not won now as we

see in the tale books, by a venturous blow and a bold bearing. How many fair faces have left the streets of bonnie Dumfries, and the banks of Dee, and what do we behold? mothers with long mourning gowns—for their darlings have never returned!”

“O, but mother,” exclaimed Morison, folding her in his arms, “I shall return; I feel—I know I shall. I have seen the Roldan Spirit; and ever since I feel as if walking on the air: words once loth to come, flow on me now, and fit ones:—I am without fear.”

“Morison,” said his mother, interrupting him, “what words are these—you have seen the Ladye Spirit of Roldan?”

“Yes,” said the youth, “if such things can be seen by mortal eyes the Ladye Spirit, as it is called, appeared unto me last night; and ever since I seem lifted from the ground; I feel capable of actions of a bold and high character, and assured—I know not how—that all I wish I shall accomplish.”

“Then my child, my darling child is lost!” said the mother. “O Morison, these are delusions of the devil; there are good angels it is true, but alas! there are evil ones also; one of these I fear has assumed the port and hue of

the spirits of heaven to fill you with presumption. O, my son, pride goeth before destruction ; we have scripture warrant for that."

Morison showed the sword and the gold. "These," said he, "were given me by the Ladye—I may not call her Spirit, for she looked of this world more than of the other."

Mary's countenance brightened up ; she took the sword and looked it over and over ;—her hands trembled, so that she could not replace it in the sheath. "This weapon," she said, "is not from a spiritual armoury, I know it by its short, broad blade and gold hilt, and by the scallop-shell and palm-leaf, and blessed cross traced upon it, to be the sword given by the great Prince Godfrey to Eustace Roldan for slaying a Saracen champion, who defied the Christians at the foot of Mount Carmel. If it was given thee by a Spirit, Morison, then was it given for some great purpose ; for a consecrated, a sacred weapon like that could not have been handled by an evil being. My son your words have cheered me, and who knows but Heaven demands some mighty deed at thy hand."

Morison kissed the crossed hilt of the sword, returned it reverently to its sheath, saying,

"Sacred weapon ! we shall not be separated till death divide us."

"My son," said Mary, "saw ye not when ye were at the castle the young Lady Rose ? I am told she is of wondrous beauty, and that she is skilled on all instruments of music, and in many languages. Alas ! poor sweet thing, she has lost her good angel in the death of Lord Thomas—that bloody Solway has mickle to answer for—and her better angel in the death of Lady Winifred. There is a mystery about her birth whilk they say will never now be cleared up, since all are dead, save one, who knows about it ; and O his selfishness will, I fear, stifle the truth—if a' tales be true, Morison, she is sib to thee by the father's side."

"I have no father," exclaimed the youth ; "I have no father, I scorn the name ; he who names the word to me henceforward is my enemy. I must make my deeds my father ; he who would not be husband to my mother—and such a mother—ay, and such a woman, too, shall be no father to me. Were I to see him about to perish in the flames I might pluck him out, but not as a son ; did I see him sinking before his foes, and the sword in the air that was to smite him dead, I might save him, but not as a son."

“My bairn, my bairn, make no rash promises, but compose yourself,” said Mary, “and look as if nought had happened, for here comes one who can see nothing without describing it—hear nothing without relating it; and do neither without making the very truth liesome-like. Be silent, now, and if ye were to take up a book it wad nae be amiss; but aboon all, say nought about Lord Roldan.”

CHAPTER II.

The Bourbon lilies wax wan as I sail,
And I strike the stars of America pale.
The glories of sea and the grandeur of land,
All can be mine for a wave of my hand.

PIRATE'S SONG.

THE person alluded to in the conclusion of the last chapter, now approached the door; she announced her coming in these words: "My faith ye sit bien and snug here, amid all the miseries that befall us—ye would sleep with the thunder at your elbow! yere warm and ye think all other folk are sae; yet for all that, there has na been sic a day in Glengarnock since Mirk Monday, when folk had to gang to the kirk wi' lantern-light."

"And what's the matter now, Nickie Neeverson?" said Mary, "what's the matter now? there's aye something wrang when ye have the telling of the tale; ye make mountains out of moudie-tammoks."

“Me make mountains out of mole-hills !” said Nickie. “My certie, ye mole-hill weel ! I’m weel kenned far an near for truth telling ; but at any rate I have got sic a story to tell ye—may the deil pou out the tongue that can make it waur than it is.”

“Weel than out wi’t—let’s hae’t by all means,” said Mary.

“Ou let’s hae’t, and out wi’t by all means !” said Nickie, “just as if it were an ordinary event. John Cameron says it’s the first part of the prophecy fulfilled, and Willie Adamson avers that the blood spilt—some day next week—in Glengarnock will float Commissioner Primrose’s cutter.”

“But what in the name of fortune has happened, Nickie ?”

“Can ye no guess now, Mary Morison, wi’ a’ yere wisdom ;—and you, Morison, wi’ a’ yere lear, can ye no find out what has occurred ? What’s the use of education then ? O, mither wit’s the best of all wit !”

“I can tell you,” replied Morison, “for whatever happens in the world is written down in this book : aye, here it is.” He opened his Greek Homer and pretended to read : “Saturday a day of wonders, Glengarnock-flow shall

burst from its place, and flooding the corn-fields, frighten the fowls of heaven, the fourfooted beasts of the earth, and the women thereof; and sweeping folds and flocks before it, darken the very waters of the ocean."

"God have a care on us, but this learning is a fearfu' thing!" exclaimed Nickie. "Glengarnock-flow has ta'en to the sea as is there set down; and the partridges flew, and the hares fled, and the Solway instead of being white with foam, is as black as ink. I saw it wi' my ain een, else I wadna believed it."

"His hand be about us a'!" said Mary, "and is it really sae then?"

"Sae then!" exclaimed Nickie, "it's a thing that I both heard and saw. The moss—it's twa mile long, and ae mile braid—swalled up like a barm-scone, and first gae a hyke this way, syne a hyke that way, then a rift and a rair, and away it came ten mile to the hour, sax feet deep abreast, and a mile braid: some are riding, some are rinning—I never saw sic a sight! It's the fulfilling of an auld prophecy too."

"An auld prophecy, woman!" said Mary, "those that look to freets, freets follow. O the bonny gowany holms it will hae laid desolate,

and the fair corn-fields it will have rendered barren ; and then the haunts of the twin hares and the speckled laverocks."

"Ou aye," said Nickie, chiming in ; "and the clocken hens wi' their birds, and the four-footed bestial and the twafooted. I saw Dick Bell, of the Wylie-hole, carried away wi' his feet foremost ; he made a handsome corse !"

"Help us too, woman, and how happened it ? he was a comely lad and a strang."

"Atweel was he," said Nickie ; "but he tint his life in an honourable cause—he was attempting to save the life of his father."

"This is a fearfu' day indeed !" cried Mary ; "and was auld Wylie-hole saved then ?"

"'Deed no he was e'en drowned—that's to say smooored in the peat-broo ; but he was aye a reckless man, and owre venturesome : he might hae loot younger folk try to save his wife—but mair skaith has happened in a May-shower than the loss of Leezie Jardine."

"What a sad dispensation !" exclaimed Mary, "and wherefore did the gudewife stay behind to be put in peril—I never heard sic a tale."

"Ou just frae a foolish saftness of heart. Jeanie Rabson of Howeboddom was there about her woo' and her butter it's like, and when some

ane tauld her o' a sad thing that had happened, or wad happen Morison there, what did she do, think ye? pappit clean owre in a faint, and the gudewife wadna forsake a guest in sic a strait. But guide us, where's the laddie rin-nin? he's aff like a bleeze o' tow: stop, Morison—aye, sae I may! Aweel the rin will do him nae harm; but had he bidden, I could have tauld him how a' I have named were saved."

Mary, who had put on her bonnet when she heard Jeanie Rabson named, now laid it aside. "Ye hae put a stound to my poor boy's heart, wi' yere lies and your folly," she said; "but we might hae kenned you."

"Houts, woman," said Nickie, "I tauld ye nae falsehood: only Morison wadna wait till he heard out the tale. It was grand to behold him take the bent; but gude right had he to rin: it's weel his part: he's to be laird of Howeboddom nae less! But Jeanie will make a capital wife; only she's inclined to be dumpy and's a year or sae owre auld."

"Ye wad provoke a saunt, Nickie," said Mary: "my bairn will neither be laird of Howeboddom, nor husband of Jeanie Rabson."

"Aweel," replied the other, "wilfu' fowk maun hae their way; but deil ma care! Jamie

Rabson can find heirs enow for his bit bonnie lairdship ; and as for Jeanie, she's neither sae ugly nor sae auld that she need be scorned—a Rabson's as gude as a Morison ony day in a' the year !”

“Aye, or as a Neevison either,” said Mary ; “but there's nae scorn meant. Jeanie Rabson and I understand ane anither quite weel, and sae let the matter drap.”

“Ye maybe understand the laird too,” said Nickie. “I wonder wherefore he makes sae mony jaunts to the top of Hunkerdodie-hill, and sits glowering for hours towards the Elfin-glen : he'll impair his sight, Mary, woman, and that will be seen.”

When Morison reached the gorge of the glen, the sun was setting, and his all but level beams were touching tree-top and tower, and dancing on the dimpling tide, for there was little or no wind. The whole glen, from the sea-shore to the morass, was moving with people, separated into two distinct portions of horse and foot, resembling armies, between whom rolled a black and impassable flood, on the top of which trees, bushes, hay, shealings, and sheep were borne along. From the bosom of the morass gushed this dark and destroying stream ;

nor did the sable fountains which supplied it seem at all exhausted: they bubbled up and boiled, and it looked as if the waters, barrelled up in the centre of the earth, were suddenly loosened, and about to establish a river of a new colour and character.

Morison soon ascertained that Jeanie Rabson was safe, and at Howeboddum, a place to which the news of this disaster had not perhaps penetrated; that Dick Bell of the Wylie-hole, had escaped from the deluge by speed of foot; and that, in short, though many were frightened few were injured, though a space of a quarter of a mile in breadth, and three miles in length, reaching from the morass to the sea, was inundated in some places six feet deep by this unlooked-for irruption. The most unmoved of the numerous spectators was Hugh Heddles, Esq.: he gazed at the flood; he took some of it up in his hands; he smelt it and tasted it, and walked up and down, exclaiming "Wonderful! wonderful! a new power! a new power! wonderful! wonderful!" Fixing his eyes on Morison, he cried, "Are you willing to work in the firm of Heddles, Tred-dles, Warp, Waft, and Company? make up your mind: the vacancy must be filled up. The place shall be opened to competition. Six applications

have already been made : we cannot wait, young man." Then he changed his tone, and shouted, "A new power ! a new power ! Fire, water, and wind were, till now, king, lords, and commons of science and philosophy. A new power has appeared : if you put it into a pot it will boil ; into a fire it will burn ; and if you lay it on the land it will deepen the soil. A new power ! a new power !"

Though the sun had set, the light of the stars was sufficient to show the anxious faces which thronged the margin of this sable stream ; men tied torches to the trees, some kindled fires on the shore, and where the lights failed to indicate the limit of the inundation, the eager tongues of the multitude announced it. As the night advanced, the interest of the scene was augmented, for the moon rose broad and bright, the tide came with the moon, and heaved up the moving mass ; the bay was become part land as well as water ; heather was blooming above quicksands, and tedded hay where pellocks wallowed.

"Hilloah !" roared Davie Gellock, as he saw this strange sight ; "Glengarnock-moss is possest wi' the deil, and has ta'en to the sea like the swine in scripture."

“I’ll tell you what, my handy lad,” said a fellow in a tarry jacket, with trousers as wide as petticoats about the ancles; “I have given a land-lubber a slash for softer words than these; reef in, reef in.”

“And I,” said Davie, “have given a cleverer fellow than ever stood on your shanks the breadth of his back for looks no half sae sulky as yours. Ye’ll be ane of Dick Corsbane’s scape-rapes; but now I think on’t, the Wildfire left the bay this morning.”

“The Wildfire’s a witch,” said the seaman, “and is in the bay when she seems to be out of it; and if I’m a scape-rape, I’m flogged if you escape a rope’s end if you come athwart me on salt water, my lad.”

“We’ll maybe meet soon, then,” said Davie, not at all daunted by the menacing words of the maritime desperado; “for Morison Roldan, and mysel, and ane or twa mae, mean to take a boat and look at the contention of the powers of light and darkness; the black peat-moss with the white sea-foam.”

The mariner who seemed to have heard something of importance, hastened from the crowd and was soon lost among the rocks which fenced the headland of the bay.

Davie made his boat ready, two comrades of the sheepfold and the barn joined him, but as the latter were about to push off, the former cried out, "Avast! I wadna gie a single bodle for the finest sight the sun or moon affords, unless I had Morison wi' me, to tell me a' about it, and say what is gude and what is bad; what is bonnie, and what is sublime; these are his ain words, lads—but here he comes, and in gude time. Now, Morison, come and behold the worry atween the tide and the flow moss; I hear the sough of the encounter at the back of Robin-rigg! That's right, jump in, I tauld them that I couldna enjoy it without you."

As Morison stept in, the boat was thrust from the shore, and away she went with a start, moved by the oar and sail, and aided by the stream of the uniting brooks, which indicated by a line of foam, the course they took in the tide which was now receding.

"I see men eyeing us from the headland," said Morison, as they shot past the caverns where he once or twice had parleyed with Captain Corsbane, "and one has flashed his pistol as a signal: let us keep from the shore."

They pushed away seaward, and were soon nigh the scene where the contest had lately been waged between the lava-moss and the tide; but the waters were now retiring, and about to scatter their burden over the shores of England, Ireland, and Scotland. While Morison and Davie quietly drifted away, their talk was of this irruption and the consternation which it had caused. "It first spouted," said Davie, "as high as the kirk steeple into the air, and fell down in black rainbows; then it gullered belly-flaught out: first it ran owre Dick Bell's hay-ricks; then it galloped down twa of his horses; next it walked in at the easing of his house, and finally it took to the sea; but it has met with its master now."

"And so have you, my handy lad," exclaimed a rough voice from a boat which till now unobserved shot suddenly athwart them. "Room, there, I'm flogged if we give way to such lubbers?"

Ere Morison or Davie—for their comrades were neither skilful nor courageous—could veer, the boats encountered, and all four were shocked suddenly into the water. Morison was an expert swimmer, and calling to his companions, turned his face to land, which lay at

a short distance; but their assailants had no wish that two of them at least should reach Scottish ground so soon: they followed, and stunning Morison with a stroke of an oar, took him into the boat; on which Davie turned round, and seizing the leg of one of the seamen and the boat at the same moment, scrambled in, but not till he had received a blow from the other which threw him across the knees of Morison.

"I say, Dempster, that was hard and shabby too," growled one of the seamen, of whom there were six.

"I meant it to be both," said Dempster: "it is part-payment for the slack jaw I stood from the lubber to-night."

"I'll allow no such payments to be made without consulting me," retorted the other. "Strike a poor fellow after attempting to drown him! what next? If you are Tom Dempster, I'm Jack Martin, my boy!"

"Pull away," cried another seaman, "the other fellows have reached the shore: see they shake the sea-water from their rags and run: we shall have the land sharks down on us, and be hung like strings of onions for kidnappers and pirates—pull away!"

His companions seemed to think there was sense in this, and pulled with such goodwill that they soon reached the Wildfire, which, with sails set, was cruising about, and carried—not without remonstrance—Morison and Davie on board.

“Yo ho! what have we got here, Dempster?” growled Captain Corsbane; “didn’t I tell you to bring no more land-lubbers on board the Wildfire; my complement’s full, haven’t room to stow away a marlinspike; must toss them overboard, that’s the way I serve all useless stores.”

Dempster went and whispered in Corsbane’s ear.

“Ah, ah! you have done it then, caught him fairly; hooked the shark: aye, aye, I remember now; but if ye had pitched him into Davy’s locker ’twould been just as well; bring him to me, I must have some talk with him.”

When Morison was marched up he found this maritime worthy seated on the carriage of a carronade, a couple of empty wine-bottles rolled about at his feet; a third, half emptied, sat in a small basket beside him; the good wine had done its duty, and Captain Corsbane, although his voyage could scarcely be called begun, seemed

full half-seas over. "Well, my Trojan," said the captain, "so you have fallen in love with the sea since I saw you last. The ocean's a sweet mistress, by God! has a bonny bosom of her own, aye, and—but come, sit you down, sit you down: a cup here, Dempster; the boy must pledge me to old Daddy Neptune. There, open your mouth, put the wine to it, raise your little finger;—bravo, damme! Dempster, this fellow has spunk and smeddum in him, as you say."

"Yes," growled Dempster, "but there's no need to tell the lubber of it;—he should have had his belly full of sea-water for me had it not been for Jack Martin, who saved him and another fellow that I owe a blow of a stretcher to yet."

Captain Corsbane said gravely, "Jack Martin was right; Jack will be singing among the cherubs when you are damned, Dempster, and the devils are dighting their doups wi' you. Mercy, I say, Dempster, mercy is a beauty; my creed is, point the guns, strike with the cutlass, thrust wi' the pike, board, plunder, spare nothing, and seize all; but, O, be merciful. Now Morison, where's your comrade, has he had a dip in Tom Dempster's waters of mercy?

bring him up. Ha! an old acquaintance, and dripping like a mermaid, too; come, crush this cup of wine; you're a rough cub, and the good claret will not be wasted on you; it will put something classical into you; there!—gape, raise the cup, lift your little finger: down it goes! Damme! I have taught hundreds in my day to drink, and hope to teach hundreds more. But stay, one word: what the devil has brought you both here; I didn't send for you, did I?"

Morison spoke first; he felt it prudent to conceal all that he knew respecting the agreement between the baron and the captain, and though he had become, when he least looked for it, a victim, he resolved to bow to circumstances, speak the corsair fair, and never hint suspicion, but seem ignorance itself. He was not without a belief too, that the swaggering and reeling behaviour and talk of that worthy arose less from drink than design, and was put on for the purpose of sounding him, and mastering his real sentiments: perhaps to screen himself from the consequences of the adventure; for there were sloops of war on the coast, who already suspected him of being both pirate and kidnapper.

"I came here with no good will of my own," said Morison, in answer to the captain's question; "we were out with a boat in the bay, and were run down by your men from design, or accident, I swam towards land, but Dempster stunned me with a stroke of his oar—you know the rest."

"The same story will do for me with this difference," said Davie, "I seized Dempster with ae hand and the boat with the other, and got in. But what d'ye think? the dour spitefu' sumph gied me a blow that knocked the senses for some time out o' me. But O, my lad, when I catch you where cocks and hens gang, if I dinna make ye wish ye were in the creels of tinkler Marshal's ass, where ye were nurtured, may I be made bait for shark-hooks!" Davie and Dempster, exchanged angry glances—the majority of the crew, who might amount to five-and-thirty, seemed pleased at the notion of a squabble, and that the latter had found one to match him with tongue as well as hand.

"I see how it is, my lads," said Corsbane, "you ran foul of my boat, and my crew who were, I believe, a little hearty, amused themselves with you in the water; there was no harm meant,

not a bit of it; they were alarmed lest you should drown, and saved you, and brought you on board; so that's all right; but my saucy Wildfire is under weigh—cannot shorten sail and send a boat ashore: no, damme! not for the princess royal herself; but we shall put you on board the first vessel we meet standing for your bay—you can't call that uncivil."

While Corsbane was speaking, a sudden breeze sprung up, which filling the sails of the Wildfire, wafted her on her voyage, with a rapidity, which Morison had no conception of before.

"Wildfire," said Davie, "a gaye gude name, but Wildsow would be better—hear how she gaes snorking through the water."

"Wildsow!" said Dempster, "and we sailors are the deevils with which she is possessed—mean you so? I mind your speech in the bay, my fine lad, and will dust your jacket for it soon; there's a braw time coming."

"Ye had better not try it just now," said Davie, "for it wad puzzle ye to knock the dust out of my jacket, seeing it is wet—but if ye like ye may try—I want something to warm me—mony a time, I have warmed myself at your grandfather's fire, when he made horn spoons."

“May I eat a roast jackass stuffed with armed marines,” exclaimed Jack Martin, “but I like this fellow—aye, and he shall have fair play too!—we have had too much of the dish called Dempster, of late.”

This growing quarrel was not unobserved by the captain; but such was the license in which he lived, that he found it necessary to yield now and then to his men’s humours in small things, so that he might better manage them in the larger; nor was it unobserved of Morison, who took an opportunity of whispering to Davie to let the matter drop and be quiet.

“Drap,” said Davie, aloud, buttoning his jacket, and drawing an old hat deeper on his brows. “D’ye think that I am afraid o’ Tam Dempster?—mony a mouthfu’ his mother’s ass has poud o’ my mother’s corn, and mony a gude hen he has stown frae our hen-bawks.”

Dempster could endure this no longer, but running up struck out right and left at his adversary, saying, “Take that—and that!”

Davie warded these, and twenty more with the most patient dexterity, and though he was unable to elude all, he had thrown none of his wind away when his antagonist had spent much of his,

"The one's all fire and the other's all ice," exclaimed one of the seamen.

"If that fellow could but strike as well as he can stand," said Jack Martin, "he'd take the wind out of the tinker's bellows in the turning of a horn spoon."

These words were not lost on the cautious and cunning Davie: he became at once all life and energy; he pressed on his adversary, and poured in his blows thick and heavy. Dempster, after receiving two or three falls, rose at last with difficulty—and wiping the blood from mouth and nose, said, "We shall try this over again with cold steel," and so the contest ceased.

"You're a fine lad," said Martin, "so don't be afraid of Dempster and his cold steel—he winks when he holds out iron."

"Me!" said Davie, "I care neither for airn or steel in his hands. I was something feared for him at first, till I fand out wha he was: there's ne'er a son of Rob the tinker randie shall frighten me. But hae ye ony rapes to pou at, or a wee turn o' wark to do that I can put to my hand and keep myself warm? The bit brulzie has done me gude, for d'ye ken, I am no accustomed to saut water."

"This is a cock of the right sort," said Martin.

“Come below, my lad, and bring Morison with you. I shall give you a sook of the monkey and allow you to dry yourselves at the fire—you can’t call that ill usage!”

When the two companions in captivity were alone, “What tempted ye, Davie,” said Morison, in a whisper, “to commence brawling at such a time as this, and with such unhallowed vagabonds too?”

Davie looked all round, and listened, without seeming to listen, and answered in a tone scarce audible even to his friend. “’Deed ye see, Morison, I had sundry reasons—first, there’s a sort of a family grudge atween the Gellocks and the Dempsters: secondly, I wanted to win gude will to us by seeming a deil-ma-care sort of chap; and thirdly, I wanted to make them believe that it’s a’ ane to Davie, whare the wind blows him. And wherefore no!” he said, in a more audible tone; “what in the deil’s name, that I should say sae, could hae happened luckier? we wanted to push our fortunes in the warld, and kenned na how to begin, when in comes this rum customer Dick Corsbane, wha can be fou or sober whenever it suits him, and whirls us off to do ourselves a gude turn whether we will or no. Nought better could hae happened; God,

they canna gang wrang wi' me—I'm like a grain of thistle seed; the duds that's about me's the balloon of down, to waft the body over the warld: and hale fresh sound seed, ye ken, will take root in ony place."

"Davie," said Morison, "I thought I understood you once, but now you are a mystery—the chart of your understanding instead of a clear defined matter, is become a blot."

"A chart said Davie—I'll show ye the chart that I want to sail by." He took up a bit of charred wood, and proceeding to draw lines on the cabinfloor, said, "Look now, canna ye look? Here's Jamaica; then this is Guadaloupe; and that is Tobago; I have scarce room for Hispaniola." While running on at this rate, he wrote, 'we are watched by ear and eye—ware hawk!' "Weel now," he said, when he saw that Morison took the warning, "I say, Hispaniola for my siller; od! there will be prime fun in the cruise—but I see yere sulky, and dinna like it?"

"You are right," said Morison, "no change which comes can be much worse, for two, who are already the sport of fortune; and as you say, this adventure may be the best thing that could have happened us."

"Ye make me blythe to hear ye," said Davie;

“but losh! what a hullabalou your mother and my mother will make about us. The tane will do the bass, and the tither the tenor, in this new ballad of woe, and there winna be the like o’ Davie, nor the like o’ Morison, in all the wide annals o’ misfortune. O what fine lads we were! we never robbed orchards, sodded up lums, or made hoof-marks of the horned deil in the garden-plots of Dominie Milligan, which made him cry out Sathanas!—not we indeed—nor was it us—but what’s the matter wi’?”

Morison observed that they were watched, and felt his anger swelling—an anger which he knew would be madness to indulge in, but which he strove in vain to conceal. Davie, he perceived, was quite at his ease, and he could not help wondering at the natural-like carelessness which he assumed, and the restraint put on a disposition open and talkative. This rustic shrewdness he saw would avail them something, but for himself he thought the wisest way, since he had not worn an air of satisfaction at first, would be to become a convert by degrees. “I wish,” said Morison, “I were like you, Davie, and could meet whatever fortune came with gaiety of heart, and with a belief that it was, as Nanse

Halberson says, decreed for us before the first sark was put over our heads."

"Whisht, O whisht!" said Davie, "dinna mention her name while we are sailing on saut water; this is her ain element man; I wadna wonder if she were swimming in one of her invisible boats alongside: she just delights in mischief. I saw her ae moonlight night take auld Fluke Faulder's fish-creel of a boat, and spin it round at the back of the Robin-rigg, like a teetotum, and then whew! away she pushed it owre to Allanbay—I wish ye had but heard her unearthly yelloch, and seen how a' folk stared."

This conversation puzzled the listeners, who could see and hear all that passed. Davie's quarrel with Dempster was the first thing that induced a belief that he was as careless as the wind; his charcoal chart on the cabin floor, caused a shaking of the head, it seemed mystical; but that was redeemed again by his allusion to the alarm of his mother, and the naïve admission of the boyish achievements of Morison and himself. But when the name of Nanse Halberson was introduced, each of the spies listened and looked on Davie with an intenseness equal almost to looking through him. It was here that

Davie triumphed; on other matters, a something in his look and tone seemed put on, but when he spoke of the witch, his words and looks were natural and real; the two listeners—and one of them was Corsbane himself—gave up their scrutiny, and retired satisfied; saying, “All’s right, damme!”

Davie, on this, said to Morison, “Give me your pistols, and give me what gold you have about you; for I think I hae baffled them sae that they winna think of searching me. But you! your stiffness of nature—the Roldan blude, belike—winna let ye stoop to dissimulation sufficient to save ye, and it’s likely they will rype ye fore and aft, as they say; but I’ll stick by ye, deil a doubt o’t. Aye, now, that’s right and trusting of ye.—There, the good weapons and the gowd are disposed of. I am glad of the first, for I ken yere nature: ye would be for trying the strong hand; thinking, because mastery maws the meadow, mastery will do here—but cunning’s the thing, lad, and wit excels gowd. If nae better may be, I’s e’en make myself known to Johnnie Martin—he’s my second cousin by the uncle’s side—and put our cause in his hands. He’s a better sailor, without half the slack jaw of Corsbane; and there’s a dozen hands here that will abide by

him like burrs ; and mair nor that, though no the thing he should be, he winna see me wranged, or damme ! then, as the captain says.”

On the third or fourth morning after this adventure, Captain Corsbane, who had been busy above deck and below, made his appearance. His manner was unembarrassed and frank. “Aha !” he said, “my young friends ; mayhap you thought I had forgot you, but I hadn’t though : we have hailed two homewards ; one sailed shy, damme ! and t’other seemed disposed to try the weight of her nine-pounders on us. My pretty little Wildfire frightens these gulls as a sparrowhawk scares chickens.”

“D’yē ken, Captain Corsbane,” said Davie, “that I have nae wish but to sail to the far end wi’ ye. I have lang desired to see a glimpse of the world, and it will be just as much to my satisfaction, now, if nae ship chances to cast up. I’m the lad, too, that can handle a rape and do other wee etceteras, besides settling the hash o’ the sumph Dempster ; I wonder what’s become o’ his cauld steel ?”

“I’ll tell you what, my friend,” said Captain Corsbane, “I like your spirit ; but damme ! don’t carry it too far ; Dempster is no sumph ; and he cares for neither fire nor steel.”

“And I care for neither fire nor steel, nor wind nor water, nor Tam Dempster neither,” said Davie; “and if ye want me to be one of your handy lads, ye maun let us settle the bit tiff atween us, and then we’ll work like brithers.”

The captain took stride after stride up and down the cabin, and seemed to be revolving something in his mind. “Why, my lads,” said he, “I’ll not deny that our accidental meeting in the bay was to me a pleasing chance. It’s seldom now-a-days that I can find spirits of the proper stamp; we shall have fine goings on soon on the deep; and then fellows who have blood in their veins, and not moss-water, will thrive and grow, damme! into little kings.”

“I am glad to hear of that same,” said Davie; “I have aye thought if I did ony gude, it wad be on the deep sea. I didna prosper on land.”

“Why, that’s right, my lad—you please me. Gad! a successful voyage or so will enable you to tar down the mainsail with six pound weight of gold about your neck, and a couple of satin waistcoats on; and then, when we reach port, why pleasure will come as strong as a nor’-wester. There was Jack Planchernail, of the Wildfire, he paraded up the streets of Kingston with half a

dozen fiddlers before him, and six score dancing damsels—white, brown, and black, damme! Jack didn't stand on colours—and then, whenever he came to a turn of the street, away flew a shower of dollars!”

“Weel, the like o' that!” cried Davie; ‘dod! but Jack was a soul of a boy! I should like to get acquainted wi' him—have a shake of his paw, as the saying is.”

The captain smiled, and muttered, “Why, that mayn't well be just now. Jack—he always called himself unlucky Jack—got into a scrape somehow with the government; the government handed him over to the law; the law put its rough ribbon round his neck; and there was an end of one of the heartiest dogs that ever breasted brine. But what's this young fellow glowring at, damme? I have some doubts of you, brother;” and he turned his looks on Morison.

“He disna heed or hear a word ye say,” said the intrepid Davie; “for this half-hour past he has been looking at the louping of the dolphins; at the diving of Mother Carey's chickens, and at the walloring o' the waters: he'll make a grand ballad about it.”

“O, an he be a ballad-maker,” said the captain,
• “I shall make him useful; we want sometimes in

a calm, and nothing doing, to have our spirits stirred a bit."

"An he's just the lad that can do it, then ; did you never hear his pirate's sang ? It's a tickler—

" O maiden, come off to the Indies with me,
Ye shall reign and rule on the sunny sea ;
My ship is a palace, my deck is a throne,
And all shall be thine that the sun shines on."

" Damme !" said the captain, " the fellow can put some powder in his verse ; that's none of your sweetmilk ditties ; is there more on't ?"

" Mickle mair, and far better, too," said Davie ; " I'se repeat it all ; for I see he's in one of his grand moods, and heeds us nae mair than if we were twa capstanes."

" Thy shining locks would buy Java's isle ;
All India's wealth is not worth thy smile ;
Let kings rule earth by a right divine,
Thou shalt be queen of the fathomless brine.

A gallant ship and a boundless sea,
A piping wind, and the foe on our lee ;
My pennon streaming so gay from the mast,
My cannon flashing all bright and fast.

The Bourbon lilies wax wan, as I sail ;
And I strike the stars of America pale ;
The glories of sea, and the grandeur of land,
All shall be thine for a wave of thy hand."

" And did Morison," exclaimed Corsbane,

“write that? He’s the lad that can double-shot his verse. ‘My cannon flashing all bright and fast’ is prime; ‘the stars of America’ is a hit; but the ‘Bourbon lilies’ won’t pass; cause why—there are no Bourbon lilies now, my lads; the lily is no longer a royal flower. O, damme! you hear that, do you? I thought you were asleep. But the tricolour is hoisted in its stead: a sign and witter from the people that they’ll be humbugged no longer with coronets and crowns. We shall have rare doings on the sea soon, my lads—we shall.”

CHAPTER III.

O where's he gone whom I love best,
And has left me here to sigh and mourn?
It's I will range the wild world over,
Till once I see if he return.

SCOTTISH SONG.

MEANWHILE, the cry arose in Glengarnock that Morison Roldan was lost and gone; the two rustics that escaped, related their encounter with the pirate's boat, and how they had to swim for their lives; but one averred that he saw Morison sunk in the tide by the blow of an oar, while the other declared that he saw him taken into the boat. Both, however, agreed that the Wildfire was cruising at hand, and all who heard their tale concurred in charging Captain Corsbane with the outrage. Nor did they stop there. "I ken my ain ken," said a fisherman belonging to the bay. "It was na for nought that the captain and the baron up by yonder, held meetings privily—they

thought I didna see them—Oh and alas!—this is a sad warld when we are cruel to our ain flesh and blude.”

“Alas!” cried a damsel, on whose heart the looks of Morison had, it appears, made some impression. “Alas, poor lad! he has been made a sacrifice, because his fair face and clever head were a reproach to Lord Roldan—he didna like that one so superior to himself should abide in the land.—and Mattie Anderson, too, to slight him! Dishclout of a creature, it set her weel to turn up her short nose at sic a lad as Morison!”

An old dame now added her voice to the song of lamentation. “And wherefore, hinnies, have we been deprived of our bonniest and our best—for I was nane of them that thought the lad the waur for being born on the wrang side of the blanket—and, wherefore, I say, are we robbed of our bonniest and our best? For nought but to pleasure the een of a grand lady who is coming frae the south to be wed to Lord Roldan. She mauna see the poor bastard bairn in his coat of hame-spun. My certie, she’ll never produce ought that will make us forget him.”

“Deil be in him, that I should say sae,” exclaimed a second dame, “to slight sic a quean as Mary Morison. When will the bonniest Vane in

the south, for that's her name, equal the looks of the bonnie lass of the Elfin-burn?"

"And deil be in ye a'," cried Nickie Neevison, "what a work's this about a boy that came amang us contrair to the consent of the kirk, and no a sigh nor a sab, a' the while for poor winsome Davie Gellock; but it's aye the way, the maist wark's aye made about the warst—Davie was a pattern of a bairn."

The house of Mary Morison stood, as we have elsewhere intimated, at a distance from the bay; she waited on the night that her son disappeared till very late; she listened to every sound, and heard his voice or his coming steps in every dash of the brook and every breath of wind that shook her door or swept over the trees. At length sleep overpowered her. In her sleep the image of her son was presented to her, and something like actual events passed before her face; she saw him sailing in the bay, with the moonlight above and the waters glimmering below—next she saw him borne away by rovers, and imagined she filled the air with her shriekings. A hand now rudely shook her by the shoulder, while the harsh voice of Nickie Neevison exclaimed, "Waken!—wad ye lie sleeping now, when a' is lost that's worth losing? has na the braw moss of Glengar-

nock ta'en to the sea, and what we will do for peats is past my comprehension; and mair—has nae poor Morison and Davie Gellock been swallowed up in the flood?—O that wearifu' tide! Mony's the fair form it feasts on."

Mary sprang up, exclaiming, "My bairn—my bonnie bairn—what about him?"

"'Deed, that's mair nor I can tell," answered the comforter. "I say drowned, drowned; but Jenny Jamieson's Jock and Will Thorburn aver that he is seized by that smuggler and pirate Dick Corsbane, and borne awa to the West Indies. But here are others who maybe can tell ye mair anent it."

The sound of feet, at something between a walk and a run, was now heard; and in a moment James Rabson, of Howeboddom, and his sister Jeanie, were in the house. "O, Mary, my poor Mary!" exclaimed the former; "this is an afflicting matter! Alas, alas! I thought your sorrows were nigh an end, and that a' by-gones would be forgotten in the growing talent of our poor Morison. O, but I had mony misgivings! But we shall arm a ship, and we shall sail awa in quest of him. O! an I had but that cursed captain by the craig, I should ken wherefore he meddled wi' the bairn."

“ Mary, who had lain down without undressing, rose ; but she rose only to fall on her knees. James Rabson and Jeanie, and even the intractable Nickie, retired a few steps, and were silent while she addressed herself to the throne of grace. On rising, she looked around her composed ; but her hands were tremulous, her voice quivered, and her face was as colourless as marble.

“ Mary—Mary Morison,” said Jeanie Rabson ; my first and last word is, trust in God ; his ways are wonderful ! We—that is, James there, and myself—have been busied the hale night, examining one and speiring at another, and the result is—Mary, trust in God. There’s nae doubt that Morison is living, and in the body ; he was capsized in his boat, and captured by that smuggler and pirate, Captain Corsbane. I never bought ony of his silks or his lace since the day I saw draps of blude on one of his bales.”

“ O, Jeanie,” said Mary, “ and what will they do wi’ my bairn—but why need I ask that ? they will kill him ; for his spirit was great, and he will resist. O, Morison—Morison ! and have all my hopes and my dreams come to this ? ”

“ Ance mair, Mary, I say,” interposed Jeanie, “ trust in God. Morison will be ta’en to the West Indies, and it’s likely he will be sold to some

planter or anither ; but then, he's no like an ordinary or mere mortal ; he will find favour in the eyes of his taskmasters, even as Joseph did, and will become great, Mary, and return to this land ; and then see what will be the confusion of them that kidnapped and sold him to bondage !”

“ Them that kidnapped him !” exclaimed the laird of Howeboddum ;” and wherefore no demand justice or seek vengeance now ? Captain Corsbane is out of our reach for the present ; but Roldan castle is still standing ; its lord is still living ; and here's the man that will exact an account from him of the poor bairn whom he has doomed to destruction.”

“ James,” said his sister, “ compose yourself : we but jalouse that Lord Roldan was art and part in this.”

“ Art and part !” sobbed Mary Morison ; “ and has the arrow come to my side from that quarter ? O God ! Jeanie—Jeanie Rabson, I canna do as you bid me—I canna trust—”

Jeanie placed her hand on her mouth. “ Let not such a word escape your lips woman ! to have but thought it is a heinous sin. O, what are we but worms ! And shall we dare to doubt of God's goodness, and refuse to trust in him ? When we cease to trust in God, we

have half turned us round to the devil.—No on your knees yet?—O woman!”

Mary ran into Morison's little chamber, knelt for a few minutes' space, and returned strengthened and comforted.

Presently the sound and buzz of many tongues and many feet were heard in the glen. A crowd of men and women approached the cottage, and two of their number, Willie Cowan and Tom Edmonstone, came and said that the Rising Sun had just arrived in the bay with the intelligence that Captain Corsbane in the Wild-fire was on his way to the West Indies. They had met him on the coast, and knowing him to be smuggler and pirate, desired to have a brush with him; but the excellence of his seamanship, and the swiftness of his sailing, carried him out of their reach. Corsbane, they added, was as much dreaded, as he was well known, in the West Indies; he had a noble estate in Hispaniola, for he had French blood as well as Scotch in his veins, and kept a splendid house, and even a harem, with numerous slaves. They believed that his course was wellnigh run; he was marked out by the British ships of war, and but for the civil dissensions in France, which extended to Hispaniola, he would have been seized and con-

demned long ago ; for several of his comrades hung blackening in the sun among the West India isles."

Mary drew something like comfort from this intelligence ; and turning to Jeanie Rabson, said, "O Jeanie—my ain Jeanie, you are ever right ; I trust in God."

Nickie Neevison now stept forward and said, "Wherefore all this moan about ane, when it's weel kenned there are twa ; and wherefore come ye here with guns and staves ? D'ye think that this array of war will bring back bonnie Morison Roldan to his mither's bosom ?"

"Fool woman !" said Edmonstone, "will ye never learn the art of hauding yere tongue ! If you hadna tauld poor Morison that the Wildfire had left the bay, he wad hae been on his guard."

"There now," said the laird of Howeboddum, "the thing is growing plainer and plainer ; and I ken o' ane wha saw the captain and the baron talking late the night before ; so lay that and that together, and couple a' with the circumstance that my lord is about to be married to the grand southron Lady Vane, and ye'll see why our poor bairn has been kidnapped."

These latter words went like a knife to the

heart of Mary ; it is true that she had long ceased to nourish any hopes connected with the hand of Lord Roldan, while his late conversation with her son put it beyond all doubt that he had no desire to do her justice ; yet while he was unmarried there was the chance which repentance might bring about. She grew exceedingly pale, and said to herself, “ O God ! what next ?—what next ? ”

It would have been well for her, perhaps, had she fainted ; the vigour of her mind, and this heaping up of misfortunes had a contest. Not a tear came ; her eyes wandered wildly around ; her hands clutched repeatedly at the empty air ; she gasped as if the words to which she wished to give utterance were choking her, and then said in a low hurried smothering tone, “ Is Lord Roldan there ?—is Lord Roldan there ? Stand out between me and the light, and let me see him.” She held out her hands, saying, “ Give me my son—give me my son. Turn me out of house and home ; make the grass my bed, and the sky my covering, and the blindworm and grasshoppers my bedfellows, but, oh ! give me my son. You have him not, say you ? Oh yes, you have him—I will worship you,” she said falling on her knees, “ I will worship you—I will place you between

God and me, if you will but give me my son. We will go from you as far as the sun has land to shine on—as far as the wind has space to breath in—as far as water flows, birds sing, and flowers yield savour, if you will give me my son.”

“O Jeanie—Jeanie Rabson,” said the laird, canna ye bring her back to reason—I’ll give the half of Howeboddum to whoever can restore her—if she disna come again, I ken what I’ll do,” and he clenched his teeth, and muttered something about “heart’s blude.”

“We are a’ gaun mad together,” said Jeanie, in a low tone, loosing Mary’s stays—on opening her bosom a plaited tress of long shining hair tied with blue ribbon dropt out: Jeanie thrust it out of sight.

Mary felt about her neck for the tress of hair with both her hands. “Aye, take it back my lord—take it back—you are right: what have I to do with such tokens? Now will ye give me my son? O the time has been when ye were the suer and I was the sued.—The moon on Glengarnock-hill, do you mind how brightly she shone, the stars too looked through the garlands of our trysting bower, and I thought they saw us. You vowed and I listened; you swore, and what could I do but believe?—I had not then learned

that falsehood was on earth ; but, O, too soon you taught me that lies were common, and false oaths too. O give me back my son, since you cannot give me my fair name." She seemed to expect an answer, but receiving none, rose suddenly up, dropt her hands, and murmuring out, " Alas, where am I, and where am I wandering ?" sank into the arms of Jeanie Rabson, and fainted away. " God be praised !" said Jeanie, " I ken how to deal with her now : open door—open window. James, strike on her palms, and, oh ! do it softly : the cauldest water, Nickie woman, that's owre warm—that will do : fan her now, fan her ; stand out of the door there ; she's coming to herself. Now a' leave the room save Nickie and me ; begone with you : did ye never see a woman in a fainting-fit before ?"

The laird of Howeboddom went out and addressed the crowd who had assembled to hear the news of Morison. " Men," said James, " I have but little to say : Mary, God helper, is just falling out of ae fainting-fit into anither : Morison, poor lad, is carried off—kidnapped, I should hae said—and it's believed that his ain father kens owre meikle about it : sae if ye'll a' slip hame till I gang up to the castle and speak to my lord, I'll

meet ye at Howeboddom at e'en and tell ye what speirings I get."

The peasants looked one at another, "Conscience, man," exclaimed Willie Cowan, "the half of a' that ye'll learn there winna be meikle: what am I here for, think ye; and d'ye think my queen Anne has nought but a snuff o' powder in her?" He brandished his gun as he spoke, and added, "I'll mak' twa, mak' the third wha likes."

"We'll a' gang up," exclaimed a hundred voices; "and if we canna get a clear account of the dear lad, God! we'll pu' the castle down about Lord Roldan's lugs."

"Come on, then," said James Rabson; "but remember, let us do nothing rashly—the law has ta'en a strong grip in this glen even within my memory."

"I hae a cousin that clerks to the procuter fliskie" (Procurator Fiscal), cried one, "and I think I should ken gaye weel how to manage a matter of this kind; we'll just gang up and quietly interrogate him, and if he says no twice—twice, mind ye, when he should say aye ance, then he's a malefactor, and we may take a shot at him."

"That's fair, at any rate," said Edmonstone, "whether it's law or no—sae since we have baith

right and law on our side, fye ! let us off—we are owre lang here.”

James Rabson and his companions were soon on the road for Roldan Castle; the turrets were already visible among the trees, and the Ladye Chapel was at hand, when the din of coach-wheels and the clatter of horses' feet were heard coming up rapidly behind. On looking round they saw a cavalcade very different from what they themselves presented, approaching. First came two servants in green liveries, who seemed to peep into every bush and tree, as if they came to spy out the land, and dreaded an ambush; they were followed by two gentlemen in green hunting-frocks and scarlet vests, at whose side ran a couple of staghounds; behind these came a coach, so covered with carvings; so smeared with gold and so massive in every part that it looked more like a summer-house come out to take the air on wheels, with all its inmates, or some eastern caravan with all its priests bearing an idol—than a carriage made for the ordinary accommodation of mortals. “God have a care on us!” cried one or more of the crowd “but this maun be the Pope of Rome, with his scarlet ladye come to pay the land a visit; it is awfu’

to thole sic a thing to be done in a Christian land."

"O ye born gomerals," cried Nickie Neevison, who leaving Mary Morison to the ministry of Jeanie Rabson, now joined the crowd;—"ye born gomerals, it's the grand Lady Vane; the bravest beauty in all the south countree; make room for her, or she'll ride owre us." The crowd opened, leaving room for the strangers, who were now close at hand, to pass.

The carriage came up; it was drawn by four black horses, whose long tails swept the ground; and contained four inmates. One was an elderly gentleman of a noble look—bald, and somewhat corpulent; a priest in a gown of black serge with a rope or chain round his middle, a square cap of dark cloth on his head, while from his neck depended a rosary of various coloured beads; an elderly dame, starched, thin, stately, and of a sour and disdainful look, sat behind; while at her side was a lady of such external elegance, that in the eyes of the wondering rustics she seemed at least a duchess. She was tall, her eyes were large and of vivid blue; her nose slightly aquiline, and a close observer might have seen that she took some pains with her complexion, for on

her lip and chin a black hair or two escaping the inquisition of her own hands and her maid's eyes, intimated that the soil was fertile and required weeding. Her blue riding-habit and hat and feather, and above all her silk pantaloons peeping out at the extremity of her kirtle, gave her a swashing and a martial outside. "My conscience, lad!" said Cowan, as if addressing Lord Roldan, "ye'll be wived now—she's a trimmer, I'll warrant her; I wad like to hear her speak; I'll be bound her tongue rings like a bell; it wad clip clouts."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, fellow," said one of the riders, menacing honest Willie with his whip; "keep a civil tongue, sirrah."

"And keep down yere silver-handled switch," replied the other, nothing daunted, "there's twa ounce of lead in queen Anne."

"It's the grand Lady Vane," cried Nickie Neevison; "ye may talk of the looks of Mary Morison after this! a sow's lug to velvet; a bur-docken to a peony rose; we'll have a real lady to reign amang us, now. God bless your weel-faured face, my lady; I make ye welcome to Glengarnock; a sight of you's gude for sair een, as the blin'man said to the May-morn sun;" and

Nickie, in the excess of her zeal, all but prostrated herself before this new idol.

“What rude creature is this?” exclaimed Lady Vane, with a sharp commanding voice. “What rude creature is this? Take her away, and desire these rustics to clear the road.”

“Rude creature!” cried Nickie Neevison, in a tone thrice as jarring and shrill as her ladyship’s; “ye rude creature weel! I’m as weel gotten, and better educated than yersel, madam: d’ye think the Vanes came na like other fowk into the warld, that ye maun take precedence of a’ Eve’s daughters?”

Nickie steppt back, and the cavalcade swept on; she would not, however, allow them to go on such easy terms, and continued to pour after them a tempest of abuse, which rattled around them, but harmed not, for one of the rearmost of a numerous train of domestics said, “Lord, how shrilly that woman sings!”

“She howls,” observed a second, “like a beaten cur, and her language is about as intelligible.”

When Lady Vane and her companions reached the ruinous chapel, a voice—it was that of the priest—commanded them to halt. “Here,” he

said, "miracles were wrought of old, and though the land has fallen into heresy, still is the place holy, for insensate things are not like sensate; once holy and ever holy. Alight, therefore, my daughter, and humble yourself, even on your knees before the broken altar." He alighted while yet speaking, and putting off latched shoes of perfumed leather, and removing his cornered and embroidered cap from his head, stood upon the greensward, and awaited—with some impatience—her coming.

Lady Vane seemed not only in no haste, but to have no relish for such an act of humility; she was heard to mutter to her attendant, "What! kneel in this Scottish dog-kennel, in my best hunting-kirtle?" She moved out of her carriage with an air of ruffled dignity; walked into the chapel, and knelt at the altar with the air of one who came to confer honour. Though her lips moved, no one could catch a word of her supplication.

"My daughter," said the priest, "this frame of mind is ominous; know, that before this altar all the brides, and many of them were far descended, of the house of Roldan, knelt and invoked the blessing of the saints and of the Virgin, and entreated the Spirit which, for seven

centuries, has influenced the destinies of the name, to be propitious. Be serious ; there is no playing at fast and loose with divine beings."

She rose at once from her knees and said, " I have knelt, sir priest, because I reverence what has been holy—press me no further ; a new light has arisen among the nations ; its halo is over France, and those who ruled us in soul, ay, and in body too, are shrinking from its insufferable brightness."

She walked out of the chapel, tossing her plumes, and took her seat with such a soss, as if she would have knocked the bottom out of the carriage.

" She's a teaser," said Willie Cowan: " what a mincing step she has, and how she sets herself out before and projects herself behind, and makes her pennons rustle like a turkey-cock with his tail up among barn-door hens!"

On the castle lawn the lady was met by Lord Roldan, who, dressed in the extremity of fashion, seemed to emulate her in extravagance. He bore on his person many yards of velvet, many yards of gold lace, a good deal of embroidery, a profusion of French cambric, half a quart of diamonds, and half a pint of perfume. Lady Vane eyed him through her glass as he advanced, smiled and

nodded, and whispered something to her companion, who said, "Upon my honour a noble-looking man, and well arrayed; 'tis a pity that his castle is not as well put on as himself."

"My gold, girl," whispered the lady, "will make these dark turrets glitter. We are come, my lord," she said aloud, "to invade you, and storm and take your towers; we have brought, too, a priest to bless them."

"Lady Vane," said Lord Roldan, waving his hat in his hand, and allowing the perfume of his powdered locks to escape at will, "you have but to look, and such is the influence of your eyes, that the towers of my ancestors will throw their gates open, and I shall cease to be their master."

"'Tis well worded, my lord," replied the lady; "but wherefore have I not your hand—must I take that of Father Vaughan? You noblemen of the north are as cold as your climate."

He offered his arm, Lady Vane laid her hand on it, sprung down, and said, "The days of loitering damsels and sentimental ladies are gone; a new charter is bestowed on our sex, and we are to meet men on equal terms—mind to mind, my lord—such are the rules of France—France, that dictated ruffles and lace, and gold-headed canes,

has settled clothes and taken to the mind: the mind has its fashions as well as the body."

She put her arm on Lord Roldan's, led him a little aside, and said, "I have brought my uncle, and I have brought my priest; moreover, I have brought two gentlemen of my blood and name, but I have done so for fashion's sake. I shall take it upon me to arrange all that is necessary for the honour of the house of Vane."

"You do me but too much honour, Lady Vane," said Lord Roldan; "too much honour, by this kind confidence; all that I have to offer you is this worm-eaten tower, these barren hills, and their poor owner; here they are, in what words shall I surrender them?"

"You are too ceremonious and complimentary, my lord; but you have not mentioned all of which I require the surrender: Lord Roldan has named his towers, his lands, and his person; there is a heart, a free and unconstrained surrender of that is necessary before you can have a single acre on the banks of the Tees or in the glens of the Coquet."

Lady Vane, in saying this, dismissed the mock heroic air with which she had hitherto acted and spoken, and turned her large blue eyes on him as if she would have looked him through.

“ I would not offer my hand,” was the answer, “ unless I could offer my heart also ; but I imagined that all this and more was understood—or wherefore has your ladyship,” he added with a smile, “ deigned to make me this visit ?”

“ Well, now,” she said, “ that is a fair question. When I quitted the banks of the Tees, I thought as I did when last we had you as a guest, and an honoured one, in our towers ; but ere I approached the banks of the Dee, I chanced to hear something which makes these questions quite proper.”

“ What has my Lady Vane heard ?”

“ Why, but a little ; it is said there is one—a woman—a retainer, and, let me do her justice, a fair one, residing on your estate, who has some claim, not only on your hand—written vows, nay, written contracts, are talked of—but has given you a living proof of her affection. Why heard I not of this before, and why have I to learn it on the morn of my bridal day ?”

Lord Roldan answered in a calm quiet tone, “ What would the people of the vale of Tees have said, had I caused it to be proclaimed on my approach : All ye who are beautiful beware—Lord Roldan, who is coming amongst you, has been foolish with a young woman of a fair complexion

in his native vale ; take heed, therefore, and drive a harder bargain with him. Was this a secret ? No, it was known to all the land."

The lady blushed a little as she said, " Nay, nay, it probably did not become you to proclaim your own folly : I ought to have sent some one to spy out the land and make an inventory of your lordship's character. I only say I hear of this for the first time. Now answer me one question ; where is the boy, where's this Morison Roldan ? such is the name of the youth."

Ere Lord Roldan could make answer, Nickie Neevison burst out from among the bushes which perfumed while they fringed the lawn, and exclaimed, " How can he tell ye, madam ; d'ye think that he has the reckoning of the ship that carried the bairn away in his keeping, or that he hauds the winds in his hands ?"

" Begone !" said Lord Roldan, sternly. " Begone ! This is a poor mad creature, my lady, and neither knows what she says nor to whom she speaks."

" I can answer for her lunacy," said Lady Vane ; " her fantastic dress is not more so, than the strange words which she used to me on my way."

" Fantastic dress !" exclaimed Nickie. " I wish

my lady saw herself—she's just a real hizzie-fallow—half man and half woman, wi' pantaloons where she should have petticoats, and a beard where nae beard should be."

Lord Roldan was too much enraged to smile. "Here, Lorance and Loudan—here, Bell and Irving, remove this foolish person—but at your peril harm her."

His servants came at his bidding, but not before Nickie had made him a courtesy and cried, "Thank ye, my lord, ye were aye civil to a' that did na wear pantaloons: but I have nae need of your care:—I have friends and servitors at hand.—Here, Rabson and Rogerson—here, Cowan and Crombie—here, Harestanes and Halberson, tell this lord what we are come for."

To the surprise both of Lord Roldan and Lady Vane, and something to the alarm of others, the laird of Howeboddom and his companions, not less than a hundred in number, and armed with such weapons as anger and haste presented, appeared at once on the lawn; some fifty seized the court-yard-gate, while James Rabson and a dozen the most eager advanced. James spoke first. "I am come to know, my lord, why you have caused our dear lad Morison to be kidnapped and carried away, and sold for a slave—aye! or murdered, if

such be the pleasure of Captain Corsbane. Answer me, my lord, for an answer I shall have before I quit this spot."

"Foolish rustic," replied Lord Roldan, "come you to my own lawn, and in this presence, to put rude questions? what I have done I am ready to answer at any bar, but not to a mob of menials."

"We are men," said James, "is your lordship more? You speak as if you were a god, and could dispose of us at pleasure—we are men."

"Not all of us," said Nickie Neevison, "for I'm nae better than a woman: her ladyship, however, is mair, if I may judge by her dress and her whiskers."

"I have seen and heard enough—aye, and more than enough," said Lady Vane, "your lordship is accused, and you deny not the accusation—nay, you bring me here, that I may be insulted by the very scum of creation—that I may hear my station and my person ridiculed and traduced even on your own lawn. Were I mistress of these towers, I would—" and she shook her riding-whip at the rustics, who were now gathering around her.

Lord Roldan drew himself up, and said, "These towers have been held a thousand years, and a woman's hand never unfurled the ban-

ner. Lady Vane says she has seen and heard enough, and more than enough. Will her ladyship deign to honour my old moth-eaten stronghold, or shall we bring the chapel altar here and be wed on this fair green and in this courtly presence ?”

“No !” exclaimed the lady, the top of her cheek-bones growing red as fire, and her very feathers partaking of her emotion. “No, my lord, I have seen with my own eyes, I have heard with my own ears, I desire no other witnesses—we met at first coldly, and coldly we must part. But, what—lo ! here is another distressed lady : one come perchance, to give testimony to your constancy. Shall we bring out the chapel altar, my lord, and have the ceremony performed on this fair field, and before these courtly witnesses ? Come hither holy father, and make this good lord and this distressed dame one.”

“There needs no scorn, lady,” said Mary Morison, advancing from the pathway which skirted the lawn ; “I come not to upbraid, but to release ; I come not to beg, but to bestow ; I come lady to enable Lord Roldan to fulfil his engagements to you with honour.”

Lady Vane looked with surprise; she was touched by the beauty of Mary's person as well as by the dignity and elegance with which she spoke. The brightness of her eyes; the roses impaired by sorrow, but now refreshed by early remembrances; her graceful form and her melodious voice, all united to exalt her in Lady Vane's opinion; who softened her haughty tone, and even advanced a step or two, as she thus addressed her:

"No scorn was intended, madam; the little that was, must go to this good lord, who in neglecting such looks and such merit as yours, and seeking other alliances, shows such lack of taste, as I could not till now have given him credit for."

"Lady," said Mary, "I complain not of his neglect; I have but myself to blame; I was young and foolish and believed what was told me, and having read in story of the high mating with the humble, I imagined the like might happen in life. I was deceived: that is to say, I deceived myself."

"Fie, fie, my lord!" said Lady Vane; "and was inequality of birth and station your only reason for your conduct? A new light is breaking upon the world; the proud and the titled will

probably soon think it an honour to find husbands as well as wives among the lowborn; we are all equal by nature."

"It is enough, lady," said Mary, "that I come neither to make a claim nor to utter upbraidings; we cannot force our feelings. Lord Roldan has said and done that to me and mine, which were he to offer me his hand and his land, would make me reject all; not in scorn, lady, but in the calm resolution of an unchangeable heart. Farewell! I came to loose; if I have not done it sufficiently, I shall do it again. I bless you, lady, for bearing with me so mildly; when you are mistress of these towers you will find many warm hearts around you; be gentle and be kind, and you will live in every bosom."

During this conversation, which passed all in a few minutes, Lord Roldan wist not well what to say or do; of Lady Vane he had seen much to convince him that she was as imperious as she was wealthy. While he was in the act of weighing her in the balance of his own mind, the random saying of a peasant made the scale in which she was placed kick the beam. "What fierce blue eyes she has got," said one, "and what a proud southland nose!"

"The eyes and the nose are weel enough," said

Willie Cowan; but d'ye no see man that the towers of Roldan will never win an heir from her ladyship?"

"Gudesake, no," said the other.

"Then I'll show ye," responded Willie. "D'ye mark her chin—look at it, atween and the sunshine, and tell me what ye see."

The peasant looked as desired. "I see—but gosh, no—eh, it canna be—and yet deil hae me if there binna—I see hairs, Willie Cowan, where they shouldna be. What may that forbode, now?"

"It bodes," said Willie, "barren wedlock; she'll never doudle a bairnie on her knee, nor ken how sweet the word mither is to a woman's ear." These words helped, with the imperious tone which the lady assumed, to render Lord Roldan cold. It was not altogether her great wealth which he coveted. Lady Vane was of a noble catholic stock, and he desired an heir to the towers of Roldan; for of the lawful male line, he was now the sole survivor. At last he found words.

"Lady Vane," he said, "does injustice to herself as well as to her humble suitor, in discussing his character with hinds and menials. There stands the tower of Roldan and here is its lord,

ready to usher Lady Vane in. 'The men of my house"—he said this with a smile—"command on their own lands and sometimes on their neighbours."

"The lords of Roldan may command whom they can," exclaimed Lady Vane, "but none of them shall ever command me: these towers I shall never enter. He that is false to such a creature as this, so beautiful, so mild, and so dignified, can never be true to me. I have heard much and seen much, and in these words I bid you farewell."

She turned suddenly from him, sprang into her carriage, held up her glove, and whip and spur carried her down the avenue and into the public road, with a rapidity at which the peasants who followed the laird of Howeboddom stood aghast.

"I'm thinking, Lord Roldan," said an old white-headed domestic who opened the gate to admit him, "I'm thinking, that if it had been our fate to get Elfrida Vane for a mistress, that we would have had to cool her sometimes in the auld vault where one of the Musgraves, Margaret by name, was confined for malefactions of temper, in your great-grandsire's day."

Lord Roldan smiled. He retired to his cham-

ber, and his thoughts ran much on Mary Morison, who had shown such unlooked for elevation of soul; the parting words of Willie Cowan, too, rang still in his ears. "Conscience, but Mary is the natural born lady, after a'; she has the true stamp on her, and this madam with the whiskers is but a counterfeit. God is aye right and man is aften wrang."

CHAPTER IV.

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?
O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
An' the apple on the pine.

BURNS.

To not a few of the peasants this peaceful termination of their expedition seemed unwelcome. "They couldna see what was to have hindered them," they said, "from having a touch at the auld tower; though, nae doubt, it wad have been a sad thing to lose a bride and a castle baith in ae day; and then Lord Roldan heeded naeboddy's feelings but his ain, and why should ony respect be shown to his. But then here lay the matter: the witch, Nanse Halberson, had soothed Mary about her son—they did nae weel ken how; and when she was pleased Jeanie Rabson was pleased; and when Jeanie was pleased, the laird of Howeboddum, helpless body, was pleased likewise. It

was true, they said, that they wad hae had a brush for't, because the baron had some stanch hands about him, and was a ringing deevil himsel when his blude was up; nor could they hide from themselves that they saw sundry gun-muzzles presented from loopholes and windows; but then they were on a just errand, wi' law and mercy on their side; yet after a', it was maybe just as well as it was; wha wad have caulked up the holes made in shooting at one anither's bare faces? and wha kenned but that Morison was forced awa wi' his ain consent!—he was aye a deep deevil and naebody could fadom him. And see," they concluded, "yonder's Mary, and Jean, and James, like three nuts on a stalk—they may e'en take their ain whitter, and we'll away hame, greater fules than when we came here."

The three walked together in silence for some time, at last, Jeanie Rabson, when they came to the separation of the roads, said, "Mary, woman, ye will be lonesome now in the Elfin-glen; wad it no be better in ye to come up to Howeboddom, and draw in a chair and sit down wi' us; it wad be a great pleasure to the laird and me—no but that I'm willing to come aften and see ye—and the place is weel worth gaun to see suppose there was naebody there—but I'm na

sae yauld as I was, lass, when we ran about the braes and pou'd the gowans fine, as the sang says, that poor Morison used to croon, for he couldna sing, though his voice was like music itsel."

"I cannot quit the Elfin cottage and the bonny glen," said Mary; "every bend of the burn is like a faithful friend, and every tree is like a truthu' acquaintance; the very hawthorns when they put on their summer dress seem to ask me to look at them, and the bits of trouts jouk joyous frae bank to bank, and the birds come a branch lower down and sing sweeter, I think, as I wander along. It would be like sun-dering the right hand frae the left; Jeanie Rabson, to separate us."

The laird who had not before opened his lips, said, "Weel, weel, we mauna urge it farther; we dinna like ye the less, Mary Morison, for yere love of the auld glen. I like to look at it maist daily myself from the top of our broomy knowes—gude day—ye'll no be coming hame just yet, Jeanie." And homeward plodded the laird, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Some one, as he trudged along, heard him say, "Weel, I'll never say north and south mair, but just say Mary Morison and Elfrida Vane,

for wha ever saw sic a twasome! the tane a lily, and the tither a nettle—God is ay right and man is aften wrang, as Willie Cowan says.”

Jeanie and Mary walked into the glen together. “I am afraid,” said the former, “that there’s mair at yere heart, Mary, than the mere liking to the glen—and the glen’s bonnie enough—whilk gars ye cling to it like the limpet to the rock, or the honeysuckle to the birch. When I bade ye come and draw in yere chair, and sit down in Howeboddum, I meant mair than the mere act implies—but let us gang in and sit down, for I’m gaun to speak seriously now, lass.”

They seated themselves and remained some time silent—Jeanie looked up and down and out at the door, and out of the window. “It’s a’ for your sake, Mary, that I am seeing there are nae listeners or comers—for what I’m about to say I carena as far as regards the laird and mysel, that a’ the wide world heard it—and I think events of late seem to countenance my proposal—here is our poor lad, Morison, borne away to Hispan—what d’ye call ’t—oily—here is Lord Roldan seeking a wife, and here is our James willing to have ane—d’ye understand me now? Will ye come and rule Howeboddum wi’ me, rigg and rigg about, and make the road that

takes ye till't through the kirk. Love wi' our James is as strong as death; and I aye think since he saw that Morison was sic a noble lad that he has liked the mither the better—but Mary that couldna be."

Mary looked up; more than ordinary brightness was in her eyes, and more than common colour in her cheek. "Jeanie," she said, "I have thought, God forgive me! sometimes of dying; for oh, dark—dark thoughts come into my head now and then; but what ye have said reconciles me to life, and tells me that the sun of heaven has light for the most wretched, and will shine on me yet. O, Jeanie Rabson! whiles I thought that even your love was from compassion, but this offer on the part of your noble brother tells me that I have redeemed my name and am once more worthy of being numbered among the matrons of this land; God bless him, and God reward him for it."

"Ye maun reward him for it yersel, Mary; the time and the mannêr are baith left to you, and dinna think lass, the less of our James for no coming and preferring his ain suit; James Rabson can speak like ony minister when he's rightly moved—aye and act like ony hero, when he's righteously angered—I wish ye but knew

Mary, what I had to say to keep him from striking Lord Roldan dead on his ain lawn, this morning; he has two men's wisdom, as weel as two men's strength at times."

"Jeanie Rabson," said the other, "I will never marry; I couldna stand the clash of the land. O! the tongues that my bridal morning would let loose, and the unlicensed words they would use! The very circumstance of a pure and honourable man wedding me would be one of their chief reproaches; my error which they are now inclined to forget, would be remembered anew; and wha kens Jeanie but their words which would poison the air, might poison the ear of your brother, and he might rue him of his unhappy bargain.—Jeanie I shall never marry."

"Ye mauna say that Mary, ye mauna say that—ye dinna ken what is predestined. But though I hae spoken with a sisterly tongue as was weel my part, for our James, ye mauna think that I either undertook to plead for him willingly, or thought I should succeed.—No!—I kenned ye owre weel for that, and had I no kenned ye, the sight I saw in your distracted moments to-day, wad hae been confirmation enough. The blue ribbon and the shining link of lang hair, which ye carry in your bosom, hinder yere heart frae

warming at another name; Lord Roldan wears powder now; but I mind his glancing locks eighteen years syne. Ah Mary Morison!—

“And why should I not wear it?” replied Mary; “it is insensate, and cannot harm me, as he on whose temples it once glittered, has done. O Jeanie, you said a wise thing, nor is it the less wise that you found it in a song; true love is strong as death. I passionately, aye, madly loved him, and lavished on him all the treasures of my young heart;—how sad my requital has been I need not tell you; how he has continued to annoy my loneliness and make my solitude sadder, you have more than a guess—nay, that to smooth the way to his marriage, he put a tongue and hand out of the way, that were likely to remonstrate, I have had now proof sufficient; yet Jeanie, I cannot hate him;—I cannot forget him; I see him wheresoever I look by day, and in my dreams by night is he present. Judge ye, then, if I am in a condition to become another man’s wife.”

“Ye have just said what I expected ye would say,” said Jeanie Rabson, with a sigh; “but,”—here she rose, and seemed inclined to begone without finishing her sentence.

“But what? Jeanie—my own, dear Jeanie—

but what? You were about to say something more, speak out."

"I was about to observe," said Jeanie, that with these feelings it would be better—safer—to come frae this lonely place and dwell wi' us; we are sisters in heart if we are nae to be connected by marriage."

"No," said Mary, mildly but firmly, "here I maun abide, my heart can hold no other love, and my sight, I think, abide no other scenes but those around: had I all the wealth of the world, here would I build my bower, and here would I live, and if company could not find me, I would not find out company. I have ta'en my resolution. That I have not refused James Rabson from other hopes he may yet live to see proofs; for, Jeanie, a something here tells me, that my trials are not all over—but sooner will yon tide wash down Colvend rock, than I shall swerve from my resolves."

On her way to Howeboddum, Jeanie could not help saying to herself, "She's a wondrous creature, now, this Mary Morison! but what the new trial can be to which she alludes surpasses my describing. It's no likely that Lord Roldan will offer himself; and it's no likely she'll refuse him an he did, sae there's nae trial can be there; weel

after a' women are queer creatures; but here comes a queerer creature than any of us."

The person to whom Jeanie alluded was Dominie Milligan, he was advancing with strides both long and quick; he had a staff in his hand which he grasped with more than usual firmness, and his eye intimated that the body was obeying the workings of the brain, for it seemed turned on some distant object so effectually, that all near was invisible. He no more saw Jean Rabson, than the ground over which he was striding saw him—she spoke as he approached, but he answered not. He swerved a little, which denoted a sense of hearing, and that he was aware of some coming object. "John Milligan!" said Jeanie, extending her arm, and seizing him by the breast of the coat. He stared, lifted up one foot and gaped; much to the amusement of the heiress, who looked at him from head to foot, and then burst into a fit of laughter.

The Dominie, who was somewhat nervous, on the score of ridicule awakened at once. "Miss Jeanie Rabson, and is this you? O, I heard, woman, this blessed morning, that you and the laird, were sorely bested by the atheistical lord, and the popish lady, and I but stayed to glance into the pages of one or two of our most fructifying

controversialists, that I might refresh myself for the contest, and tarried but the taking of this staff, lest carnal weapons might be required, and here am I hastening to the strife."

"Dominie," said Jeanie, "what time of the day d'ye think it is?"

"Why, about the hour of eleven of the clock. Do you think I know not what I am about?"

"Scarcely, John," replied the maiden. "Eyes west—what is yon sitting on the top of the hills of Dee—is't the moon think ye?"

"The moon!" said the Dominie, "who ever saw the silver planet shining at this hour of the day?—Jeanie you are merry."

"I'm thinking it maun be the setting sun," said Jeanie, "mair by token the birds are seeking the bushes, and the kye are coming hame; and, hearken, that was the bum-clock. O, Dominie, ye lost yourself among the controversial fathers. Why, man, if I were to forget mysel, and get called wi' you in the kirk, ye wadna be forthcoming at the bridal?"

"Try me, O Jeanie, try me," said the Dominie. "But you are a pleasant maiden—and now, on looking closer, I'm dubious that you are right about the time of the day;—though, Miss Jean, ye would find me more accurate in matrimonial

engagements. But though ye are ane of the wisest and most serious maidens in these parts, I never can find you in a sober mood—ye will never talk seriously about aught but poor Morison and his mother.”

“ ‘Deed, Dominie,” replied Jeanie, “ that’s a subject to make the lightest noddle in the parish serious—the lad’s lost, but no I trust for ever : we have something like an assurance, not only of his safety, but of the airt he is spirited away to. They ca’ the place Hispaniola : some of the folk are black, and some of them are white, and some of them are atween the twa—the willow-wands bear ready-made sugar, and the hazels have gowden pippins ; the briar-bushes, instead of dew bear drappit honey, and for red-potatoes, they have pine-apples, and, moreover, under your feet you find pomegranates.”

At the word pomegranate, the Dominie fidgeted and coughed ; he remembered his trial sermon, and glancing his eye on Jeanie, perceived, or imagined he perceived, a roguish twinkle of eye which intimated that she had a twofold meaning : perhaps he might have been angry for a minute or so ; but on looking forward, he saw the smoke ascending from the supper fire of Howeboddom-house, and the lights beginning to twinkle back-

wards and forwards from chamber to ha', and he smothered his wrath, increased his pace, and was soon comfortably seated beside the laird on the lang settle; with all the hinds male and female around him.

To the western world of sugar-cane and pine-apples the wind was now fast wafting the hero, such as he is, of our tale. The breeze was so full and so fair, that had the Wildfire been carrying a king to be crowned instead of a nameless youth into slavery, it could not have blown more benignantly. This was observed by the captain and his captives, and both drew different auguries from the circumstance.

“Morison,” said Davie Gellock, “why should we despond, when the very wind takes our part; it wadna blaw in that sweet and musical way if it meant us mischief?”

“Yes, but,” said Morison, it blows the same for the evil as for the good; if it would blow Corsbane east and us west, I could understand it.”

“Hout, now,” replied his sole counsellor, “this is no like you at a'; ye dinna ken what may be the meaning of Providence in a' this; may na the same wind blaw for Corsbane's harm and for our benefit? But gudesake speak lowne; he has lang

lugs ; and though I dinna mind him a bodle on dry land where cocks craw, I dread him where Mother Carey's chickens cheep. I canna say that I ever feel sicker on those kittle planks ; and saut water takes a' the fizen out o' me."

" Hurrah ! my lads," exclaimed the captain, as he kept pacing, with short quick steps, about the deck ; " see how our bonnie Wildfire goes flashing through the waves.—snoring like a whole congregation of presbyterians at a four-hours' sermon—we are making capital way. Witch Nanse has kept her word : a fair wind, she said, for fair deeds, a foul wind for foul deeds ; now, damme ! that's what I call the common sense of the thing. Old Mother Weir used to wrap up her blessings in such odd tough words, that they might be made to mean any thing—they were as dark as a diplomatic despatch ; but Nanse speaks out—she has no mist in her meaning."

Martin, who bore something like second command in the vessel, turned the tobacco in his cheek once or twice, coughed dryly, and glancing at the captain, said, " Mayhap you are not squeezing the right meaning out of the witch's words. I have a rough guess that she meant the wind would only be fair while we behaved fair to these two land-loupers ; d'ye mind the cloud that

descended and the wind that blew but t'other day, when, for something they said or did, ye spoke of making them walk the plank?"

The captain turned quick on him, but there appeared such a carelessness, that Corsbane's fear was quieted, and he said, " Well, it makes little matter whether they go to the devil with a wet skin or a dry one; the witch, damn her, has more to do with the wind than we are willing to believe. I suppose Nanse can have no objection, since she sells us fair winds, that we should be merchants, too, and take our goods to market. I say, Jack, since you are willing to be a good fellow, I shall make you a present of that sly demure chap whom they call Davie; he will bring a capital price for ye, my lad, in the Spanish settlements; as for Morison, I shall keep him on my own hands: there's something in him which may turn out well, if he will but listen to counsel—but, bravo! here's land."

The eager and lively cry of "Land! land!" made all hurry to the deck. Morison was one of the foremost; he stood on the forecastle and beheld the sunny mountains and the expanding vales of the isles of spice and balm, and stretched out his hand as if to grasp them; his colour rose and his eye flashed, and he measured

the space of amber waters which separated him from them with something of impatience. But Corsbane instead of standing into the noble bay, which seemed to invite him, and making for the city whose walls touched the water, veered away from the crowded harbour and the inhabited place, and skirting the isle sought out a more secluded spot in which to drop anchor. This he found in the bosom of a lagoon some six or eight leagues distant from the city: the vessel threaded her way among a cluster of low flat isles, on some of which deer were seen, and on others, birds beautiful in all, save song, and anchored under the shade of a group of gigantic palms, whose stems ascending perpendicularly a hundred feet into the air, threw out their broad majestic branches on all sides, and formed a verdant firmament, beneath which birds flitted with their gaudy wings; through which the sun, now setting, could scarce force a solitary ray, and beneath which the mariners wiped their sweaty brows and looked on one another and congratulated Corsbane on his happy voyage.

Morison walked about the deck; though one or two mariners kept their eyes upon him and seemed ready to prevent any attempt he might make to escape. By the slant light of the set-

ting sun he perceived here and there a mansion looking down the long natural avenues of the fig-tree and the palm: and though his ears were greeted with no natural music from the birds, he was cheered another way, for the twilight breeze now breathing freely about him brought odours of many kinds on its wings, telling him how much nature had done for this land of sunshine and slaves compared to the rough heathery hills of his native isle.

When the sun departed, night did not come—at least no night of the kind he had been accustomed to: the golden day was withdrawn, like a veil from the sky, only to exhibit the deep splendour of the evening. The clear blue glory of the firmament—the sparkling lustre of the stars large and fiery, and now and then a halo of remote lightning, flashing over all like his own Aurora, formed such a spectacle as he had never dreamed of, and which it was worth risking bondage to behold. Morison looked earnestly and silently; his own fate was forgotten for a moment, and he could not avoid saying aloud with the psalmist,

“ When I look up unto the heavens,
Which thine own fingers framed,
Unto the moon and to the stars,
Which were by thee ordained,
Then say I—”

“Yo ho ! younker,” cried a mariner who had never yet addressed him, “you make but a bad splice of your words : we could not fetch up the anchor to such unmelodious strains as these—framed and ordained won’t do—they jingle like a cracked cymbal in the hands of a Senegal Indian : splice it, man ! making words clink is no such marvel.”

“Whisht ! whisht ! for God’s sake, whisht !” said Martin, “these can scarcely be called the words of man ; they are the inspired scriptures—part of the eighth psalm, Stephen—whisht ! whisht !—ye frighten me to hear ye.” Stephen was silent at once, and busied himself about the removal of bales from the ship to a sort of summer-house, or rather warehouse, which stood among the trees : while Martin with a clasped book and a pencil, kept note of all that was transferred from the ship to the shore. While busied in this work, for which the sky afforded him ample light, Davie Gellock slipt to his side : Jack continued his insertions.

“Number thirteen—stay—contains twelve pieces of sea-coloured silk, got out of the—hum—hum—hum. Number fourteen—stop—contains six-and-twenty pieces of printed cotton—Glasgow build—got—hum—hum—hum. Number fifteen

—bide a wee;—a fellow would require three heads like the clerk's dog of the bottomless pit, who could moor—that's not the word neither—pen all the things down in ship-shape style, you move them so fast, my handy lads. Number fifteen, what's the mark of number fifteen?"—"A bloody palm pressed on it—seems a lady's—here's the mark of the ring."

"I won't enter that, by heaven!" said Martin, "it was a cruel business, and I wash my hands of it. I ken ane that will find number fifteen entered against him in a damned black book when he crosses the line that separates this world from the next."

"What's all this palaver about," growled Corsbane; "let the goods remain where they are till we have drank to another expedition such as our last. But here comes my jolly-boat on wheels to carry me up to Saint Salvador's nunnery—I'll be back in an hour."

A carriage drawn by four fine horses, with servants all as black as polished ebony, and their clothes as white as snow, came to the beach; the captain was carried and placed on cushions by four of these sooty domestics, who vied with each other by low salaams and other indications, in showing how much they were slaves. Nor did

the captain appear at all desirous of placing them on a higher footing; he caned them right and left as they bore him to the carriage, exclaiming, "You vagabonds! you have got vile and plump since I sailed; you black frights! you have grown sleek and saucy since I last saw you; you have been living on the fattest and carousing with the fairest; but I'll bring you down, or damme! And how are all at the nunnery? Has Madame Nigrini got cured of her love of rambling in the woods? Has Mother Morning ta'en any of her long walks by moonlight to the lagoon, when the sailors were ranting in the bay? And has Miss Midnight sound sleep, or does she cool herself in her kirtle among the sugar-houses when the presses are busy and my coloured overseer is there? Oh! you won't speak; never mind, I'll know all by-and-by. Well, then, have you any complaints to make?"

"Only one, Massa Cursbone, only one."

"And what is it? Speak out; I wish no one screened: I'm a lover of justice, and a hater of oppression.—What is it?"

"O de steward, dam him, massa, and dam his new fish too—ah! he too cunning for de poor neger."

"Well, damn him, then, with all my heart!"

exclaimed Corsbane. "Now what has he done—and what kind of fish is his new fish?"

"Ah, a dam droll fish! him all lean on one side, and him got but one eye: him dam lean, and make poor neger dam lean."

"So, then, my poor black devils, they have split a herring up the middle and passed it off for a whole fish upon you—a sly piece of work; but they'll not find that I have a blind side. It was so soft of you, however, my ebony friends, that I must give you a touch of the cane, merely to teach you sharpness, and not from any ill-will I have at you—none."

He applied his cane with remorseless severity, and the slaves went groaning and writhing along, and cursing and threatening internally their wanton oppressor.

The crew of the Wildfire, under the united control of Martin and Dempster, had gathered into groups, some above and some below; the former was seated on a carronade, which, hitherto masked, he now brought out openly, and was preparing it for action with another of the same calibre, with Davie to aid him.

"I canna tell how it is," said Martin, "but I hae a sort of grue upon my mind—a foreboding of evil as it were—I fand myself putting these

two deil's bastard bairns in fettle, before I was aware."

"Aweel," said Davie, "and if sic a thing happens, this is a braw bit to have a tulzie in."

"A braw bit!" said the mariner, "it's like fighting wi' pistols in the circumference of a beef barrel. There's nae room, bairn, there's nae room—even Pat Phelan couldna jump owre Newry canal, till he had seven mile of a ram-race. D'ye take me?"

"I hae something like a glimmer on't," said Davie; "but Johnnie, speak to me this way: if the warst should come, will ye hinder a lad to stand sidie for sidie wi' ye while breath's atween his lips, and blude's in his veins?"

"Ye mean yersel belike, lad," said Martin, "but I maun first feel the grip o' yere hand, before I can say aye or no; do yere warst with that, now." And he held out a hand as black as a coal, and as hard as iron, and eyed Davie with a smile, a grim one. Davie seized the offered hand with right good will, and gave it an earnest squeeze.

"Ye'll do," said Martin, "an ye had a year or twa owre yere head."

"I maun do now, Johnnie," said he, "and a' for the sake of Jenny Skipmire, yere ain mither's fu' cousin."

“Eh ! what did ye say, lad ? whaeveer’s dear to Jenny’s be dear to me.”

“Then,” said Davie, “I may safely say I have been dear to Jenny, she dreed the birth-time pang for me, and even now, she’s sitting wi’ moist een at home, wondering what’s become of her boy Davie.”

The rough seaman passed the cuff of his jacket twice over his eyes, and then said, “Why the devil, cousin, didn’t ye tell me of this sooner ; Ah ! Jenny Skipmire was like a mither to me ; mony a time she heated my cauld hungry mouth, when I was a mitherless bairn—God bless her—and is she well, cousin ? but why the hell didn’t you tell me before ? I would have cut the long yarn of yere voyage short.”

“That was just what I dreaded ye wad do, cousin John. Ye see I have an unco liking, and it’s weel my part, for Morison here, and I maun if possible see him safely out of this sair strait ; sae I just thought it best to come whigging alang wi’ him ; but a’ will gang right, when we have you for a friend.”

Martin busied himself about the carronades, and as Davie stooped to help him, he said in a low tone, “What can he do for himself, this young fellow now, that you and one or two more maybe have such a liking for ? I suppose if one

were to help him out of the bilboes, he would stand as I saw him to-night, and count how many horns the moon has."

"I'll tell ye what he can do, cousin," said Davie; "he can take the head off a flying swallow with a pistol bullet; and I'll wad my best leg 'gainst a beggar's crutch, that wi' a sword he'll pink every jacket on board the Wildfire, no forgetting Captain Crossbain's, and no take a prick in return."

"If he can do the half of what ye say, he will do; so no more at present: only make no outbreak for a day or two, and look as if ye knew nothing, and cared for nothing. I wish the fellow's head was grilled for a supper to Satan, that mounted this cursed carronade. I say, Davie—what the devil's your name? lend a hand here, till I lodge it, it goes jumping about and won't bide by its moorings."

The sound of horses' feet were now heard in the distant grove, and in a minute or so, the captain accompanied by his black chaplains, as he called his chief negroes, came to the beach and shouted, "Ohoy, Johnnie Martin! Ohoy, Tom Dempster! be busy my merry lads, and take me on board."

The captain soon stood on his own deck.

“Bring hither the black book,” he said, “and let me reckon with my jolly lads for the last voyage; another may come so soon that we mayn’t have leisure to see how rich we are.” He opened the ledger, and in a few words informed his audience that as he was both merchant and commander, he would take the whole venture into his own hands, and settle their shares in hard cash. “I have arranged all,” he said, “with the help of Martin, who was quite sober, and Dempster, who was wholly drunk; and as I was half-seas over myself, nothing could be fairer, damme! What say you, my lads?”

“As for Dempster,” said a Galwegian pirate, “he’s come of a kind that never had ony skill in honest division; and it’s weel kenned that your honour skellies fearfully at times, when yere ain interest’s in the balance: but as for Johnnie Martin, he’s as honest as the blind old beldame Fortune hersel, and I hae nae doubt but the division’s a just ane.”

“Damme! that’s just what I say,” exclaimed the captain; “so here’s your cash, my hearties! Each of you get four waistcoats and half-a-dozen wives, and meet me at this little cove again within eight days—so good-night!”

“A word with your honour,” said one of the

seamen, lingering, after he had received as much gold and silver as he could find pockets for.

“Let us have it,” said Corsbane; “but make the yarn short.”

“The shorter the better,” said the pirate. “Thae twa younkers are seemly and marketable—the twa, I mean, that we grabbed in Glen-garnock-bay: they will maist bring their weight in gold. How much am I to have out of their price?”

“Just that!” exclaimed Corsbane, making a blow at him with his cutlass; “just that, you whelp! You are the last to seize a prey, and ever the foremost at the division of it. One of these younkers I have bestowed on Johnnie Martin, there, the other I keep to myself. I will improve his voice, as the Italian hath it, and then place him at the head of the nunnery, to keep my *lignumvitæ* Venuses in order.” The acts, as well as the words of the captain, were received with three cheers; the mariners dispersed to rid themselves of the incumbrance of their cash, each in his own way.

“Bide with me,” whispered Martin to, Davie and to Morison; “I’ll undertake to carry ye baith up to the nunnery, as he calls it, in the

morning." This arrangement was the readier made, inasmuch as Corsbane was aware that Morison could not well run away. "Where can he run to," he muttered; "if he runs into the mountains, the blacks, who have ta'en to the bush and live like wild beasts, will flay him alive, and bid him carry his skin to the market."

In the morning, instead of being awakened by the song of the bird and the brook as he was in the Elfin-glen, Morison was aroused by the sun, which rose above the sea like a burning fire, scattering its flaming brands on bay and headland, and filling all the space between land and sky with a moving flame. Martin, whom he found up and busy, said, "Bowls rowe right, bairns—bowls rowe right. Davie here has fallen to my share, and he'll find that blude's warmer nor water. As for you, Morison, we maun contrive something; but maybe ye wad like to be at the head of the nunnery—it's a post, I can tell ye, that I dinna advise, though doubtless in skilful hands it might be profitable."

"We are now on land," said Morison; "I am a freeborn man, and mean to assert my claim to that right: what is to hinder me even

now to quit you at once, and go whither I please?"

"I'm sure naebody wad hinder ye, unless my cousin David here, or me did it. It wad just be what your warst wisher wants: ye wad be in captivity past remeid, or in a bloody grave, before a couple of hours flew by. Our men are on a shore-cruise, and there's no sic a set of unhang'd blackguards between Britain and the bottomless pit. I have had my hands about ye ever since ye gat the douk in the bay; sae come wi' me, if ye wish to live."

The nunnery was a building in the Spanish fashion, and had been founded by that soldier—a Roldan too, and sprung from the Scottish house—who rebelled against Columbus. The situation was one of great beauty; a deep clear stream came down from the hills, and separating when approaching a fine mound or knoll of some eight acres or more, ran on each side and uniting towards the sun, fell into the sea forming the lagoon in which the Wildfire now lay. On that mound the mansion was built; several eras and several tastes were visible in its construction. The columns, originally of palm or mahogany, had been replaced with marble; the pediment was still of wood; and for the crucifix which during

two centuries had occupied the summit, a monstrous mermaid of wood, carved, and painted green and red by the ship-carpenter, after drawings by Captain Corsbane, sprawled in the sun to the particular delight of the negroes, who were charmed by the width of her mouth, the length of her teeth, and her enormous tail. The floors at first paved with red brick, were now laid with cedar or mahogany, nay, the captain's own room was paved—by report at least—with dollars; the house was of great extent and had formerly been fortified, and might be said to be so still, for the stream was deep though not very broad, which enclosed it, and the bridge by which it was approached had a gate with a warder.

Yet the house was but as a wart on the cheek of beauty—a toad in a bed of lilies. The mound on which it stood was covered with flowers of all hues, and scented with fruits of all odours. But differing from the flowers of our cold moist island, these, instead of dwelling on the ground towered into the air; what is with us an herb, rose there like a tree, and the bloom with which the eye was dazzled came out in all the brightness of the sun, stinted neither in breadth nor in beauty.

The fruits were on the same scale, and pre-

sented a dessert worthy of Paradise ; their size, their beauty, and their fragrance, cost man no pains, but in the plucking. The anana, the tamarind, the papaw, the guava, the custard-apple, and a score of other rich fruits, were here showered as thickly in their season, as snow is on a British landscape : nor was the beauty depending on fruits and flowers alone, for through the whole, dancing like star light, flitted ten thousand humming-birds, of the brightness of whose plumes, neither pen nor pencil can convey any idea. From the size of a common beetle to the bigness of a wren, these plumed insects filled the air and the grove : the green of the emerald, the purple of the amethyst, the vivid lustre of the ruby—now uniting—now sundering, glanced and glittered on all sides. These were objects of elegance, there were others of grandeur ; namely, a belt of trees which enclosed the mound, not quite regular, but waving in their course to show they were planted by the hand of nature ; these were chiefly palm and mountain cabbage ; tall, and straight, and tapering, and without branch or leaf, they climbed into the air, as perpendicularly as the columns of some antique temple, to the height of eighty—nay, a hundred feet—and then no longer able to con-

tain themselves, they threw out with wondrous order and regularity, such a multitude of boughs as formed a roof, through which the scented wind could make its way, but no sun could penetrate.

CHAPTER V.

O, little did my mither think,
The day she cradled me,
What lands I was to wander in,
Or what death I should die.

OLD SONG.

“WHY now, my lads,” exclaimed Martin to Morison and his cousin, “this beats all your proud castles and grand scenes of old Scotland to sticks!—All got, too, by the pike and the cutlass; there’s no heritable jurisdiction here save that of steel and bullet. Now, I’m not sure that, to smart lads like yourselves, the life of a rover wouldn’t be an acceptable thing; if so, be as you wish it—a word to Jack Martin’s enough: he has some handy lads to stand by him for good or evil. Only mind me—no nailings down of hatches, or scuttlings in the dead of the night; no bales of silk marked with the bloody palm—ye read me? No, honest Jack Martin is a friend to all the world, save the lousy Portuguese, the sulky Spaniard, and the bragging French.”

“Cousin John,” replied Davie, “I dare say mony a ane makes their bread, and if this be Captain Corsbane’s house, very good bread too, in the way you mention. I think, too, it would suit me gaye and weel, for ye see I’m no auld enough to have ony fixed notions of thine and mine ; and I like, too, yere antipathies, seeing that the three nations ye name are wealthy, and can afford to pay a tax on the high seas. But then, ye see, it wadna suit Morison here ; he has queer notions of his ain ; and having heard that the French have not only tired o’ their king and chappit his head off, but hae preached a crusaad against a’ fowk wi’ crowns and coronets, he e’en thinks o’ trying his fortune wi’ them ; and ye see I winna leave him—that’s a thing predestined ; sae I’m thinking we maun put off’ this rover matter till we have settled the other concern.”

“Ye’ll find that a tough concern,” said Martin ; “but every man to his mind’s my motto. Jack Martin has got enough to buy a bit o’ ground and build a house in Carsefairn, or he can up with the jolly badge—just as he chooses. But shut mouth and open eyes : we are now on the bridge over which some go that never return.”

On entering the nunnery they found three or four maimed mariners halting and hirpling about

the corridor ; each of them had a cutlass at his side, a carabine in his hand, and a measure of grog within reach. These men, hurt in the wars, were maintained at the public cost, in every sense of the word ; for, at the division which succeeded each cruise, a certain part was set aside “ to keep,” so it was registered, “ their seams caulked and their timbers good.”

“ Ha, Johnnie Martin !” said one, holding out his hand, “ all safe and sound yet—no American marlin-spikes fired upon you by the bushel, as was the case when I lost my precious limb—all the better for you, my lad.”

“ I say, Jack,” exclaimed another, “ any hard muzzle to muzzle work now, my boy ?—yard-arm to yard-arm, as when we demolished the Santissima Trinidad ? No blood in the scuppers now : the spunk’s gone out of the sea this one time, and it bears nothing but sucking babies.”

“ Why Jack, my lad,” growled a third, “ the gold seems to have flown from the Indies of late : no rich prizes—no barges laden to the hawse-holes with silver, eh !”

“ What are you sea-devil’s bantlings bothering about now ?” exclaimed the stern voice of the captain from within. “ Damme ! a fellow might as well

sleep when Neptune's making his billows dance to the tune of a nor'-wester."

Martin found Corsbane seated in all his glory, in a very splendid apartment, which had once served as a hall of audience to the governors of that portion of the isle. He was reclining on a couch of figured silk, stuffed with the odorous rind of some elastic plant, which answered to all his motions, like whalebone, and was soft without being warm. He was attired in loose trousers, of damasked satin; his waistcoat, of the same materials, was unbuttoned, to display cambric of the finest texture, wrought on the bosom with lace, and inlaid with diamonds and pearls: the button which fastened it at the throat was of one stone, and of great value. Over the whole was worn a morning gown of white silk, curiously wrought with flowers, and not without skill, though rather large and gaudy. His head was bare, and nothing of the rough, bold, blunt mariner appeared, save his cutlass and a brace of pistols, in his belt, and which he allowed no one's hand save his own to come near.

The casements were open for the free admission of air—if air could have been had on such terms, where not a breath was stirring; but what could not be got from nature was supplied by art; for

while two handsome young negresses sprinkled odorous waters about the apartment, two others, still more handsome, stood fanning him with large fans of wild birds' feathers, as vivid as rainbows. These sooty sultanas wore slight bodices of blue silk, buttoned down the bosom with agates, but not so closely as to conceal the skin, which was smooth and glossy as polished marble; while kirtles, of a lighter colour, reached scrimply to the knee, allowing their legs, which were worth looking at for their neatness, to be visible to the ancles. They chanted a low sweet air, to which their fans kept time.

"Deil hae me," said Davie Gellock, "but this coves a'! This maun be a sort o' supplemental Paradise, into which they admit black angels."

"That's not amiss, damme!" said Corsbane. "Why Martin, this fellow has some marrow in him. I'm glad you're come: I have been obliged to use the ratan a little more than is pleasant for this right arm of mine—my plantation is run wild, by God! I left four overseers, and now I can find but two; yet no one has heard of them, or seen them: they are hidden in the earth, that's certain." Here the four negro handmaidens looked to each other, and laughed.

“Why damme! you dark Dalilahs, do you know what is become of them? Speak out—you, Miss Midnight, with all your stars, answer me!—Silent, are you; this will make you speak!” He snatched a pistol from his belt as he spoke, cocked it, and said in a slow peremptory tone, “Where’s Will Gunnion?”

The girl to whom this was spoken was now kneeling on one knee, and though she heard the lock of the pistol click as it was cocked, and saw the muzzle within six inches of her bosom, she neither trembled nor shrunk, but answered with great serenity, “Sailed for London.”

“Sailed for London!—in what ship? Come—”

“In the Sally in our Alley, massa.”

“The Sally? Why, not one word has Craven and Co. spoken to me about his voyage.”

“’Cause, massa,” said her companion negress, “they mayn’t have found him yet.”

“Ha! Madame Lignumvitæ, so you know of this matter, too? Found him yet!—why you fool he was not packed in one of the hogsheads—the fellow has absconded. I’ll have him, if he keeps above ground.”

“O!” said Miss Midnight, with a smile, “Massa Gunnion would lie in Massa Corsbane’s bed; so Massa Gunnion was packed in

Massa Craven's hogshead, and sent to learn manners in London. Him no tarve—him have sugar, and sugar is sweet."

"Damme!" said Corsbane, with a hoarse laugh, "that's doing the matter neatly. Well, I don't greatly blame you. But harkee, my black brimstones, don't be in such a hurry to barrel up a christian again, lest I send you to sea with a hundred weight of lead at each foot to help you to swim back to your own dusty country. Now where's Tom Jeffrey?—you must know, Martin, that Tom's amissing too, and that not a soul can tell me a word about him: he went out one fine morning, and didn't return at night. Come, my dark Dalilahs, tell me what is become of Tom?"

The four negresses remained silent; they looked at each other, and they looked at Captain Corsbane, but opened not their lips. "Come, show your pearls, my dears," said the captain, "silence won't do;—you haven't packed up Tom too in a barrel, and marked him for transportation, eh?"

"No, massa," said Miss Midnight, "him beat one, two, three, four negroes, and they drown him in a mash-tub, and burn him to dust and scatter him on the winds, and bid him tell him's God to put him more wisely together again."

“Damnation!” exclaimed Corsbane, unsheathing his cutlass like lightning, and seizing the negress by a handsome handful of hair, which, according to the practice of her tribe, she had gathered together, and braided and ornamented with a string of pearls, the gift of the hand which now clutched it. It is probable that he intended only to shear off this lock, with his cutlass; but she resisted, and he became enraged, and ere any one could interfere, he severed, not only the lock but a portion of the scalp, and throwing it bloody on the floor, said, “There! that’s my way of punishing unwilling witnesses—I shall know who the four were who murdered poor Tom Jeffrey, before to-morrow’s sun is risen.”

“You may not live to see it,” exclaimed a voice, soft as the sweetest music; “I learned it from one of your island poets, to question all mortal dependance on the future:

‘Where is to-morrow? In another world.’

Do what thou desirest to do, to-day, lest thou live not to look upon to-morrow.”

“It is Cunahama, the sorceress!” said one of the negresses, with a shudder, “and massa will know all.” Cunahama advanced halfway up

the hall, and then paused: she was in the bloom of youth, and very beautiful. Though come of the all but extinct line of princes of South America, such was the fine proportion of her limbs, such the elegance of her form, and such the wild lustre of her eyes, that she might have stood with two of the loveliest dames of Europe in the presence of a painter or sculptor, and contributed more graces to art than both. Her dress was of cotton fantastically emblazoned with flowers, and birds, and beasts, and fishes, and which, with the exception of her short kirtle and loose mantle, sat close to her body, displaying rather than hiding her person. We have only to add that her hair, long and black, was plaited and wound about her head, with permission for two locks to hang gracefully down behind, and that she held in one hand a young plantain pulled up by the roots, and all that is necessary is said about her appearance.

“What bedlamite is this?” inquired Captain Corsbane, of a couple of negro servants, “and what does she want?”

“Nothing,” was her answer. “The sweet flowers are my bed; the sweet winds of heaven lull me asleep; the stars watch over me; I wake, and drink of the delicious cocoa-nut; I eat of the

luscious fruits; the spirits of my race and the gods of my land are nigh me; and I have nothing to ask of man—but I may have something to tell him."

"And what have you to tell me? But come nearer—I did not think that the old race had such a jewel among them—come nearer."

"I can come close," said Cunahama, "for I am charmed beyond thy power, and dread thee not; but I must be brief. What return should I make to the christian for seizing all the mighty kingdoms which pertained to my ancestors, and for having slaughtered or enslaved their people? Come, answer me."

"Why, damme!" said the captain, "I suppose I must allow you to hate us pretty cordially.—Come, my pretty maiden, will that do?"

"I cannot hate the image of God, though it be impressed on worthless clay," she replied.

"No, I come to return good for evil; I come to tell you what will be your fate—a fate only to be avoided by more wisdom than the white men of this great isle possess. Shall I say on? I have spoken elsewhere in vain."

"O, say on, by all means," said Corsbane—"only don't make the yarn of prophecy long—I have a couple of murders to inquire into, and

one or more slaves to put in the way to be hanged—Mungo—Cæsar—devil! don't leave the hall, I must have some talk with you anon." The negroes glanced at each other, muttered something, and obeyed.

"The crimes of the christians," said Cunahama, "have grown so terrible in the eyes of the gods, that they will take away their power and bestow it on those whom they have enslaved, insulted, and beaten—whose flesh they have torn with pincers, and whose locks they have plucked, nay—God of heaven!—flayed from their heads." She lifted the handful of plaited hair with all its diamonds and pearls, to which was attached the gory scalp, and said, "As sure as that will no longer grow on the head of the unhappy one to whom it belonged, so as surely shall the sway of this mighty isle be taken fiercely and bloodily from you, and black faces shall rule where white faces have ruled too long." She waved her hands when she had done speaking, and turned to be gone.

"Stop!" exclaimed Captain Corsbane—"I must have some more talk with you—I must spin a little yarn of my own, damme!"

"You accept my warning then," exclaimed the prophetess—"much blood will be spared—but no, you are hardened, and may not—I already

hear the shrieks of the women ; the cries of the murdering babes. See ! the walls of this chamber are dappled with gore ; blood is flooding the floors—a banner is displayed—a white babe writhing on a pike—ha ! the grim faces of ten thousand demons are smiling below it.”

“ Who told you to say all this ? ” inquired Corsbane.

“ One whom you know not, and will never see—the God who protects my race. Did I not foretel to the white faces what has since befallen France, and did they not all mock me ? How many laughed loud when I told Rose de Pagerie that she would become the empress of the earth, and will she not ? Nay, I could read thee thy own fate, were thy name not too despicable to mingle with the names of the good and great.”

“ It is true,” said an English servant, “ that Cunahama foretold the French revolution ; and also said to bonnie Rose Pagerie, that she would be an empress ; but then she said that I would die in the air. I cannot believe her, not I.”

“ Why now I begin to credit her,” said Corsbane ;—“ but what in the fiend’s name is she after now ?—why she looks so close as if the young man’s character were written on his face ! ”

Morison Roldan, hitherto unseen by the pro-

phetess, had slipt inch by inch forward, attracted by her denunciations; as she turned round, her eyes fell upon him. She perused his face with much attention; then seizing his arm, by a vehement effort placed him on the seat of rule, pulling Corsbane away, and pushing him back among the domestics. "This youth was born for rule—thou art born but to obey: bright days will be his—dark days will be thine. I have said it, and so will it happen." Before Corsbane could recover his seat, or get the better of his astonishment, Cunahama had left the hall, and crossing the stream, was seen hastening on her way to another plantation, there to utter, and utter in vain, what she called her warning voice.

"I understand all this, perfectly well," said the captain. I shall hold a court of examination here to-morrow; and I doubt not to have the happiness of helping half a dozen of those handy fellows, who pack white men in sugar-casks and drown them in mash-vats, to a high gibbet and a sure noose."

"A word with you, captain," said Jack Martin, "a word in your ear. I have no wish to curry favour, or to be thought to be busy; but wouldn't it be a very pretty precaution

against any outbreak of these black devils, to bring up a couple of carronades and plant them in the mount?—they carry very handy pomegranates, and take a fellow's part in earnest, when he kens how to use them."

Corsbane rubbed his chin, and with a feather fan kept cooling one of his handmaidens instead of himself. "'Tis no bad thought," he said; "yet what have we to dread? It shall never be said that Dick Corsbane shook at the ravings of one of those cursed copper-skins. No, Jack, keep the carronades where they are, my lad; but it can do no harm to be ready should you be wanted: I will hang out the old flag, or throw up three blue lights an I want you—so begone for the present.—But I say, come back to-morrow, at ten o'clock, there will be some work for the whip; we shall see what colour the blood of some of these sooty scoundrels is."

Away went Martin taking Davie with him, but not before the latter had whispered to Morison, "My cousin says he has something in steep for us, sae let him work it out his ain way; the adder gangs mair crooked to the mark than the hawk."

The captain motioned his dark Dalilahs, as

he called them, out of the room, and also his negro footmen, and desiring Morison to approach, he thus accosted him: "Well, what do you think on't, my handy lad—swallowed it all like sweet milk, damme!—don't know those saucepan-faced furies so well as I do—they cannot come the queer over me—no, Dick Corsbane's too old a cat to draw that straw before."

"If you allude," answered Morison, "to the words of that poor savage, it is needless to ask me what faith I have in the ravings of one whom oppression, perhaps, has driven mad. She seems to dread some outbreak among the black population of the isle; and I should not wonder at it, no one would willingly remain a slave."

"Aye, damme! I believe you there," said the captain; "but then what can we do? Slaves are permitted, I had nearly said commanded, by scripture; I am sure at least that they are commanded by nature; how the devil could we go on with our plantations if it were not for those two-footed oxen, that toil and sweat for their masters? The men work for us, and the women when they are handsome, cheer us; and what more would they have?"

Morison smiled and said, "The taste of

the christian settlers seems strange; why, with all the luxuries of the earth and sea at command, do you not lay out your affections, or your money, on the bright eyes and alabaster skins of the dames of Europe."

"You talk like a child," said the other; "the blue-eyed, bright-locked, lily-skinned lass of old Scotland, will frisk it up to the ancles in snow, and salute you with burning lips on an iceberg. But bring her away from her mountains—her flesh falls from her—her roses fade—the fire of her eye is extinguished, and she is fit for nothing but to watch, and scold, and be peevish about her poor husband, when he comes refreshed from sea, and smiles to behold these black buxom beauties, savoury as their own tropical fruits."

Morison answered, "This isle is swarming with men in whose looks we may read of two races; they have the ferocity of the savage, and the skill of the European. I have seen some dozen of them on my way hither; I could read hatred in their looks: the time will come when such men will be resistless."

"Oh, damme! you are observant too, I see," exclaimed Corsbane; "we must look to it. Go for the present; walk over all the nunnery

grounds, but war-hawk ! if you venture further, no good will come of it : here, no one can steal away from his master without being caught, we are all linked in one chain."

Morison went into the open air ; the burning heat of the day was gone ; a gentle wind moved the orange-groves and the lime-trees ; while the sun from the summit of the interior mountains, shot a long and level beam which seemed to set the hill-tops in a flame, burn off the heads of the towering palms, and even to communicate fire to the restless waves of the boundless ocean. He looked at the strange structure out of which he had just come, and could not help perceiving in its various parts, the characters of its different occupiers : the Spaniard desirous of splendour ; the Englishman anxious for comfort ; and both solicitous about security. On going to the stream which enclosed it, he observed that the bank was armed with a line of sharpened stakes, which presented their pike heads against all who should attempt to pass the water ; and he also found here and there pieces of artillery planted, where the passage seemed easy. But what struck him most, was the apparition of an aged mulatto, who stopt as he stopt ; looked where he looked ; stopt when he stopt ;

and when on one occasion he laid hold of the chevaux-de-frise and gave it a shake, his sable attendant brought down a brass carabine which he carried, to the level, and appeared disposed to draw the trigger.

Morison, on reaching a secluded place, turned round suddenly on this unwelcome comrade and demanded why he followed him. "Ask massa Corsbane," was the reply; and such was the answer too, to all questions asked, till he inquired who Cunahama was.—"Would have been a queen; but for those snow-skinned devils; but her time's coming."

"She is a very handsome woman," said Morison, "and speaks the language of other lands with no little elegance; her words are clear and pointed, yet she is mad, is she not?"

"Not so mad as you are young man," said the mulatto, changing his manner and his language in a moment—"not so mad as you are for allowing yourself to be brought here and abiding when you are brought."

"Well, friend," said Morison; "let me put your words to the test, suppose now that I lay my hand on these pike-heads and overleap them, you are placed where you are to shoot me; are you not?"

The mulatto laughed, "Ay, shoot at you !" said he, "but not hit you unless I like ; yet there are many ways that a willing mind may find of escape, without putting me to the trouble of firing awry, a feat which I cannot always do when I wish ; for a fair mark and a handy weapon are tempting things."

"And do you believe now in the predictions of this island queen of yours ?"

The mulatto looked all round and then replied, "Not always ! for sometimes it is the pleasure of Cunahama to mislead, and that she accomplishes by prophecy with a twofold meaning ; but at other times the spirit so presses on her, that she is obliged to speak, and then she tells truth as surely as the sun diffuses warmth."

"We have prophetesses and seers in my land," said Morison, "to whom future events are revealed in a shadowy way."

"I have heard of them," said the mulatto, with almost breathless interest—"I have heard of them. Old Captain Macracken who lived in the nunnery, knew them and believed in them ; they lived on the hills, and in the misty isles, and what happened in far lands was revealed to their sight in visions. Can you tell me more of them ?" And he set the butt-end of his carabine on

the ground, and looked into the face of Morison with an eye of pressing entreaty.

“I can,” said Morison promptly: “I have the blood of seers in my veins. Look through that tartan silk, and tell me what you see?”

As he said this, he unbound his silk handkerchief, and held it between him and the distant hills;—long and anxiously the mulatto looked, at last he said, “I see nothing but what I daily see.”

“Then let me look,” Morison turned east, west, north, and south, and said, “I see, old man, the banks of the stream which encircles this mound thronged by dark and angry faces; there are spears brandished, torches shaken, and carabines levelled: I see flames ascending from town and plantation—white faces flying pale, and swarthy ones hurrying in blood after.”

The mulatto bowed his head, and muttering, “He knows it, he knows it!” retired to his usual distance; while Morison, having hazarded the prophecy from what he had heard and seen, sat down under a wild fig-tree, and fell asleep; a welcome sleep, brought by the sultriness of the day and his own waste of spirits and thought.

After a two-hours’ slumber he started up, has-

tened into the hall, and in an inner room found Captain Corsbane in fuller glory than he had hitherto seen him. Champagne bottles were strewn empty about the floor, and on his right and left, and before and behind, sat or flitted about his dark Dalilahs, as he loved to call his female attendants, while the remoter corners were occupied by four mulatto musicians, who now and then threw in a touch or two of an island air, to the increase of discord, as Corsbane said, when he silenced them, in the middle of the Marsellois hymn of Hispaniola. All present seemed to have attended more to wine than to sweet sounds: the captain was in what he called his third heaven; his sable sultanas unsteady to reeling: their head-dresses were awry, and their scanty clothing disarranged; but had they been dressed ever so decorously, they were not likely to continue so within reach of hands that were for ever pulling or pushing them.

“Ha! my fellow voyager,” exclaimed the captain, when he saw Morison; “so you have been looking at my defences, damme! ’Twould not do, youngster:—’twill be wise in ye to keep quiet, and abide within doors too: a bullet may make a mistake and stay you else. Better remain with me and take what goods the gods provide—some

wine, eh?—Come clean cap out, as you say in Galloway, where the grapes are sour as sloes—that'll do. Oh! I'd forgot; you have high blood in your veins, and wine is congenial: so take another cup. Here's Lord Roldan's health—you know whom I mean; of all men he's the rummest—never could, for the soul of me, make him out. If I were kind to you he might be angry—and his anger reaches round the earth; and were I to be unkind, he might be angrier still: damme, that's a poser!"

Morison tasted, but did not drink: he held the cup in his hand, and drawing near the captain, waited an opportunity to speak.

"Play up, you sooty musicians, and dance you dyed in grain devils! and let this son of a lord see your shapes: he shall marry the handsomest of you, damme! it's all one to Dick Corsbane."

Up started the four handmaids, and loud played the four musicians.

"Now say what you have to say, lad," said Corsbane, "and speak low; I see something in your eye."

Morison whispered, "An attack, from what quarter I know not, an attack will be made on this house; the palisades are all but sawn through

in one or two places ; and more, I can both see and hear that your mulattoes and negroes, are in the secret."

"A likely thing, my young master, a likely thing, that what has escaped the eyes and ears of Dick Corsbane, as they call me to windward, should be found out by a milksop ! No, confound me, that's too much ! you want to draw the black clout over my eyes ; but it won't do. Here, you grim Dahlah : this soft sugar-cane here—this nut not come into milk yet, says you dance to the one side ; show him, I say, that your flat feet can move more truly to the music than his own."

A sooty hand and arm were stretched out, and Morison obeying the impulse of the music, danced with such ease and grace, as obtained the applause of the audience, male as well as female.

At one of the pauses of the music, while Corsbane was emptying another bottle of champagne, and Morison was praising his dark partner, for the soul and heart which she lent to all her movements, she whispered, " Small birds hide when the hawk is in the air ; little mouse runs away from the hall about to take fire ; but the rat," and she looked at Corsbane, " bides still

and is burnt. You hear, you understand? Have you no mother that loves you, that you stay to be stabbed?"

He looked in her face, and her large dark eyes seemed swimming in fire; he was about to answer, when the crack of carabines broke the stillness of the night; they were in a moment replied to by a dozen or more of muskets, and by a yell so wild and startling, that the birds flew from their roosts for a mile around.

Two out of the four old sentinels—and they were bleeding—came halting in, and one cried, "All the devils in hell are come to pay us a visit! and we shall be butchered first and then burnt to cinders. Hast no brandy, captain, to put a bit of spirit in an old stick?—champagne, curse champagne! I must die without drink. I did not think so once, neither." And reloading his carabine, he limped to the window, and, taking aim, fired: some one groaned and fell.

Corsbane was silent, but not idle. At the first report of the musketry he started up and flew to a recess which communicated with the top of his dwelling, and firing a pistol, in a moment three deep blue lights, flashing far up into the heavens with a hissing noise, brightened

hill and tree, and threw over the lagoon where the Wildfire lay a flash so vivid, that every eye winked below it.

“Coming,” cried Jack Martin; and harnessing a carronade, departed for the scene of action, accompanied by his cousin Davie, and five or six armed comrades. “He’s but a kittle colt, the captain,” said Martin, “to ride the water on; but he’s in a strait, and it’s my duty to help him.”

“If it werena for Morison,” said his cousin, “I wadna gang my foot length. Dod! they might cut the captain into slices, and eat him in sandwiches, for me; an’ that’s likely to be his fate, an’ mony a dry cheek. But an’ I lose Morison, it’s ten to ane but I’ll gang mad, and shoot all and sundry that had a hand in tearing him away.”

“Be quiet, cousin, be quiet,” said Martin: “let pistol and carabine speak to-night. Now we are nigh the nunnery, let us force the gate at once, and brush in.”

The moment Corsbane had made the signal for assistance, he hastened out to see the number of his foes, and their mode of attack. Upwards of two hundred armed negroes and mulattoes were attempting to cross the stream,

while fifty and more covered their advance with a shower of balls, which, though fired at random, had already wounded two or three of the garrison—if seven white men may be called such, for the mulattoes and the negroes inside were all enemies, to a man; nor were the women otherwise, though at first none of them dared to act openly, from a dread of Corsbane's pistols, which they knew he could use quick and unerringly. To direct a swivel loaded with balls on the mob of assailants was but a moment's work: they had removed the palisades—treacherously sawn to aid the attack—and were half seen above the bank when the match was applied, and balls, scattering as thick as hail, killed a dozen of the foremost, and wounded twice as many.

This, so far from daunting the leaders, rather kindled them into rage and desire of revenge: they had expected to find Corsbane in his revels, and to have an easy conquest. They shouted out, "Blood! blood!" and pushed into the stream a second time, while the cry which they raised was re-echoed from a plantation half-a-mile distant, and immediately a column of flame, accompanied by clouds of smoke as black as tar, rose with a rushing sound into

the still pure night, proclaiming to all who witnessed it that the insurgents had succeeded in destroying a neighbour mansion, and might be expected in a few minutes to strengthen the attack on the nunnery.

“Now saints—if there be saints, have mercy on our souls—if we have souls,” exclaimed the captain, “for these born devils will have none; it’s no sin at least to shoot them, damme!” and taking aim along with other defenders, as he spoke, shot three of the leading mulattoes dead, and wounded two more.

At this moment the clatter of horses’ feet was heard, and the rattling of wheels. Martin forced his way in at the bridge, and took a position to rake the advancing column. “Damme, Jack,” exclaimed Corsbane, “but this is friendly!” As he uttered these words, the negress, whom he called Miss Midnight, glided nigh: a dagger gleamed—the next moment she withdrew it reddened in his blood. “It won’t do though, or curse me!” exclaimed Corsbane, prostrating her with a blow of his cutlass: “and yet I felt the cold steel nigh my liver, too.”

The carronade and the musketry swept away masses of enemies, but more came pouring to

the attack on all sides, and the resistance was fierce, though it promised to be in vain.

“Jack,” said Corsbane, wringing his hand, “it looks black; but I’ll live to thank you for what you have done—aye! and thank Dempster, too, for what he has not done;—I have a trick of my own which none of these black devils are aware of: but don’t follow me, for that will ruin us all; cut your way back to the Wildfire, and if I’m not visible on the day after to-morrow, then think Dick Corsbane has forgot himself—but not that he’s dead, damme! Farewell.”

“Davie, cousin Davie,” said Martin, “turn the horses’ head shipward again, and let us make our way back; this place is growing too hot for us, all the black deevils of Hispaniola are here.” Morison kept in the rear, with one or two of the firmest of the mariners: he had hitherto, taken no part in the fray, though he was armed and ready to resist should he be attacked; no one, however, seemed disposed to injure him. The old mulatto sentinel had possessed all with the belief, that it would not only be impossible to harm him, but would ruin their cause; nor had the words of Cunahama been uttered for him in vain. It was known too, or at least sur-

mised, that he was a prisoner, and likely to be sold as a slave: in revenging their own wrongs therefore they naturally spared him; though the spear was often levelled to run him through and the carabine cocked to shoot him. As all eyes were turned on the nunnery, and all thoughts on Captain Corsbane, Martin repassed the bridge without opposition, and gained the open way to the lagoon, distant some half-mile. He halted to see the upshot.

"I canna for the soul of me, surmeese," said he, "what Dick meant by bidding me make my way back to the Wildfire, for he had a trick of his own, unknown to all mankind. Od! if he escapes now, I'll be inclined to worship him—he's no a man, he's a divinity." The flash of musket and pistol continued to brighten the trees and the windows; the captain, and two chosen comrades, had retired to the house; the negroes and mulattoes poured into the entrance like a flood, their yells filling all the air, and making, as Davie Gellock said, "his banes and blude to creep and grue." Suddenly the smell and hiss of a sulphurous fuse was felt and heard; the building, from dome to foundation-stone was lifted into the air; and as it dropt, a roar louder than even

tropical thunder, shook it to atoms, while smoke and flame burst out on every side, and strewed the mound with shattered bodies.

“If Captain Corsbane survives that, he’ll outlive the last day,” exclaimed Martin: “I’m glad he didna invite me to this concluding entertainment of his; but come we maun get into the Wildfire, and warp her out of the lagoon; the blood of these fiends is up, and they’ll stick at naething.” So saying they regained the ship, lifted her anchor, and favoured by a gentle wind, shot out to the open sea, which was reddened for many miles by the conflagration.

CHAPTER VI.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

BURNS.

THE scene which we have so briefly described was the outburst of that great and terrible revolution, which, after a vast waste of life, concluded by transferring the splendid Isle of Hispaniola from the rule of the Whites to the sway of the Blacks. For some time the storm, which ended in a shower of blood, had been gathering: the love of freedom natural to man had never been wholly extinguished in the bosoms of those unhappy persons who, for the unlimited and unrestrained range and enjoyment of the African wilds, had been compelled to accept the condition of slaves under rigorous masters in a distant land, while the mulatto race, bringing the knowledge of the European, to the craft and ferocity of the African, diffused in every di-

rection a spirit of resistance to slavery, and a desire of enjoying the blessings of a free condition. Among such a body the decree of liberty and equality promulgated by France and addressed to the colony, fell like fire upon a powder-magazine : they claimed their new rights ; the colonists hesitated : the incensed negroes and mulattoes flew to arms, and with loud cries assailed the homes of their masters : fire filled all the air ; blood dyed all the earth : the fainting Europeans were oppressed by numbers ; and the whole isle, save here and there a fortress, was

“ With sable faces thronged and fiery arms.”

“ I have long looked for this,” said Martin, “ and now since the brute has got the bridle out of its mouth, it will play sad pranks wi’ its heels. It’s just as weel that we are in this bit crooked timmer, and sailing on the bosom of the sea—the land will be owre hot soon for a white face, I jalouse.” As he said this, flames burst suddenly out from a mansion which stood close to the side of the bay, and the terrified inmates, as they rushed into the open air, were cut down by a band of negroes and mulattoes, who, bearing a white infant on the point of a lance, urged the

extermination of the whole race of taskmasters. The light of the moon and stars, and the grosser light of the conflagration, enabled Morison and his companions to see all that passed without being within reach of shot themselves. "I would like to help some of these poor whites—Frenchmen though they be," said Martin; "but landing is out of the question; they would cut us up like peelings of ingans."

Morison looked earnestly on the scene as the ship glided silently along.—"See!" he said, "these fierce wretches are on their way to that plantation: cannot you sail nearer, and give the house the protection of your guns?"

"Ye speak like an older man," replied Martin, "I wonder how I overlooked that; but I am sae accustomed to be directed, that I think I'll soon forget how to direct myself."

The mansion to which this referred stood on a neck of land that extended into the sea: gardens and orchards lay around it, and lines of splendid palms and cabbage-trees, and wild figs and oranges, with others for shade or for fruit, enclosed it as with a garland. The proprietor seemed to have taken the alarm, for the windows towards the land were barricaded, and marksmen, though few in number, might be ob-

served in ambush among the groves, for the purpose of firing upon the advance of the insurgents. The Wildfire, sounding as she proceeded, was at last able to approach the neck of the promontory, but her guns had been brought but partially to bear, when the mulattoes made a rush, and exchanging a few shots with the defenders, flowed round the house like an inundation, and assailed it—door and window. But the four-pounders of the Wildfire, loaded with musket-balls, and the rifles of the whites, appeared to promise a victorious defence, when treachery within accomplished more than the fire without : a sudden light flashed up on all sides : yell after yell arose from the assailants ; and in a moment the house was in a bright flame.

Morison, who had gone for a few minutes below, now appeared on the deck ; with a brace of pistols in his belt, a cutlass in his hand, and a light—fierce and steady—in his eyes. “ Cannot we move her nearer ? ” he said to Martin ;—“ or stay, David, make ready the boat—those who own that house are about to need all the aid we can give them.”

“ We will a’ be right now,” said Davie to his cousin—“ we’ll a’ be right now—since Morison

has put his hand till't: his head's aye clear when other folks heads are puzzled."

This was partly said while the boat was lowering. Morison sprang into it, followed by Martin and four others, and pulled towards a landing-place, partly screened by flowering shrubs, which fronted the house. "Now follow me," he said, and, leaping ashore, had taken one or two steps when a young man, accompanied by a lady somewhat stricken in years, came running along the lawn; Morison hurried forward to aid them.

The insurgents fell for a moment back, and the lady and her son were nigh the boat when they rallied, and returned. Several of the foremost fell, shot dead or stabbed, by the pistols and pikes of the whites; but one of the leaders, a powerful mulatto, wounded the young Frenchman severely, and seized the lady: a blow from Morison set her at liberty. The boldest fell back on beholding this, the lady was placed in the boat;—but she seemed insensible to all that was going on, and kept saying faintly, "My son, my son!" Her son was stretched on the sand; his locks powdered and curled as if for a ball, were mingled with the agitated water; he was endeavouring to rise,

but the severity of his wounds and the loss of blood rendered this impossible.

“We must not leave him,” exclaimed Morison, and sprung back to the shore, levelling with his cutlass a negro right and left. As he stooped to raise the youth up, Davie and Martin came muttering, “We are a’ fules—damned fules, to risk ourselves for Frenchmen.”—They aided nevertheless, and not unwounded, bore him into the boat and pushed out to sea.

They skirted along the thick groves, which—all but impassable to human foot—protected them from the carabines of their adversaries, and reaching the Wildfire, carried those whom they had saved aboard. When Morison bore the lady below, she recovered in some measure from her trance, and giving a wild look at him, said, “My son—my son—is he saved?—of all my seven children the last, the best, and the dearest! did I not see him bleeding and stricken to the ground?”

The youth was carried into the cabin;—Morison examined his wounds; none of them seemed dangerous; he wrapt them carefully up, and washing his face and hands from gunpowder and blood, bade him be of good cheer and comfort his mother, who now, by the

aid of water had recovered from her faint. She clasped him and murmured—"Alas! for Camille."

Martin took Morison aside: "Ye are both brave and clever, I'll say that o' ye; but ye shamed me before my ain men, by taking all upon ye, saying, lads do this, and lads do that, that I may say the rule which belongs to me of right, is passed and gone. When we have leisure on hand and nought else to do, ye maun atone for this either wi' pistol or cutlass."

Morison heard these words with surprise, and was inclined to smile; but he saw that Jack was calm and serious: "Certainly," said he, "I am ready to repair all wrongs, and apologize for all offences, but I meant none—none in the world; I but obeyed my own feelings."

"Thank ye, thank ye," said Martin; "enough said, enough said, but dinna let my cousin Davie jalouse this, else he likes ye sae weel, that he wad be tempted to shoot me to save you—he's a queer deevil, Davie—I canna for my very saul understand him."

"There are others of the same family," thought Morison, "quite as incomprehensible as

my friend, David:" but he did not give his thoughts utterance.

They were standing on the deck when these words passed; several carabines were levelled at them, and the swivels of the Wildfire every now and then, were sweeping the path which led to the mansion. All at once, a man with a pistol in one hand, and papers in the other, walked out of the flaming mansion when the marble stairs were cracking under his feet, and came leisurely towards the landing place waving his hand as self-collected, as if he had come from a dance, to cool himself under the stars.

"Who the devil are you?" said an armed mulatto, advancing upon him. "You are one of those tyrants whose music is the groans which arise as the lash descends."

"Aye," said a second mulatto, waving a cutlass, "you are one of our oppressors; one of those who beget children, that ye may use them as slaves—your time is come."

"I am one of the Commissioners of the Republic of France," said the stranger, "one of those who came to proclaim liberty and equality in these isles; to have the great principle of

universal and natural freedom recognised and acted upon."

"You are white, and that is enough to damn you," said a third mulatto, coming up and making a push at the Frenchman with a pike which he eluded with difficulty. At the same moment the standard-bearer advanced, crying, "Down with the white devils—down with the white devils!"

The sands of life were all but run for this delegate of the people, when unlooked-for relief arrived.

"Martin," said Morison, "I thus accept your challenge: the first who strikes down yon wretch with his horrible standard, shall be held the best."

"Content, lad," exclaimed Martin leaping into the boat, accompanied by Morison and Davie, and one or two others, who fought well and never spoke. They gained the lawn, shouting, "Ho! ho!" for the Frenchman having prostrated one of his regenerated friends with his pistol, was endeavouring to ward off a pike with the barrel. The cutlass of Morison, struck the right arm from one assailant, and the head nearly from another, when he was startled by the exclamations of Martin.

“Oh, damme! as Corsbane says, I have done ye—you are vanquished, lad—you know our bargain.”

The negro who carried the child on the poke, was lying headless on the ground; nor had Davie been idle, or his companions slack, while two or three well-directed discharges from the decks of the Wildfire thinned the ranks of the mulattoes, and checked their pursuit.

When they reached the ship, the Frenchman extended his right hand, in which he held papers, and laying his left on his bosom, clutching still the pistol of which he had made good use, said, “Gentlemen of England, Camille Regnault thanks you in the name of the French Republic, one and indivisible, for saving the life of one of her representatives.”

“You be damned!” said Martin; “who the hell covets the thanks of a spider-shanked Johnnie Crapaud, I wad take no thanks for saving a thousand sic vermin, any more than I wad for no drowning a bagfu’ o’ weasels.”

“You are facetious, sir,” said Camille, bowing. “Your nation delights in giving hard words, and in doing kind actions; but the thanks which you refuse will be accepted by

this young man; on his front nature has written gentleman."

"Ou atweel," said Martin; "he's owre young to discover the value of your grimaces and bowing, and pardonna moyes. I ken them weel: I will believe a Frenchman nae farther than I can fling him, and that canna be far joust now, for I shouldna wonder but I have a shot-hole that wants caulking, about me. I thought my shoon were fou o' water, but I see it's blood—look how I gae plaunshing. Here, Andrew Roome, and you, Sandie Bryce, wyse the Wildfire a wee thocht off the shore, and then ane o' ye come to me. I'm rad, I'm waur hurt than I at first trowed."

When the two mariners flew to fulfil these orders, the Frenchman approached Martin, where he sat on a carronade, and said, "The gentlemen—the citizens, I should say—of the French Republic, one and indivisible, are not ignorant in what is valuable more than in what is honourable, and if you will permit me to look at your hurts, I may do something for them; for I have studied—"

Here Camille paused in his speech, and, with Martin's approbation, examined his thigh. He turned grave as he looked, for there was a deep

wound in the fleshy part, from which the black blood descended in clotting drops. He took out a small case of instruments, and, with gentle hands, examined the wound with a silver probe. His face brightened: "Aha!" he said; "this is a steel wound, not a base lead one—and here is the ointment that will cure it."

"Avast! Frenchman," said Martin; "my thigh seems seething in fire already. Dod! if your cerate is no of a cooling kind, keep it awa frae me."

Camille smiled, as he said, "Cool! Ah, it would cool the everlasting fire itself.—There! Now, ease, and sleep, and abstinence from liquor, and you are a man again."

"Frenchman!" cried the other, grasping his hand, and wringing it till the silver probe fell from between his finger and thumb, "you are a gude fellow; and should the chance o' war ever bring ye near my cutlass, I'll turn its edge on other twa, afore I'll turn't on you."

The morning now broke; the sun got up at once, and ocean and isle lay bright around. The mountains of Hispaniola, the vales, the winding outline of its beautiful coast; the air that breathed above, and the flowers that bloomed below, seemed all the same as yesterday, and

unconscious that the worms which crawled on its surface had undergone a change of condition. The banner of France had been plucked from tower and battery, and a thick and smouldering smoke arose in its stead. Houses had changed masters: the new occupier, smeared with blood, and half-drunk, sat, or walked with unsteady steps over the marble pavements or cedar-floors; eyed his grim visage and woolly locks in the huge mirrors around, while the late occupier, stabbed, strangled or shot, lay with his wife, and perhaps his children, on the threshold—objects of brutal jest, or barbarous song, to the wretches who reigned in their place. Every bay was moving with boats, into which fugitives were crowded or crowding, and as far as the eye could reach the negro and the mulatto reigned and ruled.

Camille looked earnestly on the sinuous coast, and on the villages and plantations, and exclaimed, “Ah! liberty^{*}, thou art a lovely thing in France—beloved France—but here thy aspect is grim and hideous.”

“Ye may say that,” said Martin, “fules shoudna have chappin sticks; but what shall we do next? He whom I served has found a grave amid the blazing rafters of his own habi-

Oh Freedom is a noble thing, —

It freedom makes man have a liking

tation; but I shall wait a day and a night for him. I bit my thumb on that, and as he was aye true to me, so shall I be true to him—damme, that's but fair."

"When ye take up Corsban's command," said Davie, "if ye could drap his practice of swearing it would be a' the better: ye are already arming yourself wi' his superfluous dammes—it's no bonnie."

Morison, having washed the stains of the fight from his hands and face, came upon deck. He was warmly welcomed by Camille, and assured of his own and his country's gratitude. "I came here," he said, "with my two colleagues, to say to the people of Hispaniola—the black, the brown, and the white—be free; but no sooner did I disenthral their bodies than I unloosed their passions and armed their hands; and lo! bloodshed and fire have ascended from hell when liberty descended from heaven.—There, in these papers, now spotted with blood, are contained the outlines of a great Republic, which I wished to establish in this magnificent isle. I had sat up much of the night framing it: the lights and the sounds which glimmered and echoed around me could not command me away from the great work; and I was insensible of

the horrific scene, when a stream of liquid fire burst into my study, and a face as grim as that of the fiend himself; said, ‘ Your mother and brother are both slain—how do you like it ?’ I snatched up a pistol, and I snatched up my draught of the new Republic, and here I am, without a wound.”

Morison felt an interest in Camille, and listened to all his observations about the state of society and the condition of mankind. Well acquainted with history, ancient as well as modern, Morison loved to follow the steps and read the achievements of the great conquerors of the older and latter times, yet his heart clung with a deeper throb to those heroic souls who had resisted oppression, and triumphed or fallen in defence of their country’s independence. He had dreamed too with Plato—he had enjoyed the Utopian raptures of Harrington ; and had heard, with a delight which he sought not to conceal, of the establishment of a vast republic in the magnificent continent of North America ; but he was not quite prepared to hear of the change which had come on France—how she had, with one stern and fierce effort, thrown the atlas load of monarchy from her shoulders—had levelled all

ranks and degrees of men, and offered to fight the battle of freedom for all the oppressed nations of the earth. He had heard rumours, indeed, of such things ; but now Camille, who had been an actor in those terrible scenes, drew up the curtain, and displayed the whole brightly before him, exciting at once his wonder, his admiration, and regret.

“ But how,” said Morison, “ could you fling off the burthens of old vassalage—the love which belongs to long lines of heroic names—the reverence due to a crowned head ?”

“ With me,” said Camille, with a somewhat stern look, “ the matter was made easy. My father was of noble birth ; my mother was of the peasantry—in a word, I am what the law that I helped to abolish called basely born. By a lady of noble descent, whom he wedded, my father had another son, and as he was dying he desired to share his inheritance between us ; my brother, who loved me exceedingly, and my step-mother, who loved me much, wished for this also, but the law and the etiquette of birth said nay, and I was made a beggar as well as a bastard. The storm came soon after which shook the monarchy and the aristocracy, and

swept away the law which had been my enemy—and this is the right hand that helped to put them down.”

Morison seized his hand, and shaking it with vehemence, exclaimed, “Thrice honoured be the hand that wrought such a deed!” and passing it to his lips, added, “O that I had been by your side—neither shot nor steel—nor kindled mines, nor the face of man should have turned me back—though every step had been on a crown or a coronet.”

The Frenchman sat and looked at Morison as if he would have looked him through. “Sir,” said he, “I am well acquainted with the character of the English, and I never before saw any thing like heroic enthusiasm in their cold constant natures. They are a noble people, but not noble after the way of other men. Had your sword—used with such skill as I have seldom witnessed—not done deeds for me which showed you in earnest, I should have deemed this un-English-like rapture affected, nay, put on for the purpose of deception or of mockery.”

“I am no Englishman, sir,” said Morison haughtily, “though the English are a people who may be safely named both for valour and virtue with any nation under the sun: I am one

of an ancient people, to whom the French were long friends and the English merciless enemies—I am a Scot, and one of the humblest—for I too am basely born, and the law which allows me no share in a noble father's fortunes is yet unrepealed."

The Frenchman sprang to his feet—took Morison in his arms—kissed him on both cheeks, and exclaimed, "Be my brother—be my brother!—we shall, side by side, fight the battle of freedom against oppression—of natural right against usurped power—of those who hold the patent of their honours from Almighty God against those whom corruption has created—the earth must have a dynasty of intellectuals; she has too long endured the sway of the dunces."

Having uttered this, Camille strode up and down the deck, and muttered, "Ah little do the tyrants of the earth know of the resolved hearts and resolute hands which their cruelties and oppressions have stirred up against them! It is time that we ceased to bow to wooden gods or worship idols, senseless and brainless, which occupy the high places."

His reverie was interrupted by Davie, who, laying his hand on the Frenchman's shoulder, said, "Ye have wonderful skill. Johnnie Martin

is maist as weel as ever he was, and I wha got a clink or twa wi' a whinger, had a bit airn in the inside of my hat which kept it frae biting deep; but though I hae nae need o' yere hand, there's one below that wad be the better of a slight keelhauling—Morison saved him frae the death-straik—but I'm rad he's waur hurt than fleyed—at first I thought he was waur fleyed than hurt.—Come.”

Not a word—or more than a word—the Frenchman knew, but Davie seconded his speech by pulling with one hand and pointing with the other to the cabin; to which Camille good-naturedly descended, and was shown his youthful countryman laid on cushions on the floor and a lady holding his head, from whence the blood oozed through a thick bandage and stained her fingers. No sooner did he see them than he clasped them in his arms, exclaiming, “My mother—my brother!—His name be blessed!—how were you saved? I was told you were murdered.”

“Camille, my son,” said the Lady Regnault, “we are not yet saved,” and she turned her eyes, from which tears dropt fast, to the bandaged head of the youth in her arms.

“Mother,” said Camille, “you know my

skill—trust me ;” he removed the bandage, and the blood gushed as he did so over his fingers. With gentle hands he washed and examined the wound. “It is very severe—but not dangerous—my brother is faint through loss of blood.” While speaking he stanchd the bleeding ; dropt a few drops of balsam into the wound, which soothed the burning heat ; bound it neatly up : gave his brother a draught of cold water, into which he infused a juice from an herb which seemed but newly gathered ; and the youth, greatly refreshed, looked up and smiled on his mother and Camille, put his hands in theirs and composed himself as if desirous of sleep. Cushions were brought, he was laid at full length on them, and Camille, motioning to Lady Regnault, led her up to the deck, saying, “A few hours sleep will be like a second physician to my brother. Now tell me how you escaped :” and he placed her on a seat, and sitting down at her feet, looked round as if desirous to have others to share his joy.

Lady Regnault laid her hand tenderly on Camille’s head, and said, “Nature meant thee for my son, and as such have I ever found thee ; and oh ! when borne out of yon slaughter-house I thought the hand was thine which cleared the

way to safety with the sword; but if not a Camille, he is worthy of Camille's friendship; for his nobleness of nature is of the highest, purest kind. Behold him—there he is: come hither, sir, that I may touch the hand with my lips that has done such deeds in the cause of humanity." The noble lady arose as she spoke, and with a graceful warmth and matronly simplicity, laid her arms around Morison's neck: kissed him on the right cheek and on the left, and placing him beside Camille, said, "Be brothers."

Martin and his comrades looked upon this scene, and screwed their seamed and weather-beaten countenances to something which they considered too hard and whip-cordish for tears; but all would not do. "Confound the woman!" said Johnnie, "who the deevil would hae suspectet that she could hae come owre ane's heart and een in this queer gate? and Morison, too, a perfect born deevil, wi' an ee that wad kindle a strae, and a speerit that swooms uppermost of all things: him that no an hour syne—it's mair than that though—wi' a bent pistol in one hand and a twa-edged sword in the tither, raged through and through yon sooty ranks, damme! as Captain Corsbane says—said, it ought to have

been, poor fellow, for he'll never cry damme mair. But what was I gaun to say?—I hae made a burble in my yarn, I doubt."

"Atweel hae ye, cousin, or damme then! as Captain Corsbane says," exclaimed Davie, "there's twa things I wad counsel ye to desist frae—first drap a' thae dammes; I wadna that yere puir mither heard ye: she aye thought ye had a devout turn: and secondly, never attempt to account for either the words or actions of Morison Roldan—they are a' clean aboon the common; I sometimes canna understand them mysel'."

A day and a night had been consumed in tacking to and fro, when Martin summoned his crew and passengers on deck, and said, that he had now no desire to abide on the coast of Hispaniola longer, and indeed he was surprised that the mulattoes had not before this armed their caravals, and attacked him. "Nothing," added he, "could have saved me but that bit coloured cloth flying in the breeze, blazoned with the marks of Old England;—and now, if I sail for France, this old rag will be my ruin—I shall lose ship and all it contains, for by this time, she has declared war against England."

"Bravo, France! bold France, beloved

France — France one and indivisible !” exclaimed Camille, “ Let the day be remembered in the history of freedom on which she raised her banner and pointed her spear against that old tyrant of the ocean.”

“ Moderate your warmth, young sir,” said Martin ; “ you don’t know the French at sea, and I know what the British are on their natural element ; aye and mair ! the first time they meet on old Neptune’s green pastures, the French, one and indivisible, will be blown out of the water like peelings o’ ingans, or damme then ! as the captain, poor fallow, said.” And Martin halted from side to side of the deck—hitched up his trowsers ; handled his cutlass as if about to unsheath it, and muttered, “ Should like to have a cut at the blasted frog-eaters—should like to come in among them at the breaking of the line—suspect we should take the starch out of the Mounseers.”

While this was passing, half a dozen large boats, full of armed men, came quietly along shore, screened from observation by a headland covered with palms and shrubs, which extended far into the sea on the left. No sooner did they burst round the extreme point than they all raised a loud shout, and made directly for the

Wildfire, pointing their guns as they came, and yelling out, "Down with the white devils!"

Lady Regnault grew pale when she beheld this. "Alas!" she cried, as they approached, surveying them through a glass, "these are men whom I fed and pampered, and treated as brethren; the mulatto in the foremost boat I made intendant of my estate—he was the first who armed himself against me: what will become of us?"

Martin smiled and said; "We shall see, my lady, we shall see. The Wildfire, as Dick Corsbane would have said, is not to be quenched by such thimblefuls of water as these black buckets bring; my Carron eagle will take a flee among these ravens presently; in the meantime, be so good as go below, and pray for us if you will—it's now the hour that my poor auld mither is on her knees, and it's just as well to hae some ane putting in a good word. Bide awee, Morison, my bairn, dinna point that carabine, it winna carry and do execution at this distance. O, I'll do up the grim rascals in fine style; only to think what sapskulls—to hae nae mair sense than row straight into the teeth of this great dragon of the deeps. Them make an empire! They havena brain fit to comprehend the mys-

tery of a mousetrap, but I'll receive their fire first; they'll be sure to fire like all other savages, before they have a certainty of killing; besides, they may just be coming on a civil errand, and the Wildfire has blood enough to answer for already."

This speech was interrupted by a volley from the foremost boat; the balls rattled in the rigging and on the deck, and one of them hit Martin on the crown of his hat, while he was pointing a carronade.

"I kenned how it wad be; that bit lead was well aimed, and had the musket, whilk it came from, been fifty yards nearer there might have been an inlake o' our crew! There now—gang and tell them they are only fit to be slaves." He applied the match to the gun, and a long stream of smoke and flame rushed towards the coming boats, accompanied by a roar and a yell that made the shores, on which the sun had now fully arisen, re-echo through every lagoon and cavern. In a moment, the second carronade was pointed, but Martin withheld the match: the first shot had done its duty; three of the leading boats taken in a line were dashed to chips, the balls had scattered death among the others so effectually that they turned toward the land, while the sails of the

Wildfire, catching the morning breeze, carried her away rapidly into the ocean: the hills of Hispaniola diminished and grew dim, and long before mid-day they appeared but as a mist, and, mingling with the sky, faded at last wholly from the view.

“Now for France, for lovely France!” exclaimed Camille, “and farewell for ever to the palm-groves and wild fig-trees and orange-bowers of Hispaniola. It is necessary for diseases bodily and political to let blood, and France, magnificent France! has done that even beyond my desire—but the white faces think before they act, while the black faces act, but never think.”

“Blessed are they who expect little, for they are never disappointed!” said Martin, “I wad answer for nae nation under the sun, and for the French least of ony! they can but eat and drink, and dance, in a serious way: all things else they do as matters of amusement; I’ll warrant they’ll have nineteen republics, wi’ as many variations as the song of Johnnie Cope, before the first year flies o’er their heads.”

The young French nobleman recovered from his wounds, and, admonished by his brother, took the unobjectionable name of citizen Regnault, while his mother, in conformity with the modi-

fied system of society in France, humbled herself into plain madame. "You are now on your way to our father-land, madame," said Camille ;" and it becomes us to appear like true and useful citizens ; I shall accompany you to your fair estates on the beautiful Rhine, and then go to Paris, with an account for the people of my mission to their noble isle of Hispaniola. Ah ! soon, soon will the great Republic have the kings of the earth in league against it : the proud Austrian, the martial Prussian, and the barbarous hordes of the North, will all pour in upon us by land ; while haughty England and bargaining Holland will assail us by sea. Ah ! my friend Roldan, then will be the hour for a spirit such as your's to rise ! Here birth gives place to merit, and the heroic soul ascends above meaner spirits as mercury ascends in sunshine."

Much did Camille say, and eagerly did Morison listen ; his converse while the voyage continued was about republics, and the opening which a popular government offered to an intrepid mind. "I owe you my life," said Camille ; "my mother and my brother owe you for theirs—they can pay you on the banks of the Rhine, I must pay you in Paris : there I am listened to ; and those whom I delight to honour

are welcomed with shouts and songs. War will I know be your choice. I can promise you a command in one of our frontier armies; your own genius will do the rest; but you must become a son of France." I can become the son of any land," said Morison, "for any claim that Scotland has upon me: yet against Britain arms shall I never bear, were I to become seven times over a son of France."

"I love you for that very sentiment! my brother," replied Camille; "but I can place you where you will have no chance of encountering the lions of your native land. Already on the extensive frontier of the republic the armies of the northern kings are gathering—but we will hear more of this when we arrive on the Rhine—the rapid Rhine."

When the coast of France was reached, the moon was up; lights gleamed far and wide from her towers and towns, and running in and anchoring in a little bay, the Wildfire disembarked her passengers, and also certain packages of spice which, during his brief and adventurous voyage, Martin had contrived to obtain by purchase and by barter. "Here, friend," said Camille, "here is an order on the Treasury of the French Republic for a sum equal to the profits

of two honourable voyages. You have made me your friend by the bold and kindly way in which you have conducted yourself; but a word in your ear:" and he led Martin aside, and whispered with him for five minutes space and more.

What he said to that worthy evidently discomposed him, for Jack broke off the conference in these rough words:—"I winna deny but I may hae done as ye say, and grabbed gowd frae Spain and silver frae France, and silks, and satins, and lace frae auld mither Holland. I hae done things I doubtna, for whilk my craig deserves a raxing—but may my soul become a kedge-anchor to Satan when he sails in his lake of brimstone, if I'll play the fetch and carry frae the isle that gae me birth!—and mair nor that, the man who next proposes sic a course to John Martin had need to have his waistcoat stuffed wi' steel lest my whinger and his moniplies get owre intimate."

"Davie," said Martin to his cousin, "when ye tire of fighting other fowks fights, whilk yield little profit, ye'll likely find me in ane of the pleasant crooks of the Dee—wi a cozie house and a cow's grass—and if yere no made

welcome, damme then ! as Dick Corsbane said.” With these words the cousins parted, and Camille and his companions began their journey to the banks of the Rhine.

CHAPTER VII.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready,
The shouts of war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody.

BURNS.

ON the third morning after making the coast of France, Camille arrived on the banks of the Rhine. It was the middle of harvest: on all sides—on vale and hill—Morison beheld the dark luscious clusters of the grape hanging as thick as he had ever seen sloes in his native vales, while labouring in pairs, like reapers, hinds and maidens were separating them from their trelises, and conveying them home to the wine-presses, which were every where busy. A rich odour was diffused over the land, and there seemed gladness in every face: songs of tippling and true love were heard ascending from haugh and hall.

The mansion of the Regnaults—to Morison it looked a palace—occupied a bend of the river. As the noble lady and her sons entered their broad domains, she was instantly recognised by tenants and retainers, and such a cry of welcome rose as brought tears to her cheeks. When she found her foot on the marble floor—where for several years it had been a stranger, she knelt and kissed it; but on seeing the walls bare, her colour changed, and she cried, “Camille de Regnault, where are the portraits of thy ancestors; where are their shields and swords?”

“Madame,” said Camille, in a low voice, “compose yourself. A great change has come over mankind: France has now nothing that is old—all is new. She has honours for those who merit them—and for those who complain she has the—guillotine. Compose yourself—it is hard for you to endure, but I must warn you while I tell you, that the family pictures and archives of the noble house of Regnault were seized and burned—it was well that I was able to preserve the estates and palace of the family.”

At that moment a flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of other visitors; the aged domestics grew pale as they beheld the hairy crests and the tri-coloured pennons of a party of

horse coming rapidly up the avenue. "Who owns this mansion?" exclaimed a rough loud voice—and springing down from his saddle, the speaker entered the hall, followed by a dozen inferior officers, who made their spurs jingle, and the steel scabbards of their swords beat time to their steps along the marble floor. "Who owns this mansion?—speak," said the leader; and he looked around to seek for some one on whom he could with some propriety affix that designation.

"I do," said Camille Regnault, coming forward, "what are your commands?"

"My commands are," said the officer, "that all to whom this place pertains do now make room for the soldiers of the republic—that all the horses belonging to this estate be employed in the public cause: that all the wine in the cellars and provisions in the hall be taken for the public service—that—"

"Stop, sir," said Camille, "you have used more words already than necessary. All that this mansion holds is at the service of the republic—go and say so to General Beauharnois, and add that his friend, Camille Regnault, said it. Where is the general?"

The officer touched his helmet, but abated no

jot of his rough dignity: "Great changes, citizen Regnault," said he, "have happened since you sailed to the west—changes which warrant fierce language; but do understand me," and he took Camille aside: "such language on my part is even necessary for the protection of the lady of Regnault. No one must be suspected—we must command roughly, she must submit pleasantly, else there is a general referee, called the guillotine, who settles all public disputes. But hark! that trumpet utters no French sound." He hurried out of the hall, and was mounted in an instant. Camille, from the summit of the castle, saw sufficient reasons for the officer's alarm. Large bodies of cavalry, and masses of foot were advancing, while in the centre the mingled banners of Prussia and Austria announced the presence of high-born commanders—princes of the land.

Morison's colour rose as he looked on this dread array; he advanced to the verge of the parapet, and without seeming conscious that the stones were tottering under his feet, or that a sheer descent of a hundred feet yawned for him, looked eagerly for two minutes' space; then turning to Camille, said, "Where is the fiery cavalry of your country?—already they

might have disputed the passage of yonder stream."

"They will not shun the combat," said Camille; "but our soldiers are but soldiers of yesterday, and yonder battalions are the veterans of the illustrious Frederick. But see, they move off by their left. Chateau de Regnault will be spared to-day; so come, my friend, let us refresh ourselves, and choose horses and weapons, and then join the army of the republic. A great battle is about to be fought, and it will not be seemly for us to be absent."

"Ah, my children," said the Lady de Regnault, "strife and bloodshed is not confined to cruel Hispaniola; but here, at least, you will fight a fair fight—you will not slay men and women when you prevail, nor will you be hewn to pieces and consumed in your burning houses if you are vanquished. But what horses are these, Camille?"

"They are horses on which we must pay our respects to Beauharnois; have you your pistols in good order, Roldan? I must find a belt for that blade of yours—I could not find a better hand to wield it in all France." A mouthful of wine was hastily swallowed, and the two friends vaulted into their saddles, and, accompanied by Davie Gellock and some dozen of

armed retainers, rode forth. Lady Regnault stretched out her hands from her bower window, and exclaimed, "Bless you both, my children!—sure handsomer forms, or looks more knightly, never rode to the shivering of spears."

Morison turned to Davie, and said, "We will soon be engaged in battle; remember, keep in rank: be neither before nor behind: stab with your sword, never cut, and keep one of your pistols for a strait—if you forget that, look at me and do as I do." Davie bowed acquiescence, and turning to his companion, said, regardless of their utter ignorance of his language, "This is brave sport; it's a grand thing to fight in France! if ye conquer, here's wine as abundant as dyke water, and black-eyed lasses to bring it—if we're killed, here's a good grass turf to lie beneath till the last trumpet sounds—od! a different fortune might hae befaun us had we lived in Hispaniola. But wha are thae now? they are neither soldiers nor ploughmen, but something atween the twa." This was said of a battalion of French who wore in part the dress of mechanics and hinds, and, to an unpractised eye, seemed to want all the requisites of soldiers, save the national cockade and the arms. But though their bodies were undisciplined, their

hearts were in trim : they were strong as giants in their newly obtained freedom, and dreaded neither the face nor the arms of those whom they regarded as slaves, and commanded to kiss the ground in their presence. The veteran masses of Austria and Prussia, confiding in their practised leaders, and in their own skill, were eager for the encounter with men who had never before faced an enemy, and chiefs who had not studied in the school of the great Frederick.

Their wishes seemed about to be gratified : covered by a wood, the Prussians had pushed forward both horse and foot, on purpose to turn the left flank of the French, and force them from the rugged bank of the river, compelling them either to risk a general battle, or retreat at a venture—they had advanced unperceived. General Beauharnois, with his staff, was moving forwards to gain some high grounds on which he had precipitated the march of the French ; when the enemy, freeing themselves from the woody defile, darted upon him at once. In striving to unite with their own ranks, the chiefs of the French were exposed to a sharp fire from the carabines of the Prussian horse, which wounded several ; and then to a charge, sabre in hand—for dropping their fire-arms and unsheath-

ing their long swords, they spurred their horses to the gallop, followed by their foot in small squares, who seemed as they marched to rejoice in an already achieved victory.

In a little valley, edged with vineyards, Beauharnois was charged by the Prussian horse; the place was narrow; few could get into line and make the onset; but the contest was keen, and saddles on both sides were emptied. A part of the French foot, attracted by the charging clang of the trumpet, hastened towards the spot through hedge and enclosure, in single files, as they best could, and while in the act of forming on the edge of the valley, Morison found himself at their head, and instantly called on them to advance and attack. They levelled, as one man, their pieces on a squadron of horse hurrying to the aid of their comrades engaged with the general, and fired with an aim so true that a way was cut in the advancing line in which a waggon and horses might have turned. The Prussians recoiled; but their leader having stricken down two or three of the foremost files of the French, spurred up to Morison, and eyeing as if measuring him for the blow, assailed him at once. The Prussian, from the almost beardless look of his opponent, imagined

him an easy prey ; but after a cut and a thrust parried with admirable skill, Morison became the assailant in his turn. His blood was now up ; his eyes emitted a fierce light ; his thrusts were given with the rapidity of lightning, and seemed as difficult to elude. His antagonist dropt lifeless from his horse ;—he rushed on others with equal vehemence and success. The Prussians, after losing some of their best officers and veteran soldiers, withdrew from the charge, and repassed the river, leaving Beauharnois master of the field ; Morison mingled with the soldiery, and seemed to think he had done nothing memorable.

Those were not days in which brave deeds were unnoticed or unrewarded. Beauharnois rode up to Morison, and, holding out his hand, said, “ My friend Camille tells me he owes you his life and more ; we have all seen how you have wrought for the Republic to-day. Beauharnois never dresses himself in the deeds of others, nor desires to keep the light from them ; come, therefore, to my bridle-rein, and be my comrade till I have authority from the Republic to bestow permanent rank.”

“ Citizen General,” said Morison, “ your courtesy causes you to speak too highly of the

little I have done. All around me seemed to do much more—as a stranger I must ask your forgiveness for presuming, in the whirlwind of the contest, to put myself so forward. I am, therefore, as one begging a favour, rather than meriting it.”

“That is a speech worthy of one of the Grand Nation!” exclaimed a moustached grenadier.

“Let me bestow on you the fraternal embrace,” said a major, who three days before rode in the ranks.

“You will be a chief of battalion in a single campaign,” cried a rustic, who but a few hours before had aided in pressing the grape—the dark juice of the clusters dyed all the hand which he presented to Morison.

“Weel!” said Davie, “we hae began the business bravely—dod ye ken I aye telled ye how easy it was. D’ye no remember how heroes grew up like mushrooms in the ballad-books? this is just the soil for them. Now what wad ye say if I were to take a start out, jump on a wa’ and pu’ down a banner, kill a Prussian or twa, get the fraternal embrace, and have greatness thrust upon me? I wonder how I would bear wi’t.”

“O,” said Morison, amused with his friend’s

dream of glory, "you would bear with it well ; almost all the chiefs who now lead or rule in this army are of humble origin. Genius and worth are the exclusive producé of no rank or condition. Has not the peasant Burns hung an everlasting wreath round the ploughshare ? "

" Eh, now, maister Morison—ye maun allow me to call ye sae—ye hae loot in some light on my darkness. But what ails them now ? is this anither buscade broken on us ? If sae, it's my time to show that I can pull a trigger, and gar a sword whistle."

The stir which Davie observed was caused by the troops concentrating on purpose to pass the Rhine, over whose blue and hurrying waters a bridge of boats was thrown, and batteries raised to protect the movement. The advance was unmolested ; and the foot, the horse, and finally the artillery, of a large army were poured over the long and quivering communication with an ease and regularity which amazed Morison.

" We shall have a battle presently, my young friend," said Beauharnois, " and had the enemy been wary, they would have forced ere this the combat upon me ; but my men have now had a few days' drill—the passion of liberty animates them,

and I fear not that we shall foil those who think to accomplish all by parade observances. There is not a Prussian queue that is not cut to pattern; there is not a button which is not as a looking-glass; their caps are fixed on their heads with paste, for they are too lofty above and small below to be steady without; their belts are beautifully white; and their guns, did ye not see how they shone in the sun? My fellows are of a different stamp—they feel they are men, and know that the eyes of their country are on them; they know, too, that a brown musket shoots as well as a polished one—that a sword which is sharp is a good weapon in an earnest hand; they practise few manœuvres, for they need few; their chief desire is to rush on the enemy, and—dine on the field of battle.”

The invaders continued to retreat, and the French poured a torrent of horse and foot after them. To Morison the latter seemed a mass too confused for any one to manage, and he was about to make this remark to the general, when a trumpet sounded; the reeling and disordered column rushed into order; array came out of disarray, and a front was formed as straight as a line, and as solid as a wall.

“The enemy have taken their ground,” said

Beauharnois, calmly, "and will accept battle, where they are. In that desire, had I daylight, they should be indulged now; but with to-morrow's dawn I make my dispositions, and then let fortune favour the bravest."

Morison rose before dawn, and traversed the French camp, all was still and silent; each chief slept under his banner, and his men lay around in such order as the unequal ground admitted; all about, and in advance, were placed sentinels: Morison passed these, and ascending a small hill whose summit was partly screened with vines in full cluster—looked down on the enemy's army in slumber below. Their regularity amazed him; it seemed as if some skilful mathematician had traced out the lines and placed the men; the light which announces the coming sun, enabled him to survey the position fully, and with a slip of paper, and a pencil, he was noting the landscape—a rising knoll here, a small stream there—a marsh which separates the horse from the foot, with the whole aspect of the scene, when a hand laid on his shoulder made him start.

He looked up; it was the general and two officers of his staff. "Soult," whispered the former, "the work is done to our hand." He took

Morison's sketch, and compared it with the actual scene from which it had been copied. "See," said he, "how accurate, aye, and how elegant it is ! Why, Roldan, you are a painter and an engineer, as well as a soldier. Come ! give us a touch of the latter quality : you see the position ! How would you attack it ?"

"In whatever way you may choose to command, General," said the youth, bowing.

"No, no, out with it—I see you have a plan in your head—give me the use of it, else I must think for myself."

Morison looked for a minute's space : "I am no soldier, but were this country mine, and I were called upon to do battle for its salvation—but you will laugh at me !"

"On my honour we won't—especially as I suspect your plan will be a good one ; I see it in your eyes."

"Then, General," said Morison, "I should hurry up my men even now, and detaching a column to alarm their left, pour my whole strength on the foot who occupy the right side of the morass, and crush them before the horse and artillery could come to their rescue."

The general looked on Morison, and on his two companions, and said, "You have spoken

like a general of ten years' standing—it shall be done.”

So saying, he hurried from the hill—put the army into motion, and the attack was almost immediately commenced.

The French rushed on with their usual impetuosity; carried a slight intrenchment which the Prussians had hastily constructed, and forced their way almost to the standard, where the chiefs of the army were stationed; but the discipline of the enemy was only shaken—they bent for the space of ten minutes under the torrent of passionate flesh and blood urged upon them by sound of trumpet and drum, and then, standing erect, fought as one man, and died where they fell. The want of discipline on the part of the French was more than compensated by the spirit, nay, rapture with which they fought; and this energy was well supported by the commander, who poured mass after mass upon the position, till the inflexible discipline of their antagonist began to give way. The Prussians retired sullen, and retiring fought, till the artillery, coming up on the spur, showered a storm of iron upon their flanks; they were then pushed off the field; but rallied within a league of the scene of contest, where they were

joined by the horse, who, in attempting to cover the retreat which they could not come in time to prevent, were roughly handled by the French cavalry and sharpshooters, and lost many of their best officers in fierce attempts to retrieve the fortune of the day.

Morison, hurried on by his impetuosity, hung on the rear of the retreating enemy, and even called on his comrades to renew the fight, when the Prussians made a stand. He was met by the general on his return, who embraced him in the presence of the army, pronounced him equally able and brave, and saluted him Colonel, amid the applause of his whole staff. This unlooked-for honour brought tears to Morison's eyes; he returned the embrace of the general, bowed to his brethren in arms, and sought to escape from the congratulations which fell upon him on all sides. But the enthusiasm of the French soldiers rendered this impossible; they crowded round him—some shook his hand, others praised his handsome form and elegant mien, and not a few of them desired to be allowed to fight under his command.

When Davie Gellock saw this, he threw his cap into the air, and cried, "What wad they say if they heard of this in Glengarnock now?"

Here's the poor boy whom his lordly father disowned, and then sold into slavery, grown a greater man than ony of all his kindred ; and here am I, that was aye called a gowk, and a dunce, and a dulbert—here am I, risen I know not how far ; for weel I ken that the tide which carries up Morison, will not leave Davie on the shallows."

Much of this pleased the soldiers : they knew enough of history to know that the Scotch and French were for many centuries close allies ; and they were republicans enough to rejoice that the merit to which a British lord was blind had been discovered in France.

As soon as the general was in his tent, he sent for Morison, and inquired about his kindred and fortunes. The youth related all with much brevity and modesty, and added that he had no desire to return to his native land, where the doors of the high places were shut against the poor and unprotected. "France, through your kindness, general," he said, "has adopted me, and I am only anxious for an opportunity to show you that I remember such a favour. I have a mother—aye, a noble-minded, proud-hearted, mother, who is living very humbly in my native

vale ; I wish her to know and partake of my good fortune."

"Have you no father, young man," said the general, with a darkening brow, "on whom some of your good fortune might fall ? I had a father, but my country demanded his head ; and I—" He hid his face in his hand.

Morison was doubly moved. "I am less fortunate," said he—the burning tears dropt thickly as he spoke—"Lord Roldan refused to call me his son when I was on my mother's knee—and I have sworn not to call him father, even should my name be heard of where noble deeds are doing."

"Give me your hand ; let us kneel and swear eternal friendship—but no—alas ! I am not old, yet I have lived to see oaths snapt like reeds, and friendships severed, and brothers estranged : we will love each other without swearing it."

After a short silence, the general resumed the conversation : "I am now," he said, "about to repose much confidence in you : I see you have wisdom and spirit beyond your years, and as you are young you are the more suitable for the service I wish you to perform. I have ordered horses and all necessary equipments for a journey to Paris. It is proper to lay before the

Convention some account of my proceedings, and as I have extended the boundaries of the republic, and won her some victories, my account will not be unacceptable. You are spoken of in terms not quite equal to your merit ; but you will find what I have said will do more than confirm the command I have bestowed on you. Now, attend : the French republic, one and indivisible, is already split into factions : there are the fierce Jacobins—the moderate Republicans, or Girondists—and a third party no one dare name, but which, nevertheless, exists, who love the old line of princes. I am of none of these—I am only a lover of my country : keep your eyes about you ; note all, but seem to note little : and if you frequent the theatres, it will not be much amiss, for no one will think you are an observer if you hum a fashionable tune and use a glass. I only wish to know how factions go on ; for you will see, before you rise to the rank of general, that there is more than one chief in the army, ready, when occasion comes, to play the part of Cæsar or Cromwell. Above all things, continue to love me ; and, as something to remember me by, accept this sword : with it I have won three great battles for France. I now introduce you

to my treasure ; give that letter to Madame Beauharnois, and follow her counsel and example in all things save one, and that is, in the expense of your mode of living—be frugal, but not mean. You will find Camille before you. Adieu !”

Morison went to his tent, where Davie was in full bustle of preparation : he found a packet from the general to the rulers at Paris—and more, a splendid uniform, and a purse, none of the lightest, to defray his expenses.

This last item pleased honest Davie much : “No,” he said to Morison, “that we want siller, for I have the fifty guineas, never to speak of the bonnie bonnet-pieces, untouched ; but then, I am keeping them for a sair foot, or sic like—and it’s best aye to make ilka job pay for itself.”

“David, my friend,” said Morison, “as soon as we reach Paris we must send some of this money home to your mother and mine ; neither of them, I believe, will want when we are away ; but then, to receive siller, Davie, from their sons will cheer their hearts : they will accept it as a token of our welfare, our wealth, and our affection.”

“Weel, Morison—Lord, what a lucky lad

am, I ! now, that's just like you—it bears the Morison mark: ye're a real gude soul, if there's ane aboon the earth: token of our welfare, our wealth, and our affection!—a cleverer saying never fand its way into a sermon.”

Three other officers arrived on the same day with Morison at Paris, all on the like errand—to announce to the Convention victories achieved for the republic on the frontiers of Spain, Belgium, and Italy. They were welcomed in succession: Morison was the last. The despatch which he presented announced, in moderate language, an important victory—nor were his own merits forgotten.

Thus wrote Beauharnois: “To Colonel Roldan I not only owe my rescue from a Prussian ambuscade, but the plan of the battle that followed—and which my gallant young friend helped largely to fulfil.”

There was a murmur of applause when the despatch concluded: several questions were put to Morison, all of which, as they regarded military matters, he answered with graceful modesty. They confirmed his commission of Colonel—told him they hoped soon to hail him chief-of-division—and dismissed him with the assurance of their regard.

As soon as Morison left the council, his thoughts flew to his native land. To his mother, whom he deeply loved and honoured, he wrote a brief account of his adventures—saying, that which had caused her much sorrow had helped him to fortune—that he hoped soon to raise her to a station with the proudest of the land; and desired her to remember that he was still her poor boy, and had no other parent. He sent gold, silks, satins, lace—not forgetting some valuable jewels a present from Lady de Regnault—desiring one of them, a diamond ring, to be given to Jeanie Rabson. Nor was the mother of Davie forgotten;—that worthy, full of joy, wrote an epistle for himself—it was in these words:

“ Dear mither,—Ye aye said of your son Davie, when fowk said this and fowk said that o’ him, never fash yere beard about my Davie, he’s no gleg at the psalms, and he’s no quick at the ciphering, but he has a harle o’ rough sense about him—as broken a ship has come to land. Mither, ye’re maist a witch: our ship wasna broken, but she came to land. And O! sic a land! The fowk were feckly black—I daresay a’ black by this time—for they were killing a’ the white fowk when we were there: and O,

but I was swear to leave the place—the kitchen fires were made of spice—sugar grew on ilka bush—honey drappit frae every bough—ye crushed pine-apples at every step ; and whan ye gapit, oranges fell into your mouth. But no to be sure o’ ane’s life a minute was a sair drawback ; and then, Dick Corsbane—a sleekit, sly deevil, if he should come back to Glengarnock, which is no likely, as I saw him stabbed, and his house burnt about his lugs ; but if he should come back, for he’s a souple customer, and has mony twists in his tail, e’en inform the fliskie on him, and summon Morison and me for evidence.

“Weel, ye see, as they were killing fowk in Hispaniola for being white, I began to doubt myself, for though I’m no quite of a snawy complexion or a perfect lily, I thought they might take it into their heads—and they are as thick as bomb-shells—that I was really white : so off we came ; but no without trying lead and steel on some half-dozen of them, that wanted to compliment us wi’ a house-heating—whilk, ye maun understand, they accomplish by burning the bigging down, and you in it. Weel, we gave ourselves up to the wind ; and luckily, the wind was wiser than ourselves, for while I cried

Scotland, it wafted us to France. Now, will ye believe it? Morison, him that was to wag his pow in a pulpit, wi' Jeanie Rabson for a hearer—Morison the meek—Morison, that could learn seven psalms for my ane—Morison that was to be a preacher, and finish Dominie Milligan's sticket sermon on the pomegranate—I wadna gie ae pine-apple for ten pomegranates—Morison, him that butter wadna melt in his mouth—he maun be a sodger, of all trades in the world: and has began till't in gude earnest, and risen to Colonel of something: and poor Davie, what remained for him but sodgering too? O mither! it's an awfu' trade, yet it's a gainfu', for I fand a true gowd watch in ae man's pouch, and some hundred gowd pieces in another; and maister Morison wears as muckle beaten gowd on his dress as wad buy the Netherholm, and mair in ilka pouch than wad stock Howeboddum. Will ye just propound to our minister a matter of conscience—I have for my ain hand slain seven men, that I'm sure of, in fair battle, besides shooting at others: they wore hair on their upper lip—spoke sic language as a horse wad scorn to neigher, and came frae a country called Prussia. If they are nae Christians of the kirk of Scot-

land then my conscience is at ease. So no more at present from your loving son—David Gellock.”

To Morison, Davie submitted this epistle, who read it with a smile, saying, “It is a singular letter.”

“Singular!” exclaimed Davie, “I believe ye! But it’s mair nor singular: isn’t it diplomatic; as the fowk say here? Hasn’t it the air of the warld about it? Hasn’t it a travelled look? Could I have penned sic an epistle sitting at the back o’ Drumroofe? I’m no quite clear about the diction, but I’m gaye and sure about the truths.”

“Truths indeed,” replied Morison; “but, Davie, you are now in an official situation, and you must be cautious how you write: it is bad policy to communicate to one nation what is passing in another.”

“Aye, now,” answered Davie, “that’s said in your ain dry way. I ken aye weel what ye mean when ye gie that slee gledging look. But catch me communicating facts that will bring my thrapple under that damned national hay-knife, the guillotine! I saw her busy betimes this morning, letting blude for the gude of the republic, as they tauld me when I speered: and

what d'ye think? there was a saft Englisher wha had said something or done something that the Jacobin club twisted its mouth at, and off they hoyed him, reason or nane, to this cursed engine. But, I trow, he tauld them what they were, and what they wad come to; and died saying something about beloved Magna Carta;—I maist grat to hear him, for nae doubt he named his mither, or his lass, maybe;—eh, gosh! her hands wad feel safter to his neck than—but I'll say nae mair about it; it gaurs my blude grue. Confound a' official situations whilk conduct ane to the gallows!”

The conversation was interrupted by Camille Regnault, who, running up to Morison, took him in his arms, welcomed him to Paris, and congratulated him on his deeds and his honours. “Ah! David,” said he, “and you are here too! I am glad of it, for Lady Regnault has sent you a small mail, of which this is the key; the little which it contains is for yourself—you will see that she remembers the sad scenes in Hispaniola.”

He then took Morison into a recess of one of the windows, and thus addressed him: “You must walk warily here, my dear friend; your feet are on the hot embers of the conflagration

which consumed the monarchy, and these must not be stirred, for they will burn you. You belong to a nation which has shown a wonderful steadfastness and love of its ancient line of princes, and all you say and all you do will be listened to and watched. Be of no party for a time—and I say this more as your friend than my own. I belong to the Jacobin club, and must rise or fall with it; and, let me whisper it, its acts are too fierce and bloody even for the national taste, and its day of dominion will soon be over.” He paused and then continued—

“The Girondists are dreamers and poets, and will get ere long a bloody waking; but the army, my friend, under wise and bold leaders will save France—not from her enemies, but from herself. Camille may fall, but Roldan will rise—and many will rejoice in his rising. But come, I must take you to the Jacobin club.—You stare! but such a step is necessary for your safety.”

They walked along, arm in arm, and came to an open space, which seemed to want a structure to complete the unity of the surrounding buildings. When Morison mentioned this, Camille said, “You have an eye for every thing. On this spot stood the Bastille, and the arm that

is now in yours helped in a bloody assault to cast it to the ground, and pass the ploughshare and the harrow over its foundations—on this spot will a temple sacred to Liberty arise.—But ho ! whom have we here ?”

In the centre of the space stood a man of middle age ; one foot was placed on a fragment of stone ; he held a large piece of white pasteboard in his left hand—in his right was a pencil ; his eye was turned upwards, his lips were moving, and by fits and starts he was delineating lines on the paper. He heeded no one. Camille whispered, “ It is David the painter ; he is designing a national building, or a national picture ; all this rapture is put on to deceive, for the man has little imagination ; his heart is as cold as the stone at his foot, and his chief pleasure is in spilling blood. I call him—to myself you understand—the tiger of the Jacobin club. Let us move on—he will come and produce the fruits of his inspiration presently.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me,
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy—Libertie."

BURNS.

MANY eyes, and some of them suspicious ones, were turned on Morison and Camille, but they sat serene and composed. David now entered, and going up to the president, presented his sketch and said, "Citizen Robespierre, here is a conception which struck me as I passed over the ground once occupied by that stronghold of tyranny, the Bastille. I have imagined a temple of Liberty—it is only a rough sketch—to this club of honest citizens I offer these first fruits of my fancy. Is the conception worthy of the cause?"

Long and gravely did Robespierre look at the sketch of the artist: he held it up, he held it down, and he held it straightforward—not a muscle did he move. "Citizen David," he said, "the conception does honour to your genius,

and honour even to the sublime cause of liberty : it is, in truth, as it should be, too sublime for vulgar comprehension, for the subject is the loftiest under heaven. I shall place it amongst the records of the club."

Danton snatched the sketch from the president's hand, and turning it upside down, observed, "It is like that most perfect of all human inventions, a circle. Whichever way you turn it, the right side is up."

"Then it is not like Citizen Danton's plan of a republic," said the incensed painter, "which was wrong every way."

"I object to the steps in front," said Couthon; "they are of the wrong material. The steps to liberty should be on tyrants' heads."

"A happy thought!" exclaimed the painter: "I adopt it, Citizen Couthon."

"Right, Citizen David!" said Robespierre, "give us even now a tasting of your art in that part of the design. You are a portrait painter, remember that when you limn in the faces;—let me see with whom should we begin?" and he looked round with an inquiring glance.

"Marat could tell us at once, were he here: he is a sagacious citizen," said Collot d'Herbois.

"I would not advise you to wait his coming," said a female voice, from the door; "the hand of heaven has to-day been heavy on him." The speaker was looked for, but she was gone.

"Nay, but," said Danton, whose great stature, fierce aspect, and voice fit for the reign of terror, made him conspicuous even in that terrible assembly, "let us sanction this design of Citizen David; let the heads in the first step be those of emperors and kings; let the heads in the second be those of traitorous princes and nobles; the heads of the third may, with perfect propriety, be those of generals who have betrayed the republic—Dumourier—Custine! Upon my life, friend David, but you have been been beforehand with me; this profile is very like that of Beauharnois, who leads one of our armies on the Rhine."

"I did not mean it," said the astonished artist; "but let it stand, the thought is good and seems inspired."

"Come hither, young man," said Danton, with one of his sternest looks, to Morison; "come hither and tell me if that is not the likeness of the traitor Beauharnois? See you palter not with me."

With perfect calmness, and with a modest

confidence which astonished Camille, Morison walked up to the judgment-seat, took the sketch, and looking at it, said, "It is like General Beauharnois, and like him too as I lately beheld him, when, with his sword held out thus, his bright eyes flashing, and his manly countenance kindled and rapturous, he cried, 'On, Frenchmen on! The republic expects you to do your duty!'"

"Well said, young man!" exclaimed Robespierre; "you are worthy of being a member of this august club. Danton, you must find some other head for the threshold of the temple of Liberty."

"France can spare Danton's for that purpose," said the same voice which alluded to the fate of Marat.

"But we cannot spare it," said Westermann; "besides it would scare all the votaries—for Danton is not an Apollo." There was a laugh at this sally.

"Our friend Camille Regnault," said Thomas Paine, "has introduced a Scotchman; let me introduce an Englishman. Friends! welcome Citizen Grubb, of the scientific town of Birmingham: he has got rid of all nationality, as fully as one of the engines which

he loves to talk about is free from vital instinct. It is his boast that he can make wood and iron do the work which man has hitherto thought himself capable of performing. Look on my friend; the power which he patronises, but did not invent, has been compared to the elephant: let us divide the comparison; the body of the animal will then represent my friend, and the lithe proboscis the active and wonderful power of steam."

There was a smile visible in the faces of several of the members, who were unable to determine whether he was in jest or earnest.

"Let him be enrolled in the club," said Robespierre; "and permit me to propose that Citizen David be requested to take our new associate's portrait."

"He cannot paint English beef," said Danton, with a grim smile.

"His head is a mathematical one," cried another wit of the club, "and that accounts for his eminence in science. It is a true triangle; the brow forms the apex."

"He comes from Birmingham," said a third wit, "celebrated over all the world for its brass buttons."

"We make more than that, sir," said the Englishman, his patience giving way; "we make capital pistols—ay! and can use them, too! Would you like to try?"

"Well and gallantly said, sir!" exclaimed Danton; "there's my hand."

It was now Citizen Grubb's turn to speak; his words were few, but they startled many. "You depend too much on the hand of man, and too little on his head. You have wonderful inventions at your command, and will not condescend to use them. Do you desire to traverse the seas in spite of wind and tide—do you wish to travel along the surface of the earth, and carry a hundred tons' weight in your train, without horses or mules? Do you desire to work in the bowels of the earth, where the fountains of the eternal deep have hitherto retarded you; or do you desire to work machinery without wind and without water, without horses and without oxen?—Then employ me, for all these things can I do; and, in doing them, I create an empire liable to no natural accident, established not on weak mortals, but on the immortal principles of science."

"It would be well, Robespierre," said Dan-

ton, "to employ this new power in moving your system of finance; "for it will stand still, unless something miraculous interposes."

From this strange scene and terrible actors Morison turned away: he was revolving in his own mind the kind of distant intimation of evil which he had received about his friend, General Beauharnois, when he saw a female standing on a pedestal lately occupied by the statue of a king in one of the squares. She was young—she was beautiful—and her form slight and uncommonly elegant. Her long locks were bound with wreaths of laurel; a silken bodice, which fitted her shoulders and waist as tightly as her skin, and a kirtle, so short that it reached but a little below her knees, composed her whole dress. She held a spear in her hand. In fact, she had undertaken to personate the goddess of Liberty; and to perform with proper audacity, had reinforced her natural courage with burgundy, of which those close to her were the less likely to be aware since they had been quaffing at the same fountain. She was, in other words, a missionary of evil, employed by the fierce factions of those times, for insinuating charges, and preparing the public mind for banishment or slaughter.

When Morison came up, the goddess was haranguing the populace concerning the characters of the generals of the republican armies: "Who are they," she exclaimed, "in whom France puts her trust? Some of them are royalists, with the tri-colour in their hats, and some of them are republicans in their words, and aristocrats in their hearts. Never will this great republic be safe till all such are weeded out from among you. Who warned you of the designs of Dumourier? Who whispered of the treachery of Custine? Who advised you to remove the head from the body of Prince Egalité? She who now tells you that Danton has wedded a handsome wife with aristocratic blood in her veins—and who now informs you that Beauharnois, who is victorious on the Rhine, was, is, and will be, an aristocrat."

"We will cause them to take a peep out at the little window of the republic," cried one.

"We must introduce them to Madame Guillotine!" exclaimed another.

"Ay, ay," said the goddess, in a lower tone; "but, if we dare touch Danton, which it is whispered we may safely do, as Robespierre no longer loves him, who dare meddle with the

general—he is at the head of a victorious army ?” Morison was unable to hear the reply to this question, but it seemed satisfactory, for the mob shouted, and then, helping Liberty down from her pedestal, dispersed.

This was not, however, the only divinity Morison was doomed to see on this eventful day: in another public place he found the goddess of Reason: one of the stone saints of a church had been cast out of its niche, and she was installed in its place. This was a middle-aged woman, inclining to be stout, with a shrill voice and a great flow of words: she came to supplant Religion, but as there was no religion left to overturn, she soon quitted priestcraft and imaginary miracles, and entered upon the real object of her heart. “Reason,” she said, “not only settles questions of faith, but questions of a civil nature. We are ruled by reason, and through reason we rule. But there are some who put themselves beyond the pale of reason. These are the kings of the earth, who claim by right divine to rule us, but reason said nay to this a thousand years ago, and reason says nay still. There are some who oppose all reason, and among those I number such as work by spell or charm to achieve something contrary to

reason. Now, will you believe it, that one of the prime men among you—yea, one of the leaders of your victorious armies—has been dabbling and trafficking in this accursed thing! It has been related in her own household by Rose Beauharnois, that a sorceress, in Hispaniola, told her she would be Empress over a great people. Now, though the sorceress might be a deceiver, yet I say the woman who nourishes the notion of being empress in the land of France, is one capable of attempting to attain that dignity. Her husband commands on the Rhine:—he ought to be introduced to the only saint whom the Revolution has made—I mean Saint Guillotine.” A loud shout announced how welcome this motion was to the mob of listeners.

A walk of ten minutes took Morison to the house of Madame Beauharnois; he was admitted; his letter was taken to the lady, who was still in her chamber. He soon heard a light foot on the stair and a voice saying, “Where is he?” The door opened—the wife of his general entered.

“Ha! Roldan, my young friend,” she exclaimed, “so you have been at Hispaniola too, and had your fortune told by the far-famed

Cunahama. Well, and was it bright—did the stars smile or did they look sullen? I can well believe the former; but you have saved Beaucharnois's life, and helped him to gain a battle—so you may consider your fortune made, in spite of the stars. You must know the same great authority prophesied that I am to be an empress—so there's my hand—I shall not forget you."

Morison conducted her to a seat; and as he looked on her, he inwardly confessed that she had a regal air: her face was lighted up with such lustrous eyes as he had only read of in romance; they flooded her whole countenance with whatever sentiment possessed them; they smiled, nay, they spoke. Her voice, too, was sweet and musical; her form he never thought of, or left it for future observation. She was richly, and very gracefully drest; and who can dress gracefully that is not gracefully made?

At her request, he related all the adventures he had undergone, and more particularly those which had occurred on the Rhine.

She was struck with the clear and modest way in which he described all: "Well, Colonel Roldan, you must be my guest to dinner to-day;

and as I hear you know much of the literature of your native land, you will find one or two here acquainted with the literature of France, who will willingly learn something from your mountains. Your poets are famous in all lands : so farewell for the present—my dinner hour is five.”

Morison rose to be gone. “Madam,” he said, in a low voice, “General Beauharnois was so good as to desire me to consult you in any emergency—something has chanced this morning which obliges me to have recourse to you at once.”

“Certainly, Colonel Roldan, you may command me ; but what can have chanced to you already : you came but to Paris late last night ? O God ! something has happened—I read it in your eyes ! Speak out ! that is, conceal nothing, but speak low : the stones of the streets of Paris have ears.”

Morison looked calmly in her face, and said, “I went to-day to the Jacobin club—”

She half-started from the couch on which she had placed herself : “The Jacobin club !—oh, unhappy young man, surely the devil—” she smiled at her own vehemence—“must have dragged you thither ?”

"It was God that took me," said Morison, the tears starting at the same time into his eyes, "and he took me, that I might serve my best of friends, General Beauharnois."

"Say how—say how?" she eagerly said.

He then related what has been already written. She grew pale as death as he proceeded; but when she heard his reply, and the words of Robespierre, her eyes streamed with light; she kissed his hand—nay, she clasped him in her arms, and cried, "Come here, Eugene! come here!"—a fine boy, some seven years old, came at her call—"Colonel Roldan has saved your father's life twice—kneel to him, and thank him, boy."

The child knelt, and said, "Colonel Roldan, I will love whom you love, and hate whom you hate."

"I have more to say," observed Morison, "and I may say it before Eugene—for he has the feelings of a man, though a child."

He then related what he had heard those public functionaries, the goddesses of Liberty and Reason, dilate upon, and thought that General Beauharnois should be made acquainted with sentiments so publicly agitated. The lady laughed outright; "No one," she said, "regarded

such things: the words uttered in the Jacobin club were serious matters—not so those spoken by the tipsy divinities of Reason and Liberty. “Ah, you don’t understand the French, Colonel Roldan: you will see more of them soon; but come to dinner, and we shall remove all such dark, such hideous impressions from your mind: wit and beauty are always conquerors.”

“I have seen and heard something too much already,” thought Morison, as he returned to his lodgings; “but let me not be too hasty in my conclusions.”

He called Davie to him, in whose rough untutored sense he found refuge now and then; his confidant was not at all disposed to look lightly on the matter, like Madame Beauharnois.—“They deal in rash, unco rash expressions at the Jacobin club,” said Davie, “in the heat and ecstasy o’ the moment, whilk may mean something or mean naething, like the chance ravings o’ a tipsy man; but od! Morison, lad, its far different wi’ these pests of hizzies wha gang about giving a screed here and a screed there o’ revolutionary doctrine. They are just like the sea-maws and water-hawks of the Solway—ye aye hear their scream and see the flaff o’ their wings before a storm; and then the storms o’

Paris are storms o' blood. This freedom's a gaye queer thing; deil hae me now if I comprehend it fully."

Morison took pen and ink, and wrote in a brief, clear manner, all that had occurred to him since his arrival at Paris; sealed it, and putting it into Davie's hands with some gold, said, "Hasten with this to the Rhine, and put it into no other hands save those of General Beauharnois."

Davie looked at Morison, looked at the letter and at the seal, chucked the purse two or three times into the air, and at last said, "Promise that ye'll neither do, nor say any thing for five minute's space." The promise was no sooner given, than Davie, to the astonishment of the other, opened the letter, read it, making his lips move all the time as if forcing the words upon his memory, and then thrust it into the fire, where it was consumed in a moment. "Now I am ready to go—am I to gie a look in on Lady Regnault, in the bye gaun?"

"Ready to go, fool!" exclaimed Morison; "why you have destroyed the very document of which you were to be the bearer."

"Na, na, Morison," said Davie; "I hae only ta'en a prented copy of it: I hae stowed the

words away in a place where even mother Guillotine couldna coax nor wheedle them out o'."

"You don't mean to say that you have my letter by heart? Why, you gomeral, you never could learn a verse of a psalm in less than a day and a night."

"Aha! but there's a mighty differ in the learning o' the twasome. What concern hae I in the sangs of Israel? But my heart was concerned here: listen now." And he repeated every word of the letter, adding, "if ye have a postscript, let me have it, and I shall gie't after 'Your's, ever and ever, Morison Roldan.' Dod! lad, ye should take care how ye write here; baith the general's head, and yere ain were in yon letter."

Morison said, as this new light broke on him, "You are right, David: thank you for it. But you must carry something; no messenger ever went empty-handed."

"Ye're right, there, Morison; I was about to forget that;—wisdom is aye presumptuous." While he was musing upon it, a gust of wind blew in at the window a feather from a fowl's neck, which a wandering poulterer held up for sale.

"Thank ye for the hint, madame Boreas,"

exclaimed Davie, taking a sheet of paper from the table, and folding the feather—a red hackle—carefully in it, “Now gin ye wad just take yere pen and draw on the back o’t after the words ‘Lord John,’ a real burly bull’s head; it will bear me through rarely, and maybe get me a glass o’ wine for the wit o’ the thing.” Morison drew the animal. “It’s no fierce enough and bo bo enough for my taste,” said Davie; “but it will pass. Now ye maun ken that I am riding post as far as France has land, to put this into the hands of my lord John Bull, regarding a main o’ game cocks that’s to come off at Paris; and that if I dinna find his lordship out at—I’ll find out the name of the town as I gang—I’m commissioned to ride as far as the French army, as my lord has a taste for three things, horse-racing, cock-fighting, and bloody battles.”

Having despatched this trusty and crafty messenger, Morison dressed himself out in uniform, and, as he passed down the street, could not help regarding his shadow with some complacency. He was received with equal warmth and politeness by Lady Beauharnois, and introduced to two officers and several ladies, guests at the dinner-table. Little Eugene, of

his own accord, came and sat beside him, and put his hand into his with a look of cordial confidence. His name and fame had flown before him, and he found himself exalted into sudden importance. Deeds of arms were talked of, works of genius were discussed, and Scotland and her innumerable songs became at last the fixed subject of conversation. On all of these subjects he was expected to speak, and he did so with such simple warmth, such natural good sense and true feeling, that Madame Beauharnois was enchanted.

“How happy am I,” she said, “that such a high-minded man as my husband owes his freedom, and some of his fame, to no vulgar and soulless clod of the valley, with a thick skull and a herculean arm, but to one with the looks and the feelings of a gentleman. Cheer up, therefore, General Roldan—for such shall you be when I come to my kingdom—the kingdom prophesied to me by the sorceress of the sunny isles, even Cunahama.”

One demure dame evidently received this notification with some displeasure: she said nothing, but her lips moved, and she gave an involuntary shrug of the shoulder. “Now don’t go, Madame Mensil, and tell Danton of these

idle words of mine," said Madame Beauharnois. "I only meant to make Colonel Roldan cheerful; it is the nature of these islanders to be gloomy, and it is our duty to make them smile."

"Ah! Roldan, Roldan?" said Madame Desmoulins, "I know something of that name; it is ancient and noble; here it is a fault to be either; in your island it is a virtue. But Thomas Lord Roldan—the kind, the brave, the beautiful, the unfortunate—who has forgotten him that ever saw him or heard him? his looks beamed—if I could find a stronger word I would use it—beamed with such imagination and heroism, as would even make Danton handsome and Robespierre an Apollo. He perished, I am told, at sea. A beautiful child, a girl, accompanied him; some called her his daughter, some his niece; there was a mystery about her birth. And his wife—"

"He was married then?" said Madame Mensil. "I suspected so, when you praised him so highly. What cannot be got at is ever beautiful."

"Oh, hang them! they are as sour as crabs," replied Madame Desmoulins: "runs not the fable so?—therefore your position is no fixture,

Madame. But this lady was almost as lovely as himself, and she was an enthusiast too—not one of our Parisian enthusiasts, who tear the jewelled dresses from their bodies, Madame Mensil, and putting on the garb of handmaids, and fruit and fish girls, walk out, hoping a salute in the dark, which they cannot obtain in sunshine. No, her enthusiasm I call the romance of virtue. She wandered away no one knows where, and rumour says reigns a chieftainess over a tribe of savages—but whether in Siberia, or Scotland, or Arabia Felix I cannot say—and I wish I could, Colonel Roldan, were it but in compliment to the attention you pay to my words.”

“Do you remember the child’s name, Madame?” inquired Morison.

“No,” said the lady, “for her mother always called her a lily, or a gowan, or a rose. She was too poetic to call a weed a weed, or a flower a flower; she dwelt among the stars too much for me. Nay, she had the child’s nativity cast. I know not that she was to be quite a queen, Madame Beauharnois; but it was something great, I know.”

The colour, during this conversation, changed so on Morison’s cheek, that Madame Desmoulins

said, "Ah! Colonel Roldan, you know more of that child than you would wish to show. She will be nigh your age too. I see I'm right. Alas for the berry-brown dames of France, as your scoffing song says."

"I am indeed of that family," said Morison, with a sigh, which he strove to suppress.

"Ha! and is my noble husband's friend of the blood of the noble too?" exclaimed Madame Beauharnois.

"I am of that blood," said Morison calmly, "but not noble—the bar sinister is on my coat armorial."

"Ah! fine, brave, noble young man," said Madame Desmoulins, enclosing him gayly in her arms, without touching him, and kissing the empty air within an inch of his forehead, "you are come to us in a happy hour; here the bar sinister will be to you a recommendation. Why should it be a drawback? There is a lyric of your native land now chaunting on both banks of the Seine; its o'erword is

'A mau's a man for a' that,'
and in the poet's doctrine I heartily concur."

While Morison talked of song and birth-right, Davie Gellock was on his way to the Rhine with the oral letter to General Beauhar-

nois. He rode all the first day, and a part of the second without molestation, and had reached a farm house on the way-side, and was looking at a red cock and a gray one fighting, when his eye caught the unwelcome apparition of two armed men hurrying along the road over which he had just ridden. Davie saw that flight would not avail, for he doubted not they were in pursuit of him; he lighted down, stooped and separated the cocks, which had entangled their spurs in each other's plumage, and pitting them fairly again by the aid of one of the farm hinds, stood cheering them on with tongue and hand, crying, "Well done red, better done gray—dod, ye're one of the Scots grays I'll wager a herring."

"It is our man," said one of the strangers to the other; "let us secure him cautiously—he is a devil both with sword and pistol."

Davie, who saw them as if he saw them not, allowed himself to be roughly seized while in the act of clapping his hands, and looking first at one and then at the other, in affected surprise, cried, "Hilloah, my lads, hands off!" and freeing himself by a violent effort, started back a step, exclaiming, "Now I am free and in a land of liberty—what want ye?"

to "We want your papers, young man—a sealed letter. Produce it."

"O, an' that's a'?" inquired Davie, not at all alarmed.

The peasant recoiled from his side as if he had become a serpent; the cocks however fought on.

Davie resumed the clapping of his hands,

and his exclamations of "Well struck the red,

and better still the gray!" Nay, he pulled a

piece of money out of his pocket, and invited a

wager. He would bet gold, he said, on the

gray, were it but for the sake of auld Scotland.

The gray was at last victorious. "A right

bit of game!" exclaimed Davie, picking up

one of its neck feathers, and stroking it over

the back of his hand; "the right airn-gray co-

lour, as I'm a sinner, wi' a cross o' the hoodie

crow in its nature. I'll gie a gowd guinea for

the cock," and he held out the money to the

peasant, and pointed to the bird.

"Your papers! Your letters!" exclaimed

both the messengers of the Jacobin club.

"O ay," said Davie, "I had forgotten that."

The letter was instantly produced and opened.

Out dropped the feather. "Preserve us!" said

Davie, picking it up, "dinna lose the speci-

ment."

"You must explain this—it is a riddle," said one of the messengers.

"Ou, it's just a challenge to produce a cock of a feather to fight Robin Hood. Dod, he ought to have been called scarlet rather. Can ye no read the backing of the letter—To my Lord John Bull—but ye maybe dinna ken the difference between a bull and a bantam."

The two Frenchmen set their hands to their sides, and laughed loud and long; then elevated their eyebrows, till their eyes seemed starting from the sockets, and exclaiming, "What a droll fellow my lord John Bull is! to be fighting cocks when the game of kingdoms is playing. Here, my lad, drink to the republic, one and indivisible—we have been misinformed respecting you."

When Davie got rid of his troublesome friends, he halted not till he reached the French camp, and communicated Morison's epistle, word for word.

"It is what I have long expected," said General Beuharnois: "but I shall not fly. To win a battle is to gain the enmity of the envious—to lose one is to be slothful or traitorous; and the end of both is death."

He had hardly uttered these words when two

commissioners from the Convention arrested him, and hurried him off to Paris, before the soldiers, among whom he had many friends, were fully aware of the circumstance.

A few days had flown past, when Davie Gellock, pale and haggard, and for a time speechless, entered, or rather reeled into Morison's apartment, and, leaning his head on his hand against the chimney-piece, did nothing but sigh and mutter, "O what a country—what a damned country! Dod, Hispaniola, after a', is a paradise to it."

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired Morison; "and what has happened: you have sped ill I fear in your message?"

"Deed no," said Davie, "ye may hae me crowned king of messengers when ye like; I bamboozled them; I hoodwinked them; I drew the black clout owre their een, as if I had been taking lessons in devilry from Belzebub himself, or the Jacobin club; but what was he the better of a' that? O! the descent of that republican bay-knife on his neck I shall, I think, see till my dying day."

Camille at this moment burst into the room, and said at once, "General Beauharnois is

taken, tried, condemned, and beheaded!—there!”

The loud cry of—“A traitor’s head—a traitor’s head,” was echoed and re-echoed in the street, and the ghastly visage, borne on the head of a pike, with the yet warm blood dropping from it, was carried past the window.

“Alas! for the high-minded, the brave, and the good,” said Morison: “these are terrible people, Camille; who shall tell this tragic tale to Madame Beauharnois?”

“’Tis already told,” said the other; “on her way to prison she was compelled to kiss the gory lips, which she did with a rapture that incensed the populace: her life will have a brief date I fear.”

Morison took a few strides about the room: “Camille,” he said, “do for me what I did for you: enable me to get away from this land. I love freedom—I love equality—because they are man’s birthright; but I hate bloodshed. The negroes and mulattoes have a thirst for blood, which blood will quench, but the French have a taste for it.”

Davie, to whom these sounds seemed particularly welcome, began to pack up his own

and Morison's stock of moveables, muttering, "Od, but the proverb disna aye haud gude that a rowing stone gathers nae fog? We left Scotland naked enough, and now, by my ain and Morison's wisdom, we hae got some roughness—gude dresses on our backs, and some plenishing in our pouches; but the chief difficulty is to keep our heads on our bodies."

"Be in no hurry, my friend, to leave this land; its sun of bloodshed will soon set, and that of its glory will arise!" exclaimed Camille, with a sort of wild rapture. "Those who rule even now will ere long be with those who ruled before. After the tempest, calmness will come, though I shall not live to see it. Marat—Danton—both have passed away: one with the poniard, the other with the guillotine—a third victim is preparing, and yet he knows not of it. Abide with us, my friend; I can protect thee, though I cannot protect myself."

The concluding words of Camille were inspired by his approaching destiny, and Morison laid them to heart. But, when they were uttered, Robespierre was in his pride of place; his word was law, and when he held up his hand hundreds were hurried to the guillotine. Danton, like the lion, made his bound on his victim,

rent it in pieces, and reposed gorged for a time; but Robespierre resembled the tiger described by the eloquent Buffon, whose desire of blood even blood itself could not appease; the rending of one victim made him long to rend two more. Human nature at last asserted its insulted dignity, and Robespierre, with many who deserved to die, and some who did not, was swept from the earth: among the latter was Camille—he found the fate which his chief sought to find, and died by his own hand. Paris, on the morning of that bloody day, was in mourning through all her streets; her best, her bravest—nay, her loveliest—had been thrown into the den where the republican hydra lay, and more were binding up their hair for the like sacrifice. But Paris, in the evening, seemed one universal halo of light—had but one voice, and that was of rejoicing—had but one look, and that was an upturned one of thankfulness and prayer. The Moloch to whom so many bloody sacrifices were offered and offering, had been smitten on the groundsil of his own temple: his power perished with him—fathers rejoiced—mothers rejoiced—and sons and daughters unbound their locks, and danced.

These terrible events were crowded into brief

space ; others scarcely less important followed, in all of which Morison was tossed about like a vessel in a stormy sea, surviving crushing winds and whelming waves. With the new government which followed the reign of Terror, the Parisian populace found their will was any thing but a law ; and reeling between royalty and republicanism, they armed themselves, and marched against the Convention, driving opposing generals and hesitating troops before them.

Morison beheld with scorn the efforts of the timid Menou ; and once or twice was on the point of drawing his sword, and leading the troops—which, though repulsed, were not dismayed—back to the charge.

His feelings were shared by a young officer who witnessed the scene. Turning to Morison, he said, “ With five thousand such men as are on the Italian frontier, I would drive that undisciplined scum before me as the winds drive the down of the thistle. This is a country of volcanoes ; revolutions are served daily up to breakfast.”

“ It would be well,” said Morison, “ to abide by those great points of freedom, which are the natural birthright of man. Let liberty and

equality be the foundation on which the national structure is reared ; but now, brute force is the ruling deity. O for one—a commanding one—to restore order and concord, and break the iron jaws of that ravening monster, who is devouring whatever is great and good in the nation !”

“These sentiments are mine,” said the stranger : “and, if I mistake not, are uttered by him who so nobly saved the life of Camille Regnault, and who planned with such happy talent the order of battle which Beauharnois fought and gained on the Rhine. . . We must be better acquainted.” He was about to say more, but the tide of tumult rolled forward, and separated them. They met again under a brighter star than that of despondency.

It was wearing late, and Morison stood among those anxious hundreds who crowded nigh the hall of Convention, willing to be employed in its defence against the arming thousands who waited but for day to commence the attack. A hand was suddenly laid on his arm—it was that of the young stranger with whom he had lately conversed.

“Your destiny calls you elsewhere, Colonel Roldan : I am he who took Toulon ; to me is

intrusted the defence of the Convention—come and share in the glory of Napoleon.”

“And in the success too,” said Morison, following him at once—“who would not follow where such a spirit leads?”

“We shall scatter them as the wind scatters the mist from the hill,” observed the future emperor; “Roldan, I love Caledonia, for I quote, you hear, her noblest poet. Ah! Ossian is the bard of heroes: his strains elevate man, and pour a soul into him such as that of Fingal. But here are my dispositions.”

That the dispositions were made by the hand of a master, and that they were brilliantly fulfilled; is a matter of history. The result was, that Paris was cured by the sword of her annual love of revolution; order was restored; the doors of the prisons were opened; nor would those of the churches have remained shut, had not the philosophical ravings of Lepaux still bewildered the public mind. The young victor was rewarded with high command: he did not forget those who had helped him to achieve his greatness. “Colonel Roldan,” said he, “you are named chief-of-division: your merits deserve more—but my other comrades must have some-

thing too—Murat, Lannes, Junot—these are not ordinary men.

“Citizen General”—such was the language of those days—“I have got more than I looked for. I have, however, one boon to ask—a boon which will give your heart joy in granting.”

“It is granted ere it is asked, General Roldan—now, what is it?”

“It must be told by other lips than mine,” said Morison; going into a closet, and leading forth a very handsome youth, and presenting him to Napoleon: “Now, Eugene Beauharnois, son of a good man, a gallant officer, and a lover of France, tell the general what your wish is.”

The boy knelt on one knee, and, clasping his hands, said, while the tears glistened in his eyes, “Give me my father’s sword, and I shall ever draw it as he did, in the cause of France.”

“Thou shalt have it, brave boy!” said Napoleon, taking him in his arms—“would that such a son were mine! General Roldan, I thank you for this; and I love you because you are the friend of the dead, the traduced, and the fatherless.”

CHAPTER IX.

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE sounds which shook France awakened the British echoes ;—the loud indignant voice of the people demanding the rights of human nature from their princes and peers, was grateful to a land where freedom was a sacred and a purchased thing—purchased by martyrdom and by blood. At first numbers of Scotch and English flew to France ; their tongues were heard in the debates for liberty, and their hands were felt when the contest came to blows. On their return they spread the glad tidings of regeneration for that land over their native isle, and men looked for the rise of a superstructure like the

British constitution, in which the three adverse spirits of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy are united, and pull all the same way, like three strands in a rope. But this blessing was denied to a people who deserved it; the monarchy sunk under the pressure of democratic principles and despotic hands, and a republic, which promised more than Greece and Rome had ever accomplished, rose in its place. Full liberty, true equality: these were the gracious things promised. The sounds were captivating, and half the world expected to see the highest genius in the highest places of rule, according to the purpose of the Creator. The poor by this expected to be enriched, depressed genius hoped to be exalted, and all, and they are many, who rejoice in the downfall of those above them, hailed the French republic, one and indivisible, with a joyous hail, and desired to see a similar regeneration elsewhere.

While the events happened which changed Morison from a banished lad, exposed to an obscure death, or perpetual slavery, to a leader in a conquering army, his little native vale of Glengarnock was not without its convulsions and its struggles. Something like a dream of his adventures and fortunes seems to have

reached the vale before even the letter which Davie wrote to his mother; and though his rise was doubted by many, the least believing were convinced that more than common fortune had happened to him when they beheld a very beautiful cottage of hewn stone arise in the place of the shealing in the Elfin glen, and Mary Morison herself, attired in rich silks, with maid-servants attending her.

It was then that the value of democratic principles was felt in full force. "What's to hinder us," they cried, one and all, "to rise to high command as weel as Morison Roldan? What hinders us but these stocks and stones called lords and earls, who haud us down and winna' let us up. Are we not all equal by nature; didna Providence—and ane wad think that he kenned what he was about—didna Providence, when he made man, give him the earth and the fulness thereof, and bid him beget sons and daughters, and replenish and enjoy it? We shall have our natural rights again. God gave the land to us as well as to the lordlings, and if they winna do what's right we maun show them wi' a reeking whittle the way to justice."

A meeting to consider the best way of retriev-

ing the true rights of the people was immediately held in the little village of Glengarnock. The first person that addressed them was Nickie Neevison. She was warmly opposed at the outset. "We want nae lang-tongue in petticoats!" exclaimed a weaver.

"We want!" cried Nickie, "wha cares what ye want, ye thrum of a man, do ye think that I have na studied the democratic form o' government; look at bonnie France—there the lasses—the lang-tongues in petticoats of poor spoolpin there—are admitted, nay invited to rule. My name is nae langer Nickie—it is Female Citizen Neevison, and I rise to move that I take the chair."

The chair to which she aspired was taken by a little shoemaker—a ladies' shoemaker—his hair stood all on end, like the bristles with which he armed his thread, and his words were as sharp as a closing-awl. "We are men," he began, "and women cannot be permitted to share our power. France had her Joan of Arc, but what she-saviour has Scotland had? I vote that Female Citizen Neevison, as she calls herself, be expelled the meeting."

Nickie's indignation mounted high on this—"And can ye call yersel' a man, ye bit lingle-

end of a bodie ! I could brain ye wi' a lady's slipper. I could extinguish ye atween my finger and my thumb ; wrap ye in a pair of red morocco upper-leathers, and beat ye to death wi' a bawbee bunch of birses. What says the sang?—

‘ The souter gae the sow a kiss,
Grumph, quo she, that's for my birse ;
O whare gat ye sae sweet a mou' ?
Quo the souter to the sow.’”

“ Confound ye for a slanderous limmer !” exclaimed the chairman. Then bridling in his wrath, he added, “ It is beneath the dignity of man to regard but as the idle wind the words of woman. Her mouth, saith the wise man, is the porch of folly.”

When this breeze blew over, a burly weaver came forward ;—weavers are great sticklers for freedom ;—they are suspended all day between the heaven and the earth ; the movement of the shuttle reminds them of passing events ; their continual motion throws thoughts up to the surface, as an agitated stream casts up bubbles ; they are determined zealots, and when politics or religion want any strange thing done a weaver is ready to undertake it. “ This,” said he, “ is the first day of the glory of Glengarnock—nay,

of the wide isle. The web of our fate has hitherto been pirnie; the warp was owre strang for the waft. Ye have all heard how one who had not the advantage of coming lawfully into the world, as all here have done, even Morison Roldan, has arisen to wealth and high command—he has risen, not by the force of his talents, but by the glorious force of freedom, which, like a heat below a plant, has pushed him into upper air. My vote is for a republic where all shall be free—save those who use that villanous invention, the fly-shuttle—it has been robbing me and my weans these seven years.”

“My vote is for a republic also,” said the blacksmith of the village, “it will haud us a’ together like a waulding-heat. But there maun be nae sic things as cast-iron mould breds used for ploughs, and there maun be nae tax laid on maut: we are workers in fire, and canna quench the spark just now, there’s sic a duty on bottled ale.”

“I wad vote for a republic, or ought else,” said the village carpenter, “that wad make foreign timber cheap, lower my men’s wages, and raise the price of ploughs, and carts, and harrows—ye canna’ say but that’s liberal.”

“I come,” said one, who, in speaking,

always named himself : “ I come as one entitled to speak in a matter connected with the freedom and happiness of man. I am head of the firm of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft, & Co. ; and our object has been to emancipate mankind from any thing like personal slavery, by applying machinery to all the purposes of life. On this great principle I take my stand. All constitutions are wrong which are not based in the substitution of labour by iron and brass, and wood and fire, and water, for the toil of the body and the sweat of man.”—A general shout of approbation followed this speech.

“ It sounds remarkably weel,” said a mason, coming forward : “ and I maun say that I mightily approve of the principle of easing our hands and cooling our brows through the help of science. But words are one thing, and deeds are another : look at the spinning and weaving machines of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft, & Co. : is there aught republican about them—are they not expressly monarchical ? For whom do they toil ? for no one save the members of the firm : and if machinery goes on this way, thrusting hands of flesh and blood out of business, and pushing in its own iron fists into their place, all in the vale of Glengarnock will become beggars,

save Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft, & Co. If we are to be slaves, had we not better remain under the rule of gentlemen, than put ourselves under the merciless rule of science, which hath neither eyes to see, ears to hear, nor a heart to feel for the miseries of man?"

"We are wandering from the subject," said the chairman—"let us at once claim our rights; let us petition the legislature, and if they refuse to do us justice, then let us resolve to be men."

"I agree to that," said Tam Steek, the village tailor; "we have but a remnant of our liberties left, and that is slipping from us like a knotless thread. Here I boldly take my post, and with my right hand do a deed which shall be heard of beyond these hills—yea, likely as far as Hoddam."—He took a young tree from the hands of one of his apprentices, stuck it in the ground behind the chairman's seat, while the green top, surmounted by a cap of liberty, from which dangled three shreds of cloth—red, white, and blue—rose proudly in the air, and waved and glittered over the head of the astonished son of Crispin. "Thus," continued Steek, "I plant the tree of freedom: let us all swear to moisten and make it prosper with the blood of tyrants."

“Hear to the ninth part of a man!” exclaimed Nickie Neevison: “the blood of tyrants! the blood of a louse ye mean, ye poor pitifu’ prick the flea! An’ ye’ll hing up the measure of a pair of breeks, and call it the tri-colour. My certie! if we are to have our liberty we mauna look for’t frae sic shilpet sinners as Pegginawl, in the chair there, or Spoolpin, the town weaver, or Tam Steek, the tailor—nor even frae that creature, born of a weaving-machine, and dry-nursed by a spinning-jenny, the head of the house of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft, & Co. Na, na! can ye suck sweet-milk out of a sow-thistle, or honey out of hemlock? But here’s one coming that will tell ye mair about it; if Lord Roldan disna gaur his supple-jack walk the circuit o’ some of yere shouthers, take me for Nanse Halberson, and score my brow for a witch.”

All were startled at this announcement: and it cannot be denied that some of the loudest declaimers for liberty and equality wished themselves elsewhere.

Lord Roldan came among them on the spur: “Ha!” he cried, “so you have planted the tree of Liberty: now show me who has done such a thing. Fools, dolts, knaves!” he cried,

seizing the tree, and belabouring with it shoemaker, carpenter, blacksmith, and tailor, not omitting the important representative of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft, & Co. He then threw it on the ground, and rode over it, backwards and forwards, with calm deliberation, and a look which seemed to say to all around, "Who dare stay me?"

"If he had gi'en me sic a blad as he gave to you," said the tailor to the shoemaker, "deil ha' me an I hadna returned it wi' something as gude."

"He's a born deevil, man," said the son of Crispin, rubbing his shoulder; "and besides, carries bent pistols in his pouch. But, my certie, ye gat a lounder Tam! ye hae nae reason to spare him—and ye were at his elbow too."

"I can tell ye what, my lord," said the blacksmith; "ye ken nae mair what's due to the dignity o' man than ye ken how to lay a new feather on an auld sock: take ye that now—answer that if ye can."

"It sets ye weel!" exclaimed Nickie Neevison, "a parcel o' poor pluckless, soulless coofs to be gainsaying ane of the born lords of the realm, whose forbears never scrupled—as reason gude—to hae their ain way wi' man, woman, and creeping thing: and you, Lord Roldan, it

ill beseems ye to come riding and rampaunging this gate, striking east and striking west—riding down ane and riding owre anither—as if we were nae a' God's creatures as weel as yersel. But if ye kenned what I ken, ye wad maybe ride at leisure—if ye kenned what I ken ye wadna be so handy wi' yere stick—if ye kenned what I ken ye wad sooner hae ta'en the red-hot horn of Sandie Tewairn's study in yere hand, than hae meddled with the tree of liberty, the cap of freedom, and its three colours."

"Well, Nickie," said Lord Roldan, with a smile, "and what great secret is this ye have got: out with it—ye can no more keep it than the cloud can keep the shower."

All eyes were turned upon Nickie: even the representative of the firm of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft, & Company, forgot the blow which all but prostrated him, in anxiety after this secret; and the shoemaker, tailor, and others, came near, that they might have the benefit of her news. Nickie screwed her mouth, shook her head: "Some winna like to hear it, Lord Roldan," she exclaimed, "for gentle lugs canna bear strong tidings, nor a weak stomach buttered brose. But, I maun first and foremost upbraid ye for sending awa' yere ain flesh and blude wi'

sic a born reprobate as Dick Corsbane, who has sauld mony a fair face into slavery to my certain knowledge."

"Hold your peace, ignorant woman!" said his lordship, sternly, "you talk, but you know nothing."

"Dinna be so sure, my lord," said Nickie: "I maybe ken, and maybe I dinna ken; but I ken this, that Morison — my ain Morison I aye ca'd him—sold for a slave or unsauld, is now a hero—a hero! he's far better nor that, he's a furious Jacobin; nought will serve him but knocking off the bonnets of princes and peers: he's coming here too; and my faith, he'll burn Bowness if ye dinna be a gude lad, and marry his mither. But I'm no sure that he wad let ye do't; he's a mickle man now, they say—riding in gold and grandeur at the head of three armies; and d'ye ken he has changed his name, they say, to Napoleon: it's no unlike Roldan, there's l's in baith."

Lord Roldan smiled, and giving his horse to a servant, took the representative of the firm of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft, & Company, a little aside: "I am surprised to see a gentleman of your influence and respectability," he said, "employed in propagating opinions

which must scatter wealth and divide property. Allow me to say it, my friend, your excellent good sense, your knowledge of the world, and your extensive connexion with foreign lands, prepared me for higher things, unless, indeed, you are come to control and soften the opinions of this rude rabble, and lead them into the true path, by pretending to prefer their road."

Hugh Heddles fidgetted, shifted place, adjusted his coat, which was a little deranged by the unceremonious way in which Lord Roldan had laid about him with the tree of liberty, but he could not resist the complimentary speech, and said that he came not to help the water to flood the machinery and drown the miller, but to direct men's eyes to the true philosophy and science of the matter.

"I thought so;" said Lord Roldan, "for you cannot but know, that if I am lord of land, you are lord of machinery; if I can hunt and shoot on my grounds, and draw in rent from my farmers, you can trim your fire and boil your water, move your wheels and create, and sell as much cotton in a week as would buy the half of Glengarnock. I am but a lord of soil, you

are a lord of science. You must come and dine with me."

Low bowed Hugh the lord of machinery to the lord of the soil, and retired. The peasantry perceived and resented this bit of backsliding.

"He's but half a man," said Tam Steek the tailor, "to allow himself to be talked owre in that way."

"He's like ill-made steel, spongy in the heart," exclaimed the blacksmith.

"And nae mair to be trusted than Kendal-ben sewed in a hard frost," chimed in the shoemaker.

"I would na trust him further than I fling my shuttle, and that is frae hand to hand," grumbled the weaver.

Lord Roldan returned to them with smiles and bows; he was received rather gruffly, but as they began to suspect that they had carried their love of liberty too far, they were only sullen and said nothing. "I was obliged, my friends," said he, "to seem rough and angry in the presence of one who is a stranger, and whose interest not being our interest, may be considered as a spy. The lords of Roldan have ever fought for you: opened their gates to you:

when you were oppressed rescued you : nor have they left the soil to waste the substance which you won for them in far lands. From what poor man have we taken bread ? What hands have we thrown out of work ? What weaver's loom has been silenced by us ? Whom have we robbed that we might grow rich ? But behold that steam-engine lord ! he sits like a bloated spider, in the centre of his machinery, and the maiden whose white hand spins the thread, the weaver whose skill turns it into cloth, and the worthy dame who bleaches it on the gowans, are deprived of the fruits of their industry. The reformation which the country wants is the destruction of all these accursed scientific instruments which are beggaring the whole human race."

"I ayē tauld ye this !" exclaimed Nickie Neevison. "What did I no say now ? Have they no invented an engine for making of shoon—three hundred in the minute, three-and-saxpence the pair—regular channel-pumps. What will become of poor Rob Birse ?"

"There's nae doubt that it will be an awfu' thing after having stood the bensel sae lang, if we are enslaved by machinery," said the shoemaker, "to be overcome by the pith of sense

and vigour of bone and muscle is bad enough, but to be banged by damned timber and iron is no to be endured."

"My lord is no sae far wrang as we jaloused," said the mason; "he lives on his land, he drinks on his land, and though he does na thrive on his land, that's because we allow foreigners to come, like this bodie Heddles, and plunder us a' by means of machinery. I think machinery will soon do a' things. In England, whare I aince travelled, I found them verily worshipping God by means of a machine called an organ: and in France, where I never travelled, I'm tauld that headsmen were found too slaw to keep pace wi' public thirst o' blude, and that they invented a machine for sheering off heads, ten to the minute. But what waur is that than Heddles and his inventions, whilk take the claes off our back and keep the bread out o' our bellies?"

The sun had gone down, the harvest-moon had risen dull and watery above the hills, and the dew began to glisten on herb and flower. The tide was setting strongly into the bay, and vessels from various lands showed their masts and rigging in the distance. As one by one they came into view, conjecture was busy about

name and cargo. "Yon's the Maggie Lauder, frae the Baltic, wi' foreign fir," said the carpenter; "a scarce article and a valuable, for our Scotch pine has neither the pile nor the pith of these Norwegian plants."

"And yon's the Cuttie-mun, frae Barba-does," said another, "laden wi' that valuable weed tobacco—I declare the smell o' the article comes in the wind."

"And yon's Archie Tamson's Racer-Jess," exclaimed a third, "wi' sugar frae Jamaica; we canna live without it now, but I hae seen the day that nae laird wad let a rig o' land to a farmer, if his wife drank tea; it's a changeable world!"

"Yere a' blind thegither!" said Nickie Neev-ison, with a loud hurrah, "for yon's the van of the French fleet, commanded by my ain Morison;—my conscience, he'll make clean work o't; there will be whuppin o' cripples when he comes! he'll remember wha gat him, and wha forgat him:—O rin! will nane o' ye rin, and tell Mary Morison to come out of her grand new house and welcome her son? It's a mercy I was aye kind to him, sae I hae nought to fear. I tauld ye sae now—hear till that—I think they'll set the bay of Glengarnock on fire!"

It seemed as if Nickie's random prophecy was to be in part fulfilled; a vessel shot suddenly over from an English bay, hung out a signal, which one of the ships now standing into the firth, either could not or would not answer; a ball fired a-head, came skipping from wave to wave; a second ball struck the ship; and then shots sharp and fast followed, tipping the long foaming lines of the tide with momentary fire, and making the caverns re-echo. The whole land was in commotion; men hurried down to the shore on foot and on horseback, all anxious and all armed; no one doubted but that the French Armada was at hand; lights were kindled on the hills, and bees after a summer rain, when the sun shines out, were never busier, than was the whole population, in doing no one could tell what, save tiring their limbs, and exhausting conjecture about this strange and warlike visitation. It seemed as if the firing, which for some space continued hot, had called down the night, for the smoke below rolled no thicker than did the clouds above, so that neither shore nor sea could be seen, save when the flash of the cannon revealed them. Even this momentary light failed; the combat suddenly ceased; the

vessels were seen no more, and all was silent, save the rough gurgle of the tide on the rock; and the hurried question and answer of peasant to peasant by the side of the sea.

Among those whom the combat in the bay called to the shore were three gaugers whose business was to watch against the introduction of contraband commodities from the Isle of Man. These functionaries were very cordially disliked by the people who naturally desired to obtain their tea, their brandy, and their silks, nay their salt, duty free: instead, therefore, of affording them assistance against a resolute smuggler, it was the chief pleasure of the hinds and the farmers to baffle or mislead them.

"What is all this about?" inquired the foremost gauger.

"Where's yere een," cried Nickie Neevison, "can ye no see? under yon cloud lies a' the French navy at anchor, only waiting for the sun, to invade us. My certie, lad, ye'll get it when they come! When the deil angles for souls in the dub o' darkness, he baits his heuk wi' a gauger."

Ah! Nickie, are ye there," said the second gauger; "I like to hear that sarcastic tongue of thine—there's aye mirth in the land when it wags."

“Aye, Robert Burns, man, is this you?” said Nickie, lowering her voice and speaking in a tone almost approaching to sympathy; “we heard that ye were na weel—that the voice of the muse was hoarse and roupet, and that cold and fever, and stricken-down hopes had formed a combination against you.”

The poet replied with a sigh, “Ye heard but the truth, then. I’m no just weel, tho’ I’m gailie yet: but are ye no coming to gi’e me a shake of yere hand? ye hae gi’en me that and a kiss too, before now.”

“Aye, but ye make a sang about a’ ye say or we do,” said Nickie, “and though

‘A kiss is but a touch,
And a touch can do nae ill.’

it’s as weel to bide awa frae ye Robin, sweet though it be to live in sang.”

Here this idle talk was interrupted by the third gauger, who exclaimed, “Have done with this nonsense! here is the King’s peace broken, our rest destroyed, our revenue injured, and yet we consume our precious hours in senseless palaver. Here, woman—Nickie—what’s your name—tell me what you have heard and seen, and there’s sixpence for ye.”

Nickie, with a look of simple archness, stept

close to this third authority and looking earnestly into his face, exclaimed, "Eh, God guide us! but I'm waur nor blin'—if this binna the supervisor himself: I thought it was Dick Grahame: O, but I'm glad that some one has come clothed wi' proper authority. A man of such mark we may obey without lowering ourselves. For ye are humble wi' the haughty and haughty wi' the humble, and with the backward ye are forward as fire—a perfect gentleman!"

The supervisor's companions smiled at this sarcastic commendation. "If no one will tell me what all this means," said he, "why then I will ride along shore and see into it myself," and he spurred his horse forward.

"Take care, sir, of the gaugers' hole!" cried one rustic, "it lies right afore ye, and's as fit for drowning a supervisor as it was for swallowing poor Jamie Macrabin."

"And see that ye dinna get into the Mermaid sand," cried a second adviser; "the bonnie sea-maiden can sit on't and warble her charmed airs to mariners and the moon, but it winna bear the weight of a supervisor."

"There will be an inlake of the establishment if the demented bodie rides into the bight of the bay," said Nickie, "which I shall heartily

rejoice at—for it will give Coila's inspired son a lift. I wonder what tempted the government to waste the sweetness of such a bard on the desert air of the excise!"

"We must not allow our friend to enjoy the honour of martyrdom alone, in rummaging out a pound of smuggled tea," said Burns, and followed his superior.

The tide had but half filled the bay: the night wind set in from the Irish shore, and the waves came leaping and rushing, casting foam into the air, and sending a sound before which was heard inland for many miles. "Are you well acquainted with this line of shore, sir?" said the Poet to his superior, "it abounds with quicksands, which are better missed than found, and bends and bights where a thousand men on horseback, riding in the service of the kirk, might be drowned in three minutes—we're gaugers, and serve strange gods."

"We serve his sacred majesty, sir!" exclaimed the supervisor.

"True, true," said Burns, "he is head of the church. In good time, here comes the tide—had ye not better speak to it. Hilloa there! we are on the service of his most excellent majesty. Damn these democratic waves! they

mind us no more than they have done all other people and some of them supervisors."

The supervisor halted. "You astonish me, sir," he said to the poet, "you make a jest of every thing. You would talk treason against St. Peter, if you were going in at the gates of heaven."

"Very likely," quoth the bard; "but gaugers are like camels, they are too large for the entrance. Don't let your certainty of heaven carry you into the tide—and here it is."

The impetuous tide rolled against horse and man—and nearly threw the supervisor down—he turned his bridle shoreward, and galloped. The words with which he was welcomed as he came dripping to the beach, were not of a more cheering nature. "There maun be something gude about the cursed bodie," exclaimed one rustic, "which we didna ken of, for he has escaped."

"'Deed," exclaimed a second, "he's sae utterly bad that the sea that wad drown a mad dog wadna meddle wi' him—it has fairly bouked him out; sic stuff wadna bide on its stomach."

"Hout sirs!" said Nickie Neevison, "remember he's a christian."

"Christian!" exclaimed a smuggler, "he's

as soon the man-in-the-moon—he's nae christian—he's an exciseman."

The supervisor took shelter in a public-house nigh the shore, and there, with his pistols laid on the table, and something comfortable preparing in the kitchen, the representative of majesty proposed to abide till he should hear of the smuggling cutter which had so suddenly called him into action.

"Be sure," said the keeper of the hostel to his wife, "be sure and rin whenever the supervisor rings, and let us, aboon a' things, labour to please him: for he's as proud as a turkey-cock, and thinks a' fowk fools but himself."

No sooner had he taken a seat, than he began to show that the Boniface of Glengarnock had measured his character more accurately than perhaps he ever measured a whiskey-gill. "Be seated, be seated," he said to his companions, "and here, take a glass of this warm punch; it is good for the night air, and may be beneficial after the narrow escape which I made in my zeal for his majesty's service. And now, gentlemen, more particularly you, Robert Burns, let me admonish you to be more circumspect in speech than has hitherto been your pleasure. Your allusions to established

things are both free and dangerous. It countenances, too, the insolence of the peasantry. Did ye not hear how rudely they wagged their tongues against me when I was so providentially rescued from the waves ? ”

“ Truly, sir,” said Burns, “ the dignity of our profession is so well supported by your looks and by your actions, that inferior officers are rendered careless : even I myself—a mirror of propriety formerly—am become little better than one of the wicked. Whenever you are nigh me I feel wild thoughts rising in my heart, and wild words mustering atween my lips ; I feel, in short, that it is no longer necessary to be prudent or circumspect, as our supervisor attracts all eyes, and sustains the honourable profession

‘ Of gauging auld wives’ barrels.’

The supervisor, deceived by the quiet grave face of the poet, imagined his words were all to the increase of his honour, and clothed himself in more consequence. He looked more loftily, distributed the punch with something of a regal air, and then said, “ Has the muse not visited you of late Robert, have you had no twilight interviews with her where the Clouden meets the Nith ? Why, the scene we have just witnessed—

a scene where your superior officer, in the discharge of his duty, endangered his life—might inspire you.”

“I have been crooning over to myself a stanza or so on the subject,” said the poet, “here’s a tasting; tell me how you like it.”

“The deil came fiddling through the town,

And danced awa wi’ the exciseman;

And ilk auld wife cried, ‘Auld Mahoun,

We wish you luck o’ the prize, man :

We’ll make our maut, we’ll brew our drink,

We’ll dance, we’ll sing, and rejoice, sir—

Deil, dinna be nice, take my advice,

Come back for the supervisor.”

“Sir,” said the offended officer, “you are a person of incorrigible levity; and whether it be verse or prose, you cannot abstain from a fling at the higher powers. But beware! remember you were admonished that your business was to act and not to think: the government may not always be in so milky a mood, nor your superior officer so gentle. Your levity reminds me of my duty: see that your pistols be loaded, and that your sword will leave its sheath; then go and watch for two hours between the Sea-gull cliff and the Falcon tower; observe what is doing in the bay, and should smugglers appear, arrest them in my name, and in that of his majesty.”

The Poet, in no pleasant mood, placed himself on the watch; but the air was fine and the scene pleasant. He soon forgot that his business was to observe, and not to muse; and giving way to his imagination, travelled back in Scottish story; filled the bay with English shallops; lined the shore with Scottish spearmen; heard the horns sound and the bugles blow, and saw the white line of shells on the shore dyed with the blood of encountering ranks. He was standing on a rock nigh the Falcon tower; his drawn sword was stretched towards the dancing waves, and he was looking at the moon, as it tinged the eastern hills, and stained all the grass-slopes with silver. A boat unperceived came close to his feet, and a stranger, tall, handsome, and partly muffled in a sea-cloak, sprang upon the rock, and exclaimed,

‘The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready,
The shouts of war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody.’

I heard these words sung in a foreign land—
they bear the stamp of Burns.”

CHAPTER X.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread, who swink and toil;
But a fell tribe the Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee."

THOMSON.

THE Poet, at this unexpected address, stepped back, and said:—"What! has Lord Roldan been tempting the waters to-night?"

The stranger turned quickly round, and by the moonlight showed a youthful face, dark and tanned with the sun of a hotter clime than that of Scotland; a face which the poet knew, yet could not name. "I am no lord, sir," said the stranger, with emphasis: "I am but a man—for I hold with the bard of Caledonia:—

'The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

And I have been where that is the text, from

which the great moral and philosophic sermon of human freedom is preached."

"I shall not ask where that land lies," replied Burns, "neither shall I ask your name; but I can guess both;—Morison—

—Your native land was right ill-willie,"

and I shall quarrel with no other for being kind to you. You are welcome, whatever wind has wafted you."

"I thank you," said Morison. "My native land has indeed been unkind;—I was cast from it, as an unfledged bird is cast from its nest in a stormy day; that I have not perished, thanks to good fortune, and to that Power which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

"You see," said the poet, with a bitter smile, "that I have got something from my country, which renders it very dear to me; for an idle song, and a ludicrous verse or two, I have been elevated into the Excise; behold I am a gauger, whose business it is to hinder an old wife to smoke her tobacco free of duty; or a hind who has the toothache to relieve it by untaxed brandy. Should you have French lace on your shirt, or an Indian handkerchief in your pocket, I should feel it my duty to seize and retain them."

“O! but,” replied the other, in the same tone, “I come from a land that has taught me the art of resisting such aggressions. I carry about me little articles of curious manufacture, which, when rightly used, repel in a moment all such attempts as you allude to, and moreover level all distinctions.”

“You excite my curiosity much,” said the poet; “the sound of liberty and equality has reached our shores, but woe to those who are charmed with it.”

Morison and the poet walked side by side for a little space—they eyed each other—they were willing to be confidential; the former from the love and admiration which he entertained for genius; and the latter, from an open frankness of nature, and the pleasure which he had in unburthening his soul to one of a kindred spirit.

“You say,” said Morison, “that the sound of liberty and equality has reached these shores, but woe to those who are charmed with it.—What woe can come upon those who entertain opinions manifestly in unison with the creation? God made man in his own image, but did God make the dukes and princes, born in the purple, who now oppress him?”

“How much of that is my own opinion,” replied the poet, “time will show.”

“Nay,” answered Morison, “it is all your own; the freedom which is now brightening over Scotland is a halo from the verse of Burns: who, like him, has sung of man with his feelings, his impulses, and his aspirations? can I forget the many noble verses in which he has inculcated independence?—who can answer this?—

‘If I’m to be yon lordling’s slave,
By nature’s law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E’er planted in my mind?’

The calm rapture with which Morison repeated these lines touched the poet both as a man and a genius; he turned full round on him, held out both his hands and said, “If you were Belial—nay, if you were Robespierre’s spirit, you are welcome, and you are safe: but hush! who comes here?—Well, it may be so, but no man will ever persuade me that the moon has not power on the flux and reflux of the tides. Why, sir, the planet holds rule over all inconstant things; it influences women, it influences the councils of princes, it rules our waters, it ripens our corn, nay, it whitens our linen.”

“Stuff, stuff!” said Hugh Heddles, head of

the firm of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft, & Company, advancing, "What's all the moonshine in the firmament compared to my incomparable scientific solution for purifying linen and rendering it white? Stuff, stuff! it will bleach a seventeen-hundred linen web, forty ells long, better in ten minutes than all the moons that ever shone, aided by a hundred white legged lasses such as ye take pleasure in singing about, with ladles in their hands, will do in a summer season. But what are ye doing here, stride, striding amang the shells and pebbles? the fighting ships are ance gane and aye gane, and nobody thinks of smuggling an ell of lace or a pound of green tea now. No, no! go away with ye to yere cities and yere towns, there's more tricks practised on the revenue there in one hour than there's in the country-side in a year." While saying this Hugh touched Morison's foot slightly with his; kept peering into his face and winking at the same time with the left eye, as if he had something very particular to communicate. The poet perceived this, and humming the air of Lewie Gordon, and fitting a word here and there to the tune, strode quietly along the shore.

When the gauger was fairly out of ear-shot

Hugh opened his commission. "It's no," said he, "that I'm much afraid of Burns: he's other than a sharp one I can tell ye, and's owre muckle ta'en up wi' his daft sangs and rhymer falderals, to heed what's either coming or ganging. More nor that, his muse is other than a moral ane—he has composed a dozen sangs, some say fourteen, on a graceless quean here, called Jean Lotimer, so ye see there's little cause of dread frae him: yet ye're right—I commend ye: cast a bone in the deil's teeth, and giff gaff's a wise thing even wi' a gauger. But where, in all the world, have ye the cargo hidden? Mind, I want half a dozen ankers of it, right pure and gude. I find a ready market for it among my machinery lads: I pay them in kind, and have the tae half o' the tither out of all commodities. Sax ankers, mind that—but ye maun take payment in cottons: siller's as scarce here as pine apples; and throw a basket o' spicery into the bargain, it's nought to you, but something to me."

Morison allowed Hugh's tongue to run on without interruption. "I am but a visiter here, sir," said he, "a lover of the muse only."

"A lover of the muse?" exclaimed Hugh.—
"I might have expected as much. I took ye

for a seafaring person—a captain for yere ain hand: but if ye deal in the spider-web manufacture o' the muse I have done wi' ye: hegh, be't! how a sea-cloak and a bauld step deceive ane: I'll take a clocking-hen for a gier-eagle next—Gudenight.”

Burns rejoined Morison with a laugh:—“There spoke the whole isle from Cornwall cliff to the Firth of Pentland;—‘Behold a nation in a man expressed.’ Men are becoming mere machines; nothing is beautiful with them, unless they can prove it to be useful; the gowans will be weeded from the ground, and the northern Aurora, with her tresses of celestial fire, pronounced an idle meteor, not worth the glimmer of a farthing candle.”

“So will many continue to talk,” replied Morison; “the art, unteachable, untaught, will be despised by all who have little sensibility; by all whose hearts are not open to the beautiful, or throb not at the impassioned. But what grieves me more than all is, to see men whose works diffuse happiness through millions of bosoms, deprived of the station which God had ordained them to fill, and jostled into the mire by some titled accident of a lord—some coronnetted piece of impertinence; and such things calmly endured.”

"Not calmly endured, sir," replied the poet, "but who would kick against the pricks? Here hereditary rank has for half a century lorded it over hind and mechanic: it is true, that in this the purpose and aim of creation are violated; but all the power, all the wealth, all the land of the island, are in the hands of a few hundreds; he who grumbles is deprived of bread, he who does more is deprived of the little liberty that is left him."

Morison sighed and said, "the picture is a just one; but a spirit has arisen which kings cannot charm down, that will amend all this. In France, as in Britain, some men were born rulers; rank was every thing, and the rest of the nation nothing; the hind and the mechanic appeared born to be saddled and bridled and ridden by the spurred and booted nobility. This was long endured: but France served her apprenticeship to freedom in America, and returning home set up for herself; at one gigantic effort she threw a ten centuries load of oppression from her back; and stood erect and free. This alarmed those who rule the earth—all Europe preached a crusade against her: now was the time to show that divine power pertained to divine right; on

rolled the tide of aristocracy, and France seemed about to be swallowed up: but men who have something to fight for will fight like men; the invading hordes were repulsed with shame."

"Yes, sir," said Burns, "France fought nobly, God justified the principles of creation, and gave victory to those who claimed freedom for their birthright."

"The great war," continued Morison, "is but begun: the great war of right against wrong; the great war in which rank of intellect will achieve dominion over the world. The right divine of the few will be opposed to the natural right of the many, and France will have to fight, single-handed, the fight of the human species—and she will be victorious."

"I trust she will, sir," replied Burns, "and yet I dread the result; whole nations of well-disciplined slaves will be forced against her; the fiery and impetuous chivalry of many lands, will be all on flame to justify, on democratic crests, their aristocratic pretensions."

"It cannot fail to be so," was the answer. "And yet there can be no doubt of the upshot. All the military genius of France—all the talent which she produces, will be armed and in the

van in her cause. She follows up the great principle of nature ; she knows what genius is—that merit sups with a horn spoon, as well as with one of silver. The brave, the daring, the skilful, and the inventive, rise stride after stride from obscurity to distinction with her ; some of her best leaders were ploughmen and grooms ; the chief of her army is a poor youth, educated at one of her charitable schools ; had he been born here, he might have risen to the rank of corporal, for his family was too poor to purchase military station, and as he is steady and methodical, who knows but he might have become paymaster-sergeant ? he is now about to lead the arms of France against the despotisms of Italy—the half of Europe will be at his feet in one campaign.”

As they traversed the sea-shore, a solitary stroller might be here and there observed, or groups of peasants conversing ; while the clatter of horses’ hoofs approaching or departing, intimated that a smuggling craft was in the bay, and that foreign silks, lace, wine, and brandy were in the contraband market. Burns listened, and spoke too with freedom and earnestness, but kept a sharp lookout seaward ; Morison

desired to go inland ; a secret yearning of soul had brought him on a hurried pilgrimage to his native place, and to go and return without the knowledge of all, save his mother, was his dearest wish. He trusted much to the obscurity of night ; to the dress which he wore ; to his altered looks, for the lad had risen into the man ; and above all, he had confidence in his own judgment, and resolved to remain with the poet, till all who came in quest of contraband commodities retired. "If I can but elude the eyes and ears of Nickie Neevison," he said to himself, "I despair not of baffling others."

As this was passing through his mind, up came the heiress of Fourmerkland : "Ah ! Mattie Anderson," said Burns, "this is kind of you : the night is raw, the place itself cozie, and here have you come to cheer me with your bright eyes and witty tongue."

"'Deed," exclaimed the heiress, "I come on nae sic daft errand ; ye ken yerself that keeping company wi' you gies ane a heeze in sang, but disnae improve ane's reputation ; if ye misdoubt me, ask bonnie Jean Lotimer, the lassie wi' the lint-white locks."

"I care not, and I inquire not, what has

brought you," replied the poet, "but here you are—your looks would make the longest night seem short."

"I tell ye now and for ever mair," said the heiress, "that all yere fine winnowed words are lost on me : I care for nane of your fule sangs ; ye mauna think to carry me aff my feet wi' the charm of verse ; there was a lad—Morison Roldan by name—wha made sic sangs about me as wad hae wiled the lark frae the firmament—I heeded them as I did the breeze that waved but my locks and flew by me."

The poet glanced his eye on Morison, who stood in the shadow of a cross, raised by one of his ancestors to commemorate his safe return from a military pilgrimage to the Holy Land ; and thus continued the conversation.

"Weel, Mattie, I'll no dispute wi' ye in matters of taste ; I dare say ye are as right in disregarding my sangs as ye were in scorning Morison's ; but I have heard his genius in verse praised—can ye repeat me one of his lyrics ? what did he say of the fair lass of Fourmerkland ?"

Loud laughed the heiress, and replied :—
"Mony a fine fule thing he said o' me, weel I wot, but they gaed in at ae lug and out at the

tither; d'ye think that my memorie's sic an ass as to burthen itself with idle verse? but I am wasting time, and time's precious;—now Rob, ye mauna stand in the way; I ken ye are a kindly man; I hear there's a smuggling craft in the bay, and gin this be the captain, I wad speak a private word with him—I am likely to be married soon, and want some lace cheap, and maybe a drap of brandy; be civil, and ye shall come to the bridal.”

Morison could have wished himself somewhere else, yet the conversation was not uninteresting to him, and of this Burns seemed to be aware, for he cunningly prolonged the colloquy, and kept turning it back on bygone things, when it seemed about to move onward. “We will look to that belyve, Mattie,” he said, “I'll no stand in yere road, only ye maun countenance the matter wi' a kiss, by way of erles.”

“Ye are a' alike,” said Mattie, “a kiss is but a touch, and a touch makes fules fain: ye shall have half a dizen gif ye let me get a riving bargain; and now I think on't, if ye will let me pass for a friend of yours, the captain there will be the mair liberal.”

“Aweel,” said Burns, “it shall be as ye wish;

he's a foreigner, and kens nae mair what we say than a laverock kens of the language of a linnet. Which of my muses would ye desire to personate? the lassie wi' the lint-white locks—or Anna with hair like melted gold—or the gentle Mrs. Mac? But first let me measure your waist, and then yere mouth for a sang: by my soul its a sweet ane! but ye come from the hills where the honey's rife."

The heiress of Fourmerkland was not, perhaps, prepared for this unceremonious salute of the poet, which he bestowed with hearty good will: she started from him, and wiping her lips with the palms of her hands, exclaimed, "Ye impudent ne'erdoweel, how dare ye to meddle wi' me? I'm nane o' yere limmers, light of character, and havings—I'm nane of your umquhile maidens, with locks either lint-white or gowden—and Mrs. Mac! ye mak weel;—are ye no ashamed of yersel', wi' a douce wife, aye, and a weel-faured ane, at hame, to pickle in ithier fowk's powk-nooks? Ye maun be meddling with a douce lass, widely respecket and weel connecket, wha comes wi' nae other protection but her ain innocence to the sea-shore, to buy a gaud or twa, to mense her at kirk or at market!"

“Come, come, Mattie, my bonnie ane,” said the poet, “be na sae proud and sae scornfu’. Ye made mouths at poor Morison Roldan, the cleverest, aye, and the handsomest youth that ever wet a foot in Nith or Dee: ye’ll maybe live to see the day on which ye will rue this taste: have ye not heard that Morison has risen to high distinction in another land? he is equal to lord or earl, and the lady whom he loves may wear more gowd on her kirtle than would buy a baron’s land.”

The heiress cracked her thumbs and cried, “I wadna gie the worth of a deaf nit for the truth o’ the intelligence; I ken Morison owre weel to think that he’ll ever rise to what ye ca’ distinction. Of a’ the lads I ever saw he was the least purpose like: no but he could make a fraise about ane, and lay on the lip and do weel enough in the dark; but O, to see him in candlelight, he couldna do a hand’s turn; he tried ae night to fasten a souple to the handstaff—ye might as well hae set the cat to cast a skipper’s knot: he took up a stick and whate, and whate, and whate—he whate it a’ to chips, he couldna make a pudding pin on’t! naebody but a poet like you wad believe’t. No, he’ll never do weel, take my word for’t; an he were an earl the morn he wad

cast away the coronet afore night, as he threw away Howeboddum."

"Ah! but my fair lass of Fourmerkland," said the bard, "men in France are not weighed in your balance. When Morison comes owre the sea with gold in his left hand and diamonds on his right, and with the proudest of the land at his bridle-rein, what will bonnie Mattie say? tear after tear will she drap, sigh after sigh will she heave; she'll think how she has marred her ain fortune, and become the wife of a born gomeral, when she might hae been the lady of one whom princes must bow to, and who will have kingdoms to give away. Ah, Mattie! ye have knotted yere soul up in the purse that holds your father's gold."

The heiress began to tire of this unprofitable chat. "Ye Mattie weel," she said, "naebody but my ain mither ventures to call me other than Miss Anderson: but the words of a poet are to be heeded nae mair than the sough of the Solway. Will ye speak to the captain about yon, yea or nay? But bide awee—ye will speak sae unlike a man of the earth that I shall even venture on him myself.—Captain"—she continued, raising her voice, "I want twelve yards of yere broadest lace and twa ankers of yere best brandy;

and if ye'll send them quietly in the howe of the night to Fourmerkland, the bearer shall get the siller." As she made this proposal she went close up to Morison ;—he was increased in stature, and his face, touched by foreign suns, had lost its bloom, while the curled moustache on his upper-lip concealed the smile which played about the corners of his mouth, as his old bargain-making sweetheart instructed him in matters of brandy and lace. It was the wish of Morison, as we have already said, to continue concealed : he bowed graciously to this offer—held out his finger in the direction of Fourmerkland, and taking a small packet from his bosom placed it in her hand, then turning abruptly away walked down to the shore.

The heiress undid the packet : it contained Brussels lace worthy of a duchess : she looked at this treasure by the light of the moon, then she glanced after the retiring figure of Morison, and stepping up to Burns said, "I was right—I'm seldom wrang in my estimate of man's character : there's a present of broad lace weel worth a guinea a yard : it was nae smuggler gied me that—it could be naebody else and was naebody else save my auld jo, Morison. How he has come by it wha kens ; but light come

light gane : he wad gie away a principality the day, though he should beg his bread through't the morn. What a luck it was that I didna hearken to him !”

Here was a young and beautiful woman, with all the symptoms of confirmed and concentrated selfishness upon her. The bard regarded her as a curiosity : “Mattie, my bonnie bird,” said he, “ye ken what’s what—ye ken what side o’ the bread the butter’s on. O, don’t be alarmed ; I only held out my hand by way of illustrating my words—I winna touch ye.”

“Aye,” said the heiress, “and how am I to ken that ? ye ca’ me yere bonnie bird, and ye put forth yere hand, as if ye fain wad catch me ; but I’m no the bird to be caught wi’ chaff.”

“I called ye bird, Mattie ; but I didna mean lark, nor linnet, nor goldfinch, nor any of the winged children of song—no, you are but a magpie, and your food is garbage.”

“O, sirs !” cried the heiress, “but we are scornful ! I have seen mony a magpie enjoying the free air of heaven when the linnet and the goldfinch were mourning in a cage. Take ye that, ye plackless ballad-maker.”

“By my soul !” exclaimed the poet, when the heiress was gone, “but she has spunk in

her, in spite of all her selfishness. Well, Morison, you hear that you are still considered so thoroughly a poet—so possest with the infirmities of the bardic clan—that good fortune to you will be but as a snare ; come, you had better

‘ Quat the spurtle-blade and dog-skin wallet,’

and take your station among the sons of song—the children of light.”

“ Were this,” said the other, “ uttered in seriousness, I should think of a serious answer : I regard it, in the language of the same national poet whom you have quoted, as

‘ Ironic satire sidlens sklentet
On my puir musie.’

But I must be gone—time presses and time calls.”

“ Stay,” said the poet, laying his hand on the arm of Morison, “ stay, we part not thus : it is not every night that the wind wafts me a man after my own heart—a softer, a gentler, a more chivalrous, a—happier Burns.”

The face of the bard, as he said this, brightened like a summer morn : his ploughman stoop was gone : he stood erect, while his eyes, swimming in liquid light, were fixed on Morison’s

glowing face, and seemed to look through him; and read all that was in his soul. "I speak," continued the poet, "from knowledge, and not at random: I have known you long—all your thoughts, all your acts, were, from a boy, of a poetic order: you loved the lonely shores, the ruined towers, the lonesome glens, and the fairy waterfalls. I have seen you on the highest stone of the tottering tower of your ancestors—I have seen you on the slenderest branch of the tallest tree in the glen, herrying the hooded crows' nest, because no other boy dared to do it, and because it had robbed a thrush of her young: I have seen you swimming in the midnight tide of the Solway, when the wind howled among Siddick rocks, and the lightning was kindling with its flashes the agitated waters from Allan-bay to Arbigland; and I have seen you confounding one much your superior in age and in strength, because he had tyrannized over the weak and the motherless. Your genius and enthusiasm soon took the shape of song—I do not mean that you wrote harmonious verse to melodious tunes, and that the words at the ends of the lines corresponded in look and sound. No: your songs were of another stamp; in them there was romantic feeling, natural language, and

a loftiness of sentiment as high above the common run of rustic verse as Criffel is above Drum-roof. It is from knowledge, therefore, I entreat you to abide with us, and lift the banner of poesie in your native Scotland.

“You have spoken plainly, and I see by your looks, sincerely,” replied Morison; “I will not deny that I once indulged in poetic dreams, and thought how glorious it was to live remembered as Burns will be, by the melodious lips of beauty. But intercourse with the world has changed my thoughts; a career of another kind is opened to me—not second to that of song, but superior to it.”

“Aye, indeed!” answered Burns, “and what may this career be, if one may ask?—Remember, that the sons of song are at the head of earth-born genius.”

“All honour to the children of inspiration!” answered Morison, “but I hold, that he who strives to pull down crowned tyranny, and restore freedom to mankind, attempts a nobler and more glorious thing, than he who writes an epic or a drama.”

“Aye, but,” replied the poet, “in the recovery of freedom blood will be shed like water: in the reclamation of birthright, the life, as well

as liberty of others, will be endangered ; kings and earls hold presumptuous rank, but the rank has descended to them, and surely we are not to strike a man's head off, because a bit of gold has happened to drop on it ?”

Morison disengaged his arm from that of the poet, stepped a step back, and said :—“ If princes and peers refuse to see what is best for mankind, their eyes must be opened, and since they will not yield to a gentle shake, their wakening must be a rough one. You wish me to rank among poets, my wish is to rank among patriots ; you desire me to pour my soul out in song, my desire is to pour out all my energy in the battle of freedom against tyranny ; and in that strife I have already felt a rapture, which all the ecstasy of poetic inspiration cannot equal ; the hour is at hand, in which I shall return to it.”

“ Alas ! alas ! my young friend,” said Burns, “ these are the dreams of a poetic imagination ; the world which you seek to renovate, is cold, selfish, and cruel ; you will find, when the tyrant, with a crown on his head, has disappeared, that ten will start up in his place ; the cunning will outwit you ; the selfish will abandon you, and the ambitious will use your talent

to achieve their own ends;—the three-fourths of mankind are grovelling wretches, fit only for the curb and the spur;—the poetic empire for me!” And he looked rapturously to the sky, and strode up and down the beach, kicking the shells and pebbles like chaff.

“Oppression subdued poetry within me,” said Morison, “and made me what I am;—yes, the time is, perhaps, not distant, when the proud nobles of this isle will have cause to reflect on their deeds of injustice, their pride, which would not allow them to repair, by marriage, the wrongs they had wrought by love, or call the unhappy offspring of their cruel gallantry, child; the sword is whetted and the cannon are cast; aye, and the master-mind is in action that can accomplish it all. And why should not Burns lend a hand? it was his verse which first poured this Solway-tide of freedom into my soul.”

“Because,” said the poet, “I wish not to wet a Scottish gowan with Scottish blood; we have many wrongs, but we shall repair them by the giant force of fair and steady remonstrance, by honest wishes, frankly and boldly expressed; I seek for no foreign help in this: I would rather continue a slave to a Briton,

than take my freedom from a foreigner, and I will tell you why: against the former I should hope to prevail by force or persuasion, the latter could only come for his own ends, and his object would be to maintain his system of patronage, to use a soft word, for the increase of his own power. As for going abroad to fight for other nations like a gladiator, such a step is too humiliating for Burns."

"Abide where you are then," exclaimed Morison, "and take the fate which awaits you. You despise the patriotism—the largeness of soul—which fights the battle of human nature on a foreign soil, and desire me to raise the banner of Scottish poetry. Has not the great, the rapturous poet who stands before me, raised that banner, and what is the upshot?

'Gauging auld wives' barrels, ohon the day!'

The patriot dies on the field of battle, and with the shout of victory in his ear;—the poet, harassed by contemptible critics, insulted by the wealthy and titled, and scorned by the vulgar low, as well as the vulgar lofty, dies on the bed of poverty, amid the cries of his children for bread. Nay, should his country in a fever-fit of mercy, resolve to patronise poetry, such is the taste of those in the high places

that the undeserving will receive the honours due to the meritorious. Burns is a gauger, but Pye is Poet Laureate. No!—poetry is not for me; I could not endure the insolence of rank, nor the pity of critics; rather let me hasten back whence I came, and seek with my comrades in arms, to restore the order of nature, fulfil the designs of Providence, and make the world one vast republic, where the highest genius shall have the highest honour.”

The face of the poet brightened, as a dark cloud when the sun is behind it. “May God,” he exclaimed, “in his mercy to mankind send it! but he must send it soon, else Burns will not live to see it.—Farewell.” And suddenly separating himself from his companion, he sauntered along the shore, and was presently heard humming a Scottish air, and measuring out words to it—words amid which that sacred word Liberty was frequently repeated.

CHAPTER XI.

I wad gie a' my lands and rents
I had that lady within my stents ;
I wad gie a' my lands and towers
I had that lady within my bowers.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

WHILE this occurred on the sea-shore, Lord Roldan was on his way to the Elfin-glen, resolved on an interview with Mary Morison. This was no hasty resolution ; for some time he had been meditating how to avert the ruin which seemed for lack of male heirs to impend over his house and name. He considered that he was advancing in years and approaching the period when all the life of love is gone : since the failure of his negotiation with the fantastic Lady Vane he had relinquished the idea of providing his estate with an heir by the usual method of matrimony. He began to think that he had behaved unwisely and cruelly to a woman every way but his equal, and barbarously to his son. His pride had hitherto hindered Lord Roldan from thinking of Mary as his wife, but to the want of an

heir, we may add, unsubdued love ; the rude shaking which the French revolution had given to the settled notions of the island, as well as the high deeds ascribed to his son. These and other causes, induced him to look often towards the Elfin-glen and soften his feelings towards its still beloved inhabitant.

The shealing and glen of our earlier pages had now an altered look : a house resembling a little rustic temple which Morison saw on the banks of the Rhine had replaced the humble shed, but the plan had been so contrived as to enclose as a shrine the chamber in which the mother and son had passed so many solitary days. In this small room nothing had been disturbed ; the school-books, nay, the playthings of the boy were there ; the fishing-rods which he loved to make and use, the cages which he had fashioned with some skill to hold the thrushes which it was his delight to rear, even his attempts at verse, all were preserved, and to a close observer some of them might be seen marked with the tears which the mother had shed for the loss of her boy. All around, the natural beauty of the place had been augmented without injuring its picturesque splendour, the road to the Elfin-cavern was planted with flowers, the little

silver spring in the interior was enclosed in hewn stone, and a place was made for her attendant maidens to sit at the entrance without exposure to sun or shower ; while Mary herself indulged her feelings in the interior, and read or prayed as she felt affected.

Let not our readers start at the change we have intimated. It was Morison's pride and delight to enable his mother to appear without reproach among the proud and well-dressed dames of Caledonia. Of silks, jewels, and money he sent her not a little, and intimated too, as a secret which he desired her to keep, that he would one day surprise her with a visit notwithstanding the war which now separated him from his native land. This change did not, however, take place without remark. When a silken gown superseded one of linsey-woolsey, and rings of gold with diamonds in them, appeared in place of those of humbler metal ; "See !" cried one dame to another, "see how fine madam of the glen's grown ! My certie, her tumble has turned out a fortunate ane ! it's no every maiden that rises the mair beauteous frae her misfortune. There she goes rustling in her silks nae less, and wi' her diamond rings ;

' Three for ilka finger, and twa for ilka thumb.'

If I thought sic gude fortune wad follow, I'm no sure but I should be tempted to miss a foot myself."

The whole envy of the vale broke out like a volcano, when the little cot of the Elfin-glen was cast to the ground, and a new and elegant structure rose in its place. The first cry was, "Mary Morison's gane daft wi' the loss of her wean, and has dung down her house." The second cry was, "What can a' thae pedestals and pillars mean?—It canna be a kirk, for where's the stipend to come frae? and it canna be a palace, for where's the princess to put into it?" But when the copestone of the whole was laid, and Mary was seen walking about accompanied by her maidens, there was a general outburst of, "And this is the way she takes to make us forget her faults and follies; saw ye ever sic pride! a pillared haddin and two hempie handmaidens. Had she made it like the repentance-stool there wad hae been sense in it; but she has recorded her shame in lime and stane and made it monumental."

As Lord Roldan approached lights streamed from every window, and figures were seen to move from room to room. It was the anniversary of the day on which Mary had first heard

from her son after his disappearance;—Jeanie Rabson and Nanse Halberson were there, and a sort of grand inquest was held on the presents which Morison had sent home. “I never saw sic things wi’ my een!” said the heiress of Howeboddum; “there’s silks of all hues, satins of all samples, and jewels mair than Susan Pye wore.”

“O Mary, woman!” exclaimed Nanse, “this Morison of thine is not only an honour to thee, but will be ane to the wide world. I aye took him for a boy by ordinar, but wha could have dreamed of this? And O! to think that he has nae forgot the auld witch wife: mony a time I wished myself a real witch for his sake, and thine too Mary; but witchcraft couldna hae done what he has done for himself.”

“Nae doubt,” replied Mary; “but my heart rejoices, and that I feel the kindness of God in turning a misery into an honour; a black sin into a shining light. Yet O! it wrings my heart that my bonnie boy is no fighting in the ranks of his ain countrymen, but is become a leader and a chief amang the French, who cut off kings’ heads as they would the heads of common fowk, and have pulled down baith throne and altar.”

“Hout,” said Jeanie Rabson, “sae long as Morison’s no fighting against his ain kith and kin it’s little matter wha he’s fighting against; and if he did sae, poor fellow, I havena the heart to blame him, for he was sadly used. But, Mary, that satin gown becomes ye; do try on this plumed turban—I wonder where Morison picked it up! He has been warring wi’ the Turk, and, therefore, is nae muckle to blame. Now, I insist on’t, ye maun try on this real Cashmere shawl, the like o’t was never seen in Glogarnock; and I’ll e’en fix on this jewel, it has a light o’ its ain like the moon. Nanse Halber-son, dinna ye think our Mary was born to be a lady?”

As Jeanie Rabson uttered this a hasty step was heard in the entrance, the door opened, and Lord Roldan stood before them. The heiress of Howeboddom shook, to use her own simile, like the leaf o’ the linn; Nanse Halber-son looked on him as if she would have looked through him; while Mary Morison stept forward and said, “None save the worthy presume to enter here: begone!”

Lord Roldan gazed on her for a few minutes’ space; the colour rose in his cheeks; it was evident that he was equally amazed and de-

lighted : the first words he uttered were, " Old woman, your words are just—Mary was born to be a lady ! "

" I aye said it would come to this," murmured Jeanie Rabson, " she'll be the lady of the land yet, and weel will she set it an' it were a princedom."

" Lord Roldan," said Mary with a calm dignity, " what is the purpose of your visit ? This is the anniversary of my bairn's delivery from thralldom ; you cannot be come to share in our joy ? Begone, I say ! Heaven is merciful, else the very pillars of this house would fall and crush ye where ye stand."

" Mary !—Mary Morison," he said, with a voice as soft as the gentlest music, " I come neither to insult you nor to share in your joy, though, believe me, I feel it. I come to do an act of justice—an act of justice did I say ? I come to claim a right, and I am glad that there are witnesses to my words, as to my actions."

" O ! " exclaimed Mary with some bitterness, " let me summon my maidens ; let me call in the people of this wide vale ; a strange thing is about to happen—Lord Roldan is going to do an act of justice ! We all have heard of his cruelty, and some have felt it ; but his justice ! that is

something new.” So saying she sat down, motioning her two companions to seats. “Girls,” said she, addressing her maidens whom curiosity or alarm had brought into the room, “be seated: something terrible is to happen—Lord Roldan is about to be just!”

The brow of Lord Roldan was for a moment darkened, but he had an aim in coming which he had no wish to miss—he spoke calmly. “My house and name, are of old standing, and they are both honoured in the land yet: we have, indeed, erred—nay, sinned; but our errors were rather the offspring of our station than of our heart; the accident of our birth than a settled purpose of soul. If I for many years have forborne to express feelings dear to my heart, and let my bosom indulge in its own natural throbs, have I not been more than punished by the consuming fire within me?” He paused and looked round.

The heiress of Howeboddom said with a smile, “If your lordship had spoken ay in that mysterious way it might hae been better for some of the lasses o’ this land: but ye hae come to do a deed of justice - go on.”

“The thing,” continued his lordship, “which my heart often whispered me to do was as often

forbidden by a mother's pride and by the vanity of high descent. Mary, have you forgot the hours of love and joy, and mutual vows passed in this fairy cottage and in the Elfin-cavern? have you forgot how we took the moon with all her stars, the stream with all its beauty, and the flowers with all their fragrance to witness that we were united in heart and soul?"

"Forgot them?" said Mary in a low voice, "that is impossible! the memory of those moments is branded on my heart; I wish I could forget them. When I succeed in banishing them from my thoughts by day they return to me at night in dreams; nay, the music of the burn, the melody of the birds, the blossoming of the hawthorn, and the fragrance of the honeysuckle, all unite in reminding me of my errors and in impressing on my heart a calm loathing for him who wooed long and eloquently to win a heart that he might rend it and trample upon it. Say on: ye hear that I still remember the days of my youth, and the music of ten thousand vows made but to be broken."

"Yes, Mary," his lordship continued; "but I wish you to do more—I wish you to think that I am not so base a being as the world deems me—I wish you to think, that while I

could not master my love, I was under the tyranny of a stern mother, and custom and pride more tyrannical still.—Mary, what is your opinion; can we release ourselves from vows and oaths, uttered before that God, whose presence fills the universe? have we power to absolve ourselves of sacred obligations? No! I say we have no such power, unless we are mutually agreed, and that mutual agreement has never been—can never be—for who would act so basely to their own honour and their own heart.”

“Lord Roldan,” replied Mary, “before I hear any more, I shall leave you for a few minutes; there is a monitor whom I must consult, one to whom I had recourse when you forsook me, and but for three friends, left desolate—two of those friends are before you, the third is an invisible one, but he hath ears.” She retired as she spoke, to her little chamber; kissed, and clasped to her bosom the bonnet of her son, together with one or two of his favourite books, took her head-dress off, and allowing her locks to flow free, she knelt with bared knees on the cold stone, and laying her forehead on her palms, addressed a prayer with touching earnestness to God, desiring his help and protection in a con-

fluct, which she perceived near, between her duty to her own character and the feelings of youth, which were still strong within her; she again and again prayed that her own treacherous heart might not be allowed to shake the settled purpose of her soul, and that neither rank nor wealth—nor lingering love might prevail against truth and honour. She returned to the room with a tranquil look, and resumed her seat, saying, “If there is more to be said let me hear it, but be brief; this evening is dedicated to thoughts of the absent, and I desire it may not be much further intruded on.”

Lord Roldan was interrupted in his answer by the entrance of Nickie Neevison, who approached at a dancing step, cracking her thumbs and crooning the old song of “Wha’s that at my bower door?” No sooner did she see his lordship and cast her eye on the splendid dress of Mary Morison, than she exclaimed, “My certie, my sang’s in season, and I’m in time—here’s a bridal toward! aye, aye, lang looked for’s come at last, they’re far ahin that daurna follow, wha wad hae thought o’ this now? Lord! but if Lady Winnifred gat an inkling of this, she wad make a stir in her cerements; it wadna be the gilt coffin, nor yet the twa ell deep o’ mools, that

wad keep her frae bestowing a blessing on her only son, for buckling himself to ane of her menials. But gang on wi' yere wooing—will yere lordship let me get a look at the bridal ring? Poor presbyterian Mally, there, disna want it, but yere lordship's religion canna make sicker wark without it; and I wad counsel ye, Mary, woman, to see that all is right and tight; his lordship is a souple ane."

The rattling talk of Nickie was a relief to all present; but to none more than to Lord Roldan himself: he felt that she had touched on one or two points, which he hardly dared to have done himself without some circumlocution, and was even thankful, though some of her random words gave great pain. There ensued a pause, which none seemed disposed to interrupt—Nickie however, was at no loss. "I maun learn my paes and my ques now," she continued, "ere I approach the Elfin-palace, as I ay ca' this homestead; I maun learn to binge and to beck, and say how's a' wi' my lady, and will yere ladyship allow me to say that your ladyship's head-gear is awry, and yere cockernonie dung a wee ajee. And wherefore no begin now? ye set yere new silks and yere coming honours weel, my lady; some folk say ye are born to be ane;

but if ye are ane, it's nae matter whether ye were born till't or no, and it's mair creditable that ye wan it by yere ain good looks. But what signifies being a lady, I wadna wonder if Morison—our Morison I aye ca' him, made ye a princess." Nickie now imagined she had said enough to entitle her to a seat, which she assumed accordingly, regardless of the discouraging glances of the heiress of Howeboddom, and the forbidding looks of Nanse Halberson. Mary Morison had, indeed, no desire that she should go away;—Nickie was never in any haste to begone from any fireside of the vale; this was not unknown to Nanse, who set about to obtain by stratagem, what she could not accomplish by persuasion.

Now our readers must understand, that honest Nickie, though an outspoken person, with a tongue which spared no one either in affection or anger, lived, nevertheless in a sort of an acknowledged dread of Nanse, whose power over standing corn, milch cows, and verse, as well as over man and woman, she never for a moment doubted, on this the other relied, and spoke accordingly; "On this night, the moon will be in her place of power, and I hae a darg to do, that hands canna perform for me. But the place in whilk

it maun be wrought lies distant, and I maun find some fleeter medium than my ain feet for carrying me."

"Wherefore no," said Jeanie Rabson, "take honest baudron's there, winking at the fireside, or gang and pou yersel a bonnie ragwort, and cry up horsie and mount? But will ye tell me, Nanse, does the auld tryste still haud gude atween his dark reverence and the witches on Locherbrigg-hill?"

"O, atweel, it hauds gude," replied the other, "I hae seen on a Hallowmass-eve, the midnight air, as fou o' warlocks and witches as ever ye saw it fou o' wild geese. An' ye put a rowan tree owre yere brow, I'se let ye see me mounting nigh the starns this very night,—aye, and yese ken the filly I ride on." As she uttered these last words, she fixed her eyes on Nickie, and gazed her steadily down. Nickie felt a tremour in all her limbs, she imagined that she was slowly undergoing a transformation, that the witch's bit was between her lips, and the witch's spur applied to her side; she rose suddenly, wished a hasty good-night, and the sound of her hurrying feet were heard for some minutes after she left the threshold. "She'll no forgie me for this in a hurry," said Nanse,

“but here comes a gull that winna be sae easily scared awa.”

“Sin and folly,” said Lord Roldan, “have already visited this house of thine to-night, Mary, but here comes selfishness—the worst of the three.”

“Ha, my lord !” exclaimed the head of the firm of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft, and Company, entering and staring on the other, “I should as soon have expected to see a spinning-jenny working the work of a weaver’s loom, as to have found you here ; but don’t let me interrupt business ; say out your say :—first come first served, that’s my way—when the right hand’s tired, take the left, that’s my motto—ye understand me.”

“Dear bless me bodie !” said Jeanie Rabson, “what in the world has brought you here ?—Wha looks after yere wee wheels, and yere muckle wheels, and yere reels, and yere mony gae rounds when yere awa ? I thought yere saul had been sewed up in a hoshen, and that Satan had a haud o’ the string.”

“Thank ye, madam, thank ye,” said Hugh, “thank ye for your favourable opinion, ’tis a compliment to economy—to industry ; time is money, and I lose no time ; my soul is devoted

to the increase of the public revenue ; I toil when others sleep ;—eh, heiress ?—that's the way."

"I am tauld," said Nanse, "that a new power has been found, whilk will turn horses to the craft ; make running water a nuisance, and render steam as fizenless as mist. It has been invented—I'm no sure that invented is the word—it may be diskevered is the properest ; but whether invented or diskevered, it belongs to Doctor Dirltenbreekum, of Amsterdam, and they say, he'll turn Holland into Mexico and Peru with it."

"Do you happen to know, good woman," said Hugh, "what is the name and nature of the invention or discovery ; and how did you hear of it ?"

"It's name is not invented yet ; there's to be a grand gathering of scientific folk at the baptizing—it is a sort of mixture of the philosopher's stone and the perpetual motion—it will make this wilderness of a warld into a paradise ; blessed are they who are young, for they'll have the benefit o't."

"This is really grand !" exclaimed Hugh, "this is a realization of my own dreams, and invented in Holland, said ye woman ? O it's a

grand country, and they are a great people—but who brought the news?”

“O atweel ye may e’en hear a’ that I hæ tauld, and mickle mair, gin ye were nae owre lazy to gang to Tam Jonstone’s, at the sign of the Crowned Hammer, there’s the skipper of the Cormorant telling tales about it by the yard, and selling Flanders lace by the lang Scotch ell, and that for an auld sang.—Here’s a sample of the Flemish article.”

Hugh started up, on looking at the bit of fine lace which Nanse laid over the palm of her shrunken hand. “It’s the right thing—the right thing,” he cried, “cannot be imitated by all the ingenuity of England, and therefore the smuggling of it is justifiable. I maun tell ye what I came about another time—must attend to such windfalls as this—it’s twa lang miles to the Crowned Hammer.”

“He’ll look wi’ clear een,” muttered Nanse, as he hurried off, “if he finds either skipper, or lace, or new discovery.”

These interruptions had their effect on Mary Morison — she thus addressed her friends: “Can ye read the meaning of all this? It’s no for nought that the foolish and the selfish have come hither to-night; God has an aim in it; I

accept it as a sign and a token that he is wroth—these interruptions are his intimations. They tell that vain man to be gone—the gulf of twenty years cannot be o'erpassed.”

“Mary, he said, “attempt not to clothe with divine meaning things quite accidental; and O, let me entreat of you not to be more than God, and say that repentance shall be in vain. I know that much of my conduct to you and to our boy looks hideous; you have seen my guilt, but you have never witnessed my remorse; you have never seen the strife between pride of rank and true love, nor heard my sighs and mourning in lonesome places and in the mid-hour of night when even your wrongs found slumber and obtained forgetfulness.”

“I can weel believe ye, my lord,” said Jeanie Rabson; “for my brother James often says, that either your person or your wraith haunts the Elfin-linn in the howe hour o’ night. He has a sorrow of his ain, poor man, to nurse, and can the better feel for the miseries of others. I say this because Mary, poor lass, has nae great reason to credit aught ye say, but an ye were Beelzebub himself, ye spake the truth there.”

“I thank you for this,” said Lord Roldan; “and believe me when I say that the only

moments of happiness which I have known were those melancholy ones when I haunted like a spirit, not of evil, but of woe, the banks and braes, the lonesome walks, the wild woods and secluded caverns which were marked by the footsteps of one whom it was my pride to love. How often have I knelt at the seat in the Elfin-cave where our vows were first heard; how often have I looked at each well known star as they glimmered through the long streamers of honeysuckle! The flowers which she loved I watered with my tears, the trees which she loved to sit beneath I counted as things holy, and her very shadow as she passed to and fro within her cottage-window sent a throb to my heart, such as high-born beauty never commanded. Nay, I have glided like a spectre to her door and blessed her when I heard her voice calmly lifted up in prayer: she prayed for her son, she prayed to be strengthened, and O! had she but prayed for me, my pride, my vanity might have been subdued, and happiness had flown back to me on the wings of love.

“My lord! my lord!” exclaimed Mary, not a little moved at this touching appeal, “you but waste your words and throw away your time. When you broke your vows, when

you neglected even to own your son, when you left me to meet the scorn of the world, and harder still, its pity, how does your lordship think I fitted myself to endure such immeasurable suffering? I threw myself on my knees, I held up my hands, for I dared not hold my head to heaven, and I entered into a covenant with the Most High, that my future life should be dedicated to purity and religion, that to man with all his eloquence I should no more listen. It is vain, therefore, my lord, that you come at the eleventh hour; the time is past, the rocks of the Elfin-glen will start from their places and choke up that burn before I change my mind."

Jeanie looked first at Lord Roldan and then at Mary, and wondered how all this was to end.

"Mary," said he, "your anger was just, but you are not just to me when you say you were utterly neglected."

She rose suddenly, strode over the floor till within arm's length of him and exclaimed, "False Lord! will you dare to tax me with injustice? Did you not basely retract your vows? Did you not basely obtain your own written words recording us husband and wife? where are they now, my lord? And did you

not basely and inhumanly cause my beloved boy to be taken as a slave to a foreign land, lest he should grow up and call you to account for your villany to his mother? How dare you tax me with injustice!"

Lord Roldan, to the astonishment of all present, maintained his equanimity of temper: he seemed to have made up his mind for every emergency. "Did I own myself guilty of all you say, what then?" he answered. "According to your own acknowledgment they were the errors of a husband—of a husband who now comes to ask forgiveness of his wife. Surely, Mary, you cannot imagine that my follies have dissolved, like ice in the sun, the willing chains in which we bound ourselves: we were husband and wife: there was a written record of it signed with the names of Lord Roldan and Mary Morison. It can be found—ay, and though the journey is far and dangerous, it shall be found. Mary, look on me—say that you are my wife, and come and rule and reign a lady where there have been many more highly born but none so lovely and so worthy."

Jeanie Rabson sprang up, and hastily laying her hand on Mary's mouth, proceeded with many a sob to remonstrate, "You shall not say

no, till ye are mair yeresel—till ye have had leisure for consideration. O Mary!" she whispered, "ask yere ain heart, and attend to its throbs; it is a dumb but a true counsellor. Here you will be made at ance an honest woman and a lady of rank; and what is mair nor a', our ain blessed Morison will be nae langer the base-born brat that this cauld remorseless world ca'd him."

"Jeanie," said Mary, in her usual tone of voice, "ye have urged in three words all that can be urged: with regard to myself, I receive this offer as a proof that I have as a woman, and a mother, comported myself in a way which Lord Roldan thinks worthily of; it is a testimony in my favour; but I refuse this offer, though it promises to cleanse the stain from my name, and raise me to a place of honour, because I was cast away and rejected; the reed on which I leant was treacherously snapt in twain; the vows on which my simplicity relied, were broken all at once; and—"

Lord Roldan here seized her hand, and tried to retain it, but she wrung it from him, by a sudden effort, and seating herself, waved him to be gone. "No," he said, "I shall not go—I depart not till I have regained what I have

lost—till that love for me revives within you, which once gave music to your speech and light to your eyes, and was to you as an inspiration. I have offered you rank—will you tell me that you love not such distinction, when I know that you desire to be placed among the proudest dames of the vale; and when I see you attired like a lady, as if it were in anticipation of it? I have offered you that honoured seat in the halls of Roldan, which even princesses have been proud to obtain; and will you tell me that you love not that which takes away the reproach from you, and makes you a companion for the haughtiest in the peerage?"

"Alas! my Lord Roldan," said Mary, "you are seeking to set up a poor broken heart as an idol for worship—you are seeking to deck a corse with bridal flowers. Shall I tell you all? When you broke through all your vows, and deserted me, I sat stupified and motionless, for I could not believe such evil of you; but the moment the reality flashed upon me, my heart gave one leap, and then lay still; but from that one leap it has never recovered. No, my lord, go home and kneel down, and seek the God of your fathers in prayer: ay, pray, my lord—

wrestle with your Maker : let the tears flow, dry them not. On your brow the finger of death has already set the sign—over mine, too, that finger has passed : our bridal garments are those of the grave—our waiting-maidens are skeletons—and the sheets 'neath which we will repose are grass-green, and embroidered with gowans !”

Lord Roldan passed his hand over his eyes : the tears dropt fast through between his fingers. “Mary,” he said, “why should dreams of happiness be but a veil to the grave. We are yet young, and if I desire to live, it is as much to have the double benefit of true repentance and your sweet company, as for the sake of life itself. Your imaginings arise from your loneliness : bethink you how much otherwise it will be when you mingle with the other titled ones of the isle : how agreeable the sound will be of welcomings from royal lips, and how joyful the sight when your son, already honoured in a foreign land, obtains increase of honour in his own. Come, give me your hand, and there shall be such rejoicings in my halls and thine as have not been since Bruce feasted there after the day of Bannockburn.”

“If she can resist this,” whispered Jeanie to

Nanse, "she's either mair than woman or less ; for woman, weel I wat, she canna be."

"All this," replied Mary, with much composure, "comes too late. How could I hold up my head among the far descended matrons of the land with my load of shame upon me ? The purest and the loveliest of my condition in society would have to endure, in such an elevation, the sneers, the scorn, and the frozen looks of her sister worms : and O ! twenty years ago I had prepared myself to endure them ; but the trial was not to be—and assuredly Mary Morison shall not tempt it. No : Roldan, I forgive you ; I have long forgiven you for the misery you have caused—but, in forgiving you, I dismissed all thoughts of you other than as a man worthy of being utterly forgotten. So begone—therefore tempt me no more ; my resolution has been long taken."

Lord Roldan paced from side to side of the chamber in great agitation : he now looked at Mary, who sat as composed as a statue, and as white as marble—he then glanced at Jeanie, who was evidently embarrassed ; to her the proposal was unlooked-for, and the refusal equally unexpected. He then looked out on the night, as if hoping to see some sign in the heavens above, or

to hear some sound from the earth beneath, to encourage him, paused, and seemed making up his mind for a final effort.

“Mary,” said Jeanie Rabson, “will ye not allow him the benefit of repentance? The man that wranged ye offers to right ye: he has come indeed at the eleventh hour, but an’ he be sent by God, I see na how ye may resist His will, without the sin of presumption. Indeed I think ye are o’er stiff and self-confident, Mary; it will not lessen yere hopes in heaven to be made an honest woman on earth; and though it may bring but small increase of happiness to your bosom, why refuse to bring peace to the bosom of a fellow-creature, who sues for it as if he were pleading for final mercy—and who, erroneous as his conduct has been, always loved you?”

“And are you joined against me too, Jeanie?” she answered; “I expected not this. He has always loved me, you say: no!—he loves his own pride and his far-descended house far better, and is come to persuade me to commit another act of folly, that his name may remain in the land.”

He snatched her hand, and kept it by main force—“I ask but justice, since I am not to

have mercy : we are married—O ! say but that word—you cannot deny it : you are silent—you are, then, lady of my halls, and your son and mine is the master of Roldan.”

She rose from her seat, disengaged her hand from his grasp, and said—“ When you gave away, with a laugh at my credulity—or when you destroyed, with a smile at my duped vanity—the written record of our vows : then, my lord, you threw away all claim of your own. Where is it ? till I see it my name is Mary Morison. I am not your wife—my son is not the master of Roldan : he is what the cruelty of his father made him—a—why should I hesitate to use a word my poor boy was doomed so long to endure ?—a bastard !”

She seemed ready to sink as she uttered this ; but Morison suddenly came in, and, clasping her in his arms, exclaimed, “ My noble mother, I am your bastard boy still !”

CHAPTER XII.

Some are born great : some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.—SHAKESPEARE.

FOR a minute's space Mary seemed dead—her colour returned, her eyes opened, and throwing her arms round Morison's neck and flooding his bosom with tears she sobbed, "My son, my son, my blessed son!" she then held him at arms-length and gazed him o'er and o'er. "O! my bairn, God has been kind to you! is it not wonderful that as ye are now, so did you come to me in dreams, taller, stronger, manlier than when you were torn from me on that unhappy night."

Jeanie Rabson had now her arm round his neck, "And have ye forgot me, Morison?" she said with a brightening eye, "mony a time, lad, have I nursed ye on my knee and plaited ye swords of rushes; little did I think ye wad take

to a sword of steel—but wha can resist their fate !”

Morison saluted the heiress of Howeboddon with much affection, and then said, “Ha ! my auld witch-wife, Nanse ! many a time in the heat of battle have I chanted your old ballads and fought the better for it.”

“O Morison, man !” exclaimed Nanse, “but I am glad to see ye, and to hear that ye remembered the auld-witch wife and her fighting ballads.—Speak to me this way, now did ye ever chant the ballad about ane o’ yere ain ancestors, a lord of Roldan who carried away May Musgrove frae Allanbay ?”

“No,” said Morison with a darkening brow ; “what the lords of Roldan have done I have striven to forget.” As he said this he turned round and confronted Lord Roldan : both seemed anxious to speak, but neither seemed willing to begin.

Another actor suddenly entered upon the scene, this was Dominie Milligan. “Ah, lad !” cried he, embracing Morison, “I got a glance o’ ye as I was pondering on my great work called ‘Man and Machinery,’ and I tarried only to commit the idea with which I was then burthened to paper, before I hurried after.—

Had ye been a son of my ain I couldna hae mourned yere departure mair, or rejoiced mair at yere return. So, have ye come to set up yere staff and abide amang us? I have acquired much since I saw you that I long to communicate; for, of a verity, of all the youths that studied under me, thou wert the quickest and aptest."

As the Dominie was unloosing his hands, the arms of Nickie Neevison replaced them. "Love for thee lad!" she cried, "has mastered fear: what care I for the starkest witch in a' Glengarnock—and there she sits—when I see you. Haith! but I was in an unco penushion, expecting nae less than to be transformed into a brown filly and ridden post to the moon, and was e'en muttering a bit prayer, when I saw a shape gae by that saw nae me. I kenned the air of thee, Morison, amang a million, and I called out, but sae I might, ye ware nae to be stopt. But, bless the lad, how he's grown! and what braw things are these that I see glance beneath yere cloak? they hurt my arms, and I'll warrant them made of beaten gowd and precious stanes."

Morison disengaged himself with much gentleness from the embrace of Nickie, and walk-

ing up to Lord Roldan, said, "What is your pleasure? Your presence distresses my mother, and I must request you to withdraw."

"I came," said Lord Roldan, "with the hope of giving pleasure instead of inflicting pain; alas! I feel I have been the occasion of much sorrow, and I am anxious to heal, as far as they can be healed, the injuries which I have inflicted. The offence offered to yourself I can explain or extenuate: I conjure you to help me in overcoming the scruples of your mother, and enable me to welcome her as the lady of my halls, and you as my true heir."

Morison replied, "I must hear what my mother says to this, and, perhaps, you will not think us unreasonable if we desire fewer witnesses. I have made up my own mind, indeed, but I wish my beloved mother to weigh the offer maturely, and not either to refuse or accept a proposal without consideration, on which so much depends."

"Consideration, my child!" exclaimed Mary, "what consideration is required in a question so plain: no honest, no pious mind can hesitate for a moment; if I have any doubts they are all on thy account; for me, may no change but that which death brings happen through my

weakness—it is enough to have been weak once.”

Lord Roldan turned to his son and said, “I cannot but look on your coming as fortunate—nay, providential—you will, I hope, be intercessor for me, and persuade one whom I have ever loved, to do herself an act of justice.”

“Speak yet more plainly,” said Morison, “What mean you by an act of justice?—that is something unusual: I remember but too well my visit to Roldan Castle, and the justice which I met with.”

“What you came to seek, I now come to offer,” answered Lord Roldan; “nor need I tell you, that my heart will then be at peace—my slumbers sound, and you will take your place, due by birthright, among the highest of the land.”

“How much I covet, or how much I despise the rank to which you allude,” was the reply, “will soon be shown, when I know what my beloved mother thinks of this proposal—how little it could be foreseen, it is needless to say.”

“O, my son!” replied Mary, “I live but for thee; through thee I breathe; through thee this life, blighted as it has been, became endur-

able, and if I thought that what Lord Roldan asks would be acceptable to thee, I know not what my love for thee might tempt me to do : for my own part I desire no change—I have lived down the coldness and the scorn of the world, and were I to become lady of Roldan tomorrow, the errors of my youth would be remembered anew.”

“Mother, mother,” interrupted her son, “You committed no error, save giving what you could not refuse—credence to a man’s oath and honour ! But a crime was committed against you, when vows and oaths were left unredeemed ; a second crime was committed against you, when the prayers of your son were scorned and disregarded, and he was compelled, in the bitterness of his heart, to call himself an orphan boy, who knew no parent but one.”

“Na, but Morison,” said Jeanie Rabson, “ye are gaun clean demented now ; ye dinna ken what yere doing—ye are refusing, as fast as ye can, the lordship of Roldan, and encouraging your mother to die with the stain on her name and on your birth, instead of placing hersel’ at the head of a’ the ladies of Glengarnock.—I wonder what the lad wad be at ?”

“My son!” exclaimed Mary proudly, “you but do me justice; I was content to brave the world with my bastard boy in my arms, and though many a stound went to my heart about it, I rejoiced to see when ye grew up in mind and body to my hopes, that the public feeling was softening towards me. I have been denied the honours of wife till I cannot enjoy them, and all that I desire is to die, Mary, the mother of Morison Roldan!”

She looked calmly and loftily as she uttered these words; Morison fell on his knees, and clasping her's, exclaimed: — “My own,—my glorious mother! now I am happy; now all cause of dread is gone; for I must not conceal that I foresaw repentance or remorse would come to the heart which wronged you, and I was afraid that your affection for me might induce you to forget the deep, the indelible insult we have both sustained from him—*him*, whom I have vowed never to name, nor to look at with other eyes than those of frozen scorn. O! my mother, there have been statues raised to matrons less worthy than thou, and as I live I swear, that one of thee shall be put in a proud place, sculptured with the senti-

ment which dignifies your looks even now, and on the pedestal shall be engraved, ‘Mary, the mother of Morison Roldan!’”

“Did ever ony body hear the like o’ that?” said Jeanie Rabson, “we are a’ gaun mad thegither; here’s a country dame refuses to be a lady, and her son declares he will put up a statue to her honour. Morison, my bairn, this is waur than aught I ever heard of ye—refusing to be heir of Howeboddom was a joke till’t!”

“Now, by the heavens above!” exclaimed Morison, pacing the apartment, “I am prouder to be the bastard boy of poor Mary Morison—as I have often heard myself called—whom no father would own, than if I had been heir to all Galloway. It shall never be said of me, that I might be thankful my father was born before me; what I owe to fortune and to God, I shall owe on my own account; the time is come when the natural rights of man will triumph alike over the blind dotage of priestcraft and the tyrannic and exclusive privileges of those who call themselves the nobly-born and the far-descended.”

“Weel,” cried Jeanie Rabson, “ye surprise me—wha wad hae thought that this was in ye! weary fa’ them that sent my bonnie bairn abroad:

he went away wise and he's come hame mad. He just talks as they talk in France, and we a' ken where that leads to."

Lord Roldan had once or twice, during this conversation, taken a step towards the door, as if resolved to depart; he saw that it was in vain, at present, to press his offer farther, and while he made up his mind to watch his time and take advantage of circumstances, he wished to become acquainted more fully with his son's sentiments concerning the changing condition of society, and what his notions were on the great question of human freedom, which was now agitating Europe.

"Young man," he said, "since I am not to call you son—before your temples are as white as mine, you will see sufficient cause to lament your admiration of liberty and equality; the world is too corrupt, too profligate, and too selfish, to permit for an hour a pure republic to be established."

Morison answered scornfully, "This person has had his answer, and yet will not begone; nay, the refusal of his offer has affected him so little, that he proposes to read the law of princes and lordlings in the matter of republics. It is perhaps enough to say, that in the kingly

government his majesty and his nobles divide the patronage of the land among them, and if a person humbly born, let his qualities be ever so godlike, desires that station to which his talents entitle him, he will be rudely repulsed and left to starve; in a republican government, all the genius which the nation produces is brought into action; humility of birth can be no obstacle where all are born equal. As for the profligate, there is the law to restrain them—there is the scorn of their fellow-citizens to check them; and there is the axe or the halter to remove them.”

“What a capital minister he wad hae made,” said Jeanie Rabson to Nanse; “what words—what words—I wonder where he finds them! wo be to the accident which turned his steps frae the pulpit—Dominie, he wad hae been great on the pomegranate.”

“O Jeanie!” groaned the Dominie, “I wonder ye can think of that even now—but whisht, my lord’s about to speak.”

“Yes, young man, the halter and the axe,” replied Lord Roldan, with something of a sneer, “have preached strongly in the cause of liberty and equality in France: there the noblest blood has been spilt like water; the law obeyed yester-

day is ordered to be broken to-day, while what is honourable to-day will be dishonourable to-morrow. All is yeasty and unsettled, the most plausible talker will rule for a time, till a man of courage and action comes in and settles the principles of Government—with the sword."

"And would not even that be better than a system of slavery!" exclaimed Morison, "I cannot see one man walking in livery behind another man without a shudder for the image of my Maker; wheresoever we go in this land are we not overawed by an aristocracy of wealth as well as rank? Are we not liable to be galloped over on the highway and ridden down in the streets by some titled tyrant swoln with insolence and wine? this has been too long endured and must come to an end."

"You will but have an exchange of tyrants by the reform which you propose," replied Lord Roldan, "nor will you find the change of such easy fulfilment as you seem to imagine. The noblemen and gentlemen of Britain have never been the oppressors of the people, but their friends, nay, their brethren, and when the day of trial comes, it will be found that we will not fly like startled deer into far lands—we will stand by our order and live or die in de-

pendent!" He looked up proudly when he said this, and strode over the floor as if it had been the field on which he had resolved to abide battle for the rights of his rank.

"Would it not be better and nobler," said Morison, "for the gentlemen and lords of the land to unite with their brethren hand in hand to restore man to his lost dignity? I marvel that some earls and lords are not ashamed to bear honours upon them which they neither won nor yet deserve; what merit is there in having squandered money at a horse race, lost a farm at a main of cocks, staked a fair estate on a cast of the dice, got rid of a half year's rent in a gift to some squalling Italian whom he is told sings well, or, more criminal still, sinking his soul and corrupting his body in vulgar debauchery, and breaking deep vows and deeper oaths to some innocent victim whom he found it pleasant to beguile—what merit is there in all this? yet such is the merit of many of our nobles: I speak because I know it!" He looked Lord Roldan sternly in the face as he uttered this, and seemed to say with his eyes—can you deny it?

"Morison, Morison!" said Jeanie Rabson, "be calm and use mair measured language;

give honour where honour is due, he is baith the Lord of Roldan and your father !”

“Weel said, Jeanie, woman !” muttered the Dominie, “if we allow rank to be snooled, what will become of my sway, a bairn sax year auld will clean o’ergang me.”

The dark eyes of Morison flashed a keener light than usual ; he replied almost fiercely, “I have never yet seen, though I have heard of a Lord of Roldan, to whom I could without abasement do honour, and as for a father, I have none : he departed in the dreams of my boyhood. I am without a father—such a mother as this is enough for me. But what need is there for all this talk ; here am I come from a far land, and not without difficulty and danger, to see my beloved mother, to get one clasp of her arms, one kind kiss of her lips, and a blessing often given and always coveted. I wish to be alone—nay, Jeanie and Nanse, I am alone when I have you here, so remain.”

“Some folk,” exclaimed Nickie Neevison, “easily forget auld friends ! haith, my lad, if I had kenned ance what I ken now, I should have allowed ye to find the way through the world alone ; ye needna look at me Jeanie Rabson, na, nor Mary Morison neither ; did I no seek

to mend the manners o' that ill-deedy get there ? Can he deny that I didna cuff him and ca' him bastard for clodding stanes at the gude wife of Houghmagandie's hens ? did I no ance hound a' the collies of Drumachrene after him for setting up his crest to me about our gibcat ? My certie, he ought to remember me : I'se bide here na langer since I'm no welcome ; and trouth, Lord Roldan, I wad e'en advise ye,—since ye canna get mincing Mallie there—e'en to take me ;—I am, maybe no so weel put on, but I am nearly as weel faured, and far better tempered." Lord Roldan smiled, and seemed disposed to accompany Nickie, who moved her feet to depart yet was reluctant to go.

While this was going on in the Elfin-glen, a drama of another kind was enacting in no distant quarter.

Hugh Heddles, Esq., of the firm of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft and Company, hastened, and that with an anxious heart, to the lonely public-house which bore the sign of the Crowned Hammer, intimating that it was kept by a son of Vulcan, who, aware of the spark in his own throat, was desirous of quenching that in the throats of others. At the door he was encountered by no less a personage than Davie Gel-

lock himself, who, following Morison from France, was now on his way to him with a message which admitted of no delay.

"A fair evening to you, sir," said Hugh, "are you the skipper of the Cormorant?"

"And what an I were?" replied Davie.

"O! in that case," said the other, "I should desire a little private talk with you on two points."

"Weel," answered Davie, "there canna be a better bit than under this hollin tree—say awa."

Hugh looked east, and Hugh looked west, and Hugh looked north, and Hugh looked south. "I'm no misdoubting you, sir, but it wadna be thought creditable o' me that's a great master manufacturer, were I seen bargaining for Flanders lace and a keg of brandy—it wadna be reckoned genteel."

"O! pitch your fears to the devil, or into five fathom of water," said the redoubted Davie, "all's one for that—all are dealers in the article here, from Lord Roldan himself down to Dan Deemster the bedral."

"Now skipper, will ye just satisfy my curiosity on one point," said Hugh, "ye are acquainted with what's transacting in foreign parts, and

have a gaye good guess of wha has and will hold the upper hand—will ye tell me, have ye heard of one Morison Roldan in any of the French ports; word rins here that he's become a great man and is hand and glove with the chief rulers?"

"Rumour," said Davie, "though a lady much given to lying, is right in that: Morison is grown a great man, a leader and a chief in the army, nae less; but is that to be wondered at? call ye that a marvel?"

"No, not wholly a marvel," said Hugh, "for the lad was apt in ciphers, and though addicted to verse and other follies, and a lover of loose company, he had some gumption in him, and then, when the pot boils, ye ken, the scum will float."

"It's weel for ye," replied Davie, "that Morison Roldan is out of earshot, else he might give ye a touch of cauld steel for that same simile of the scum. But how could he miss to rise? how could he avoid ascending—can ye hinder the lily to shoot up when the sun shines in spring? Morison had ane at his right hand to help him on—to guide, to direct, to clap him on the back and say, Morison do this, and Morison do that."

“And wha might that be ?” said the other ; “ he could find no such monitor in this land, save the sackless bodie, Dominie Miligan ; he never took up wi’ ane here could help him to ought but into a mischief.”

“ And yet,” said the intrepid Davie, “ his monitor, as ye ca’t, is of this land ; a kindly countryman of his own ; no begot by a lord and nursed in an embroidered lap, but the son of poor and honest folk,—even ane that showed genius in many things, though little skill in reading, writing, and arithmetic ; have ye ever heard of Mr. David Gellock ?”

“ What, the deil’s Davie, as we aye ca’d him ?” exclaimed the manufacturer, “ yere surely dreaming, friend ! that boy was as fu’ of mischief as an egg’s fu’ o’ meat : a dour, misleared neer-doweel, dull in the class, and gude for nought but turning meal into muck.”

“ It cannot be the same Mr. David Gellock,” said the true one stoutly : “ he who directs, through his friend Morison, the destinies of France, is gleg o’ the ee, sharp of the uptauk : and they would need to rise before daylight that sought to get ahint him.”

“ The Davie that I kenned,” exclaimed Hugh, “ was gleg of the ee, for he coveted mair nor

his ain; he was sharp too of the uptauk, for he ay kenned when the aumrie-door wasna weel steeked; and as for nae ane getting ahint him, well I wot he ance got ahint me—a gaye gleg trick—and thrust cripple Crummie's crutch into my weaving machine, and spoiled mair gude yarn than the neck o' him was worth. I wish I had him by the neck now."

"Aweel," said Davie, in no gladsome mood, "the French have discovered what ye hadna the sense to see—the David whilk I spake of is no other than the deil's Davie, and as I'm gaun owre the water, I'se e'en tell him how weel he's remembered in his ain vale. Dod, the machinery of Heddles, Treddles, Warp, Waft and Company will smoke for it, I jalouse!"

"Weel, weel," replied the manufacturer, "we'se bide the brunt—he wad hae a small soul that would dread dirty Davie: but skipper—"

"I'm nae skipper!" exclaimed the indignant Davie, "and there's my hand on't." So saying he bestowed a slap with the palm of his hand on the cheek of the other, and walked off: the blow was given with such right good will, that Hugh spun thrice round, holding up both hands to his face, and cowering almost to the ground through excess of pain. When he looked up the pretended

skipper had disappeared ;—Hugh soothed his pains under the Crowned Hammer, with an outward and inward application of brandy.

The next person encountered by David was a softer customer—the heiress of the Fourmerkland. She knew him at once and thus accosted him. “What, Davie ! and has the sea refused ye after having swallowed up the swine possest with Satan ? It’s grown dainty o’ the stomach of late ; but there’s nae doubt it was ordained ye were to die in the air and no in the water.”

“Ay, woman, and is this you !” said Davie, “I thought ye wad hae been dead o’ hunger, frae downright dread o’ eating what ye could sell for a groat. I hae been abroad, woman, and hae learned ways o’ saving such as never found the way into your noddle ; an’ I had time I wad learn ye how to render the wool that grows as coarse as rushes as saft as silk, and the ewe-milk cheese, which savours o’ the bughts, as fragrant as Parmesan.”

“It’s weel kenned Davie,” replied the heiress, “that your tongue and truth were never sworn acquaintances : but never a word of Morison a’ this time ?”

“Morison,” inquired Davie, “Morison ? ye maun find a prouder name for him lass, than

Morison. He's chief of a division and will be a king afore its lang; there'll be a grand getting up in the world soon. I'll grow into something mysel."

The heiress paused, and said in a softer and more agreeable tone, "Weel, David, I am really glad to see you, and to hear that Morison is become a chief of a division, as ye calls it: Is't a division of a country or what is't?"

"A country," cried Davie, "that's a gude thought, I'll tell Morison! But ye may ca't a division of a country if ye like, for it will lead to the division of kingdoms. A division is just ten thousand men wi' swords, and guns, and fixed bayonets, bent on conquering the world, and I'll be sworn they'll do't; we'll into Italy and herry the pope; O! Mattie, woman, there will be sic heavy silver saunts, massive gold Madonnas, and sic bracelets of diamonds. I expect a waggon-load for my ain hand."

"And really, David now," said the heiress, "is this a true matter, are ye no sklegging, think ye?"

"'Deed," said the other, "it's scarcely possible to tell a lie about it, the whole looks sae romantic, as they ca't. I have been in a country where there's nae other fowk but men and

women—nae kings, nor earls; this was just the land for us; ye could as weel keep the sun frae shining as Morison frae distinguishing himself. I tell ye that even I am as great a man amaisht as Lord Roldan himself; sae guess ye Morison's height frae mine." And Davie drew himself proudly up, gave his cloak a martial cast, and took three or four steps from the heiress and slowly returned.

"Weel, David, ye maun come up to the Fourmerkland and see us," said Mattie, "we're no chiefs of division, but we keep a feal warm house and hae something baith in the pot and in the pan. I want to hear mair o' Morison's fortunes and yours; ye ken there was ance a sough that he was to be laird of the Fourmerkland."

"O, ay," replied the veracious Davie, "there was sic a sough ance, but it will never be again, I jalouse."

"Wherefore no, Davie lad, wherefore no, tell me that?"

"Because," said Davie, "ye pit owre little butter into yere herd's brose, and owre little meal into the supper water: Morison's just liberality itself, and winna wed wi' a pinch-the-pan."

"All that can be mended, lad," replied the heiress, "a wilfu' waste makes a wofu' want:

“twa littles make a mickle : a pin i’ the day’s a groat in the year : a wasting han’ makes an empty pan : we shall mend these matters, David, and find a cannie bield for you too, lad.”

“My certie, but yere a schemer !” exclaimed Davie, “but Morison’s no the lad to be caught wi’ chaff. Laird of Fourmerkland ! Od, what wad you think were he to be king of Italy ; we hae nought to do but conquer it. Kings’ crowns will be as plenty as nuts in the Newlands-linn. I canna tell ye what he will do, for his mind’s nearer the moon than mine : but he may have a lass wi’ a county for a dowry when he likes : the dames of France, though a wee thought brown, fa’ in love only wi’ men o’ talent. I hae been all but married ance or twice mysel.”

“Who could have thought of this !” murmured the heiress to herself, “I was rash in treating him sae roughly, and foolish in no receiving him to-night with kindness and respect. I think I haud a hank owre him yet though ; I maun lay mysel out for him ; I’m just the sort of wife that a man o’ his frankness of hand requires, he wad gie awa the wealth of a parish. But Davie, now,” she said aloud, “is Morison as willing to be merry amang the

lasses as he used to be? does he tak them by the hand, and sit down beside them, and speak wi' sic a warm breath in their lug, that he spoils their haffet curls? Ah, he was a joyous lad as ever was true to a tryste; ane could scarce keep their feet wi' him, he said sic dazzling things. I mind ae night—a simmer night,—the moon was sitting on the hill-top, just wishing us gude e'en; there was nae a breath of wind to be heard but our ain breathing; the sound of the stream was music, but the music of the burn was nought to the music o' his words—and then his grips! That was a night! I never gang by the spot, but I look at it and sigh—I hae nae sic daffin now! but there's nae Morisons 'cept ane!"

"Ye may weel say that," replied Davie; "the man that ye wad forsake thrift for, and that I wad shed my best blood for, can be nae common man! He might hae been laird of Howeboddom for a nod; he might hae been laird of Fourmerkland for a soft word or twa: and he might be the master of Roldan this blessed night, an he liked—but he wad rather be a man, lass, and make his own name and fortune."

"Preserve us a'!" exclaimed the heiress, mas-

ter of Roldan!—how could that be now? Mony stars maun drop frae the firmament ere that comes to pass.”

“No sae mony as ye think, woman,” said Davie, “all that he has to do, is to gang to Lord Roldan, and gaur him marry his mother, or rather I own a marriage. Aye and the lord wad be blythe to do’t—he wad be glad to get sic a son a’ at anes; but that can never be—that can never be, and its e’en the mair pity; for auld blood and gude blood’s scarcer than it was in Scotland—I’m the last of my ain race.”

“I tauld ye,” said the heiress, “that it could never be;—What a lord marry a vassal’s daughter? its daft to talk about it.”

“Ye talk daftly about it ony how,” answered Davie, “it canna be because Morison is owre proud—owre haughty—far owre great already to stoop sae low, and lift sae little as the master-ship of Roldan—I tell ye, he’ll have a quarter of the world to himself; and gosh! what plumed and jewelled madams will be at his feet; when he walks out, the train of beauty behind him will be as bright as that of the peacock, and just when he’s in the height of his glory, I’ll whisper in his lug, d’ye mind that simmer night aneath the trysting thorn, wi’

scrimp-the-cog of Fourmerkland?" The pride of the heiress got the better of her patience.

"Haud yere tongue, ye leasing loon!" she exclaimed, "wha taught ye to tak sic liberty wi' yere betters?"

"My betters," said Davie, "d'ye ca' the shil-pit daughter of auld Pinchkyte, of Fourmerkland, my betters!—Lord, woman, ye look up as if ye expecket Morison to kipple till ye; bless yere five wits, I wadna even demean mysel' to sic a match:

'I think to climb a far higher tree,

And herry a far richer nest;

Tak this advice, dainty maiden frae me,

Humility sets thee best."

Having uttered this bit of verse, the only time, as Davie afterwards acknowledged, that he had ever found verse useful, he strode away and left the heiress to pursue her solitary way to the Fourmerkland, and reflect on what she had heard. "It is nae easy matter," thus she mused, "for a young woman to decide on the merits of lovers; here's Morison, if I had guided him wisely and kindly, I might hae come in for the half of all this gude luck; but wha could hae divined that fortune would have taken all this trouble to burthen him with honours? And Davie Gellock—misleard Davie, as we aye ca'd

him, he has high hopes too: bless me, wha wad hae jaloused that the ragged lout, wha used to rejoice when I threw a cheese-paring to him, wad grow sic a height as to despise the heiress of Fourmerkland? A thrifty and thinking body, I see, may make great mistakes; if I had the warld to begin again—but its of nae use to repine.”

As Davie hastened to the Elfin-glen, he could not help laughing at his conversation with the heiress. “Her!” he exclaimed, “it set her weel to slight sic a lad as Morison; a creature sae mean, that she grudged the very cheese with which she baited the mouse-traps. I trow I bamboozled her, I sorted the selfish cutty; she’ll be fit to hang hersel’ now, only it would take twa baubee’s-worth o’ cord to do’t, and her soul’s no large enough for sic an expenditure.” He was joyously indulging in these speculations, when, on turning suddenly into the private path, which led to the Elfin-cottage, he found himself confronted by Nanse and Lord Roldan.

Davie started as if a couple of spectres had risen in his path; the one he believed to be the rankest witch that ever afflicted cattle with nameless ills, or capered o’er the Galloway mountains on a palfrey of rag-wort; of the

other he had lived in dread from a boy, and though he had seen much that tended to loose the hold of old affections and old fears, he felt the united force of all now, and intimated as much by bringing himself suddenly up in his course, and standing stock-still, with something like a desire to veer round and retreat. "Stay, sir," said Lord Roldan, who knew him at once, "stay, and tell me what wind has blown you back upon this coast?"

At this question Davie's spirit rose—his natural audacity returned. "A kindlier wind, my lord, than the ane that blew me away, a wind whilk I have reason to believe was raised by yourself and Nanse there: let her deny it if she can. I heard Dick Corsbane as gude as admit it; but if the deevil raised the wind, it was God that guided it,"—and he wagged his right arm stoutly, and pressed to go on.

"Weel, said Davie!" exclaimed Nanse, "nor did ye speak unwisely about the wind, my lad, that carried ye away; the captain bargained for a snoring breeze and a sea three feet deep in foam, but I gave him a wind as gentle as the breath of a baby; aye! and took care that nae harm should befall you. It wasna likely that the captain wad work ye an ill turn, whan he

kenned that ane as black again wad be wrought to him for it."

"Deil ma care !" said Davie, "but that didna hinder the captain frae finding a fiery grave in his ain haddin in Hispaniola: I saw the fire spouting from door and window, o'er roof and rafter."

"Dinna be owre sure that the captain's dead : " said Nanse, "I saw something unco like him no an hour syne !"

"It wad be his spirit, its like," said Davie with a shudder. "I did him nae ill, sae he needna come after me !"

"Weel, Davie," replied Nanse, "it might be his spirit ; but the captain had queer ways o' his ain, and maybe gae his foes a sample of his skill, and before he blew the house to the lift, dived into the ground like a mole."

"Na, but the like o' that, now !" said Davie, "O, Nanse, woman, wad ye but come owre to France, ye wad make yere fortune wi' telling of foul weather before it comes, and the success of battles yet to be fought. But I'm owre lang here," and away he hurried.

When Lord Roldan reached the castle, he was told that a stranger was waiting for him ;

"A stranger!" said he peevishly, "a white man or a black?"

"Ou, nouthar, but atween the twa; mair black than white, and mair grim than black: he says nought but damme! and seems of the sea, for he's as restless as ane of its waves."

"It is my man—it is Daring Dick, as he calls himself," muttered his lordship, "Nanse was right. Now for the marriage-lines—but dare I trust him so far? He must obtain them by stratagem and wile; she saved them from the fire, and now they are to save my name from becoming a blank in the land!"

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